

Gutta Music

Jedi Mind Tricks

Yeah, ah, it feels so good to be up in here, man
Yeah, JMT, Reef the Lost Cauze, Chief Kamach'
Shit got to change, baby

Yo, they put white picket fences on all black houses
Cauze Kilimanjaro, you Brokeback Mountain
Since that "Feast" drop, everybody on Shareef jock
I am what I am, without a deal from Reebok
While y'all was poppin' and lockin', doin' the beatbox
I was in the streets, ock, mean glock tryin' to be 'Pac
Wisdom came in the form of seein' teeth knocked
Great G's shot, tell me when will the beef stop?
I don't think it ever will
That's why I might seem relaxed, dog, but I could never chill
If that shiesty bitch don't kill me, then the cheddar will
You think like a man with no hands, we could never build
I'm from the era where they measured skill
And if you disrespected the mic, then they disrespect your grill
The era was truly gone
But it's 'bout to be resurrected by the Cauze, Kamach' and big Louie Dogs, w
hat?

This is Gutta Music, pull out your gun, start buckin' to it
We just dumbin' it out, but ain't nothin' stupid
Time waits for no man, and such is proven
We keep it fuckin' movin', ain't nothin' to it
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Yo, the forty days of wack MC's blown apart
Replenish the earth, last miracle, Noah's Ark
Rep like I own a art, Chief whole zone is dark
They want my mind and birth time so they can clone the chart
Hallelujah, Hell 'll do ya, Messiah spark
Crown ruler, crush medulla's, we quiet hearts
While my slum street angel play a riot harp
Confusin' but amusin' to a mind that's smart
What you expect when you hear the fresh fire start
Black sage, urban monk
Spiritually, you deserve the trunk
I got pistols with crystals, you pussies never heard the pump
Futuristic AK's make turbans jump
Leave bodies on the side 'til the curb is sunk, Deer Hunter

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With the Jake I'll never cooperate
A fuckin' vial of hate that God forsake

I'll scar your face, Allah you Akbar, God is great
You an animal that speak with the cops
Bleed the block, Vinnie Pazienza, Reef and Kamach'
I'll feast on the crops, leave your body bleedin' from shots
My stone hands leavin' you with unbelievable knots
A key to the lock, my spiritual is an anomaly
I got the spirit of Bill Hicks inside of me
Military minded, shoot to kill
With the weaponry of Minister Farooq Khalil
It's Lucifer's will, why Abyssinians fail
But Israeli troops 'll storm the Palestinian jails
It ain't like we never lost before
I just think we should externalize the cost of war
I'm like a sorcerer, Black Tibetan monks
Louie Dogs, my thoughts is pure

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