

Outlive The War

Jedi Mind Tricks

You don't really want a close encounter
This dude's talkin' like he knows the bouncers
I move up on ya face for talkin' outta place
Get your spine ripped out by Jedi Mind Tricks, ouch!
And ain't nobody gangsta, we just fight good
Left jab, uppercut, then a right hook
Jedi Mind spit rhymes like I write hooks
Type you don't wanna fight wit, Jedi Mind Tricks

Hey yo, great rap outta BC, the track
The beat beast master, heat clapper, speakin' the facts
Keys to the 'Lac, weed in the back, foot on the gas
Squeezin' the gat, leave it at that, my foot in yo' ass
Listen, bust your rat, you scream, Ruck is back, bitch
"You gonna fuck up your career, you hear?" Fuck the rap shit
I make the same money when I hustle this crack shit
Probably make more 'cause a nigga don't pay no taxes
Access the gun's off the earth axis
Axis of evil, the evil 'll leave your hat split
Ruck flow is like "Fuck you, God"
I don't wanna rhyme, I need a construction job
Listen, backpack rap, Jansporter crew
Big guns and fast cars, Transporter, too
I camcord your crew with a clip in they mouth
Sean Price, fuck you riffin' about? Shut the fuck up, yeah

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I put you in the fuckin' torture wrath, I carry forty gats and pure black
That send you and your spiritual to where the Lord is at
You read "Behold a Pale Horse"? Well, I authored that
And on top of that, Vinnie the owner of a gorgeous gat
I don't trust nobody, cousin, I'm a cautious cat
I see inside your eyes, it's where demonic forces at
Fuck around and get laced with the Luger
If you sympathize with the hellinization of Judah
My place is the future, everybody say "The boy nice"
Philly to Brooklyn, Brooklyn to Philly with Sean Price
I'm not sayin' I'm the nicest around
I'm just sayin' I'm the nicest with the knife and the pound
I'm strikin' you down, Pazienza always on the block
You the type to take a L and fuckin' call the cops
Cross the other side of street because you saw it's hot
Call me Mike Fratello baby, 'cause I call the shots, yeah, pussy

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I'm comin' at you with various weapons, hittin' your body in various section
s
Even the mutha fuckin' devil was there when I blessed him
Better selection of clappers then you
Jesus Price, Pazienza better rappers then you
I've had it with you, every rhyme I write a testament
About the war and our apocalyptic president
About how I studied the science of raw
How I carry Desert Eagle's and defy it's a law
My violence is pure, walk the battlefield with stainlesses
They say I'm deranged, disconnected and dangerous
My rap is sharp enough to slash your fuckin' veins and wrist
I'll put a knife into my heart to see if pain exists
My forty cal' is fuckin' dyin' to bust
It could teach you how to bleed and how to die in the dust
Yeah, I'm tryin' to organize with people I identify
While Bush and Cheney sit and celebrate a genocide, yeah

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