

Rise of the Machines

Jedi Mind Tricks

I was gonnna rip his heart out, I'm the best ever
I'm the most brutal and most vicious and most ruthless champion there's ever
been
My style is impetuous, my defense is impregnable
And I'm just ferocious, I want your heart!
I wanna eat your children, praise be to Allah!

They call me Kublain Khan, ready for war with a Ruger 9
I'm ready with a machete for Rudy Giuliani
I'm ready for anybody who want war
Y'all ain't nice with the hands you can't brawl
You can't stall, we hold the black horses
I'm runnin' up in ya church to smack crosses
You lack rawness, you lack passion
You couldn't make it through war without rations
You just a homosexual
I think the gay rights movement should
Meet you and then invest in you
Rhymin' 'bout flowers 'n shit
And poets on the mic for twenty hours 'n shit
I'm housin' ya shit; Shuttin' ya fuckin' mic off
Snatch ya fuckin' poetry book and then kick the dyke off
Set the fight off, show 'em what real rap is
Real rhymes, real beats and real clappers
And we blast at deep cover
Make you "see murder" like Master P brother
(Yea, what's the deal baby, yea, free Ras Kass, feel me)

[Chorus x2: Scratched by Stoupe]
"C'mon, let 'em know it's us when we come on"
"While real MC's and DJ's are a minority"
"Power, down goes another rapper"
"Make way, 'cause here I come"

[Ras Kass:]
Yea, yo, yo, yea, fuck it
When I spit it get shitty like the teeth of Mike Bibby
Live from nowhere keep the west coast with me like J-Kidd
Slay chicks if she pretty, only fugitive you know slay chicks to be Diddy
No system electricity, spine the mind with it
Tryna go 50/50 with my Billboard's check
Like 800 first week, 800, 000 the next
They put on the cover of the Vibe I just might flex
Na, I'm too lazy, with hennesy and hoes
But I bench pressed the trigger of a four pound though
Hit enemies with rolls for money shows and clothes
Fuck bank rolls, I'm yellow gold with incredible flows
My homies sellin coke, 'cause nothin' love nobody
Said he like the free spirits with slugs to plump your body
'Til you shrug and flop like Vlade Divac
Paint picture perfect, inside rockin' the b-bop
We not confused, raps the nigga news
Each rhyme a "Minority Report", fuck Tom Cruise
Adversity my muse, that's why I make mus-ic
Transmit SARS, it's 20 bars as you spit

[Chorus x2: Scratched by Stoupe]

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"While real MC's and DJ's are a minority"
"Power, down goes another rapper"
"... Make way, 'cause here I come"