

The Age of Sacred Terror

Jedi Mind Tricks

Yeah
Yeah baby yeah
Jedi Mind Tricks
Legacy of Blood
Nothing but dirt out here
Fucking Philly baby
Yeah
It ain't a game baby
It's fucking war out here
Yeah

I'll make you bleed with knives
I was born with all-seeing eyes
I could snatch a rapper heart
Before it even dies
The caveman still believe in lies
You don't want no blood or no beef
Like you was vegan rhymes
You like to sleep with guys
You a gay maggot
Listening to fucking B2K, faggot
Go to raves faggot, put a hole in your heart
Destroy everything you that you know and you thought
Destroy everything in Babylon
You fucking fake rap I hate rap because you babble on
You fucking fags are gone
I'm a hate monger
That's the reason that you talking to the to the Jake longer
Put the snakes on ya, now you die there
And who gave you the fucking impression that I care
I could thrive here, but I choose to die
On a fucking steady diet of booze and lie

Yeah
It's the age of the sacred terror
A communist revolutionary Che Guevara
Take your cheddar, take everything that you care for
Murder everybody, that's what they was there for
And therefore you getting wet from the heat
Take the food from your plate-ain't letting you eat
Ain't letting you do nothing I don't want you to
You a crumb and that's why I like to fuck with you
I don't care about anybody except me
Until my main man Mafia is set free
You waiting for the revolution to start
But you ain't on the front lines taking two in the heart
Ellusively smart, that's why I hide from the feds
Jason Voorhees style, five severed heads
Five corpses, five state troopers dead
Licking shots in they face til the room is red

Fuckin crumbs, worms, noodles, yeah

If you serve God for money you serve the devil
Claim to be in the war, never heard the metal, yeah
Never even been in combat
Never even felt the supreme love from a warm gat

I'm on another plane
You could stand in front of your fam
But I'm shootin right through your mother's frame
I got knuckle game, but I don't use that
Fuck a fair one, where the two-tvos at
Where the nitrous oxide and balloons at
Where my motherfucking Uncle Howie goons at
This for everybody holdin hammers
If you come into our shows then you go bananas
And holding banners
In support of Mumia Jamal
Run up on you fucking pigs with the heaters and all
I'm decieving Allah, that's what I'm here for
The reason why I'm drinkin' all the fucking beer for

Yeah, yeah baby
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