

Trail of Lies

Jedi Mind Tricks

In the land of make believe you are all mine
In the land of make believe I'm doing fine
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Turn the television off cousin
That ain't nothin for a girl to see
I got a niece, an best believe she mean the world to me
She don't need to see the shit they think a girl should be
90 pound, skinny bitch; that ain't even girl to me
Essentially that shit, design and take a hold of you
Telling lies, take your vision, take control of you
Their finding different ways to take your fuck'n soul from you
Show about a model make your self asteem low for you
Everything is fake, trust me; no one that lovely
I met a lot of famous people and they're fat and ugly
I ain't any better, I just think the fact is funny
That they'll take a little girl and pimp her for the cash and money
And what's gonna become of them, in like 50 years
When Hannah Montana turnin' into Brittney Spears
They chew you up and spit you out cause no one really cares
And ain't no body gonna hold you when your really scared
Where the parents at, cousin this is really bad
Is this the motherfucking manager or really dad?
Is he concerned about his daughter or his silly pad?
This ain't gonna change nothin, I just think it's really sad

[sample:]

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[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

Turn the television off cousin
It's a tool for them to clog the mind
Conservitism, liberalism, they divide the line
The natural feelings of a child is to be calm and kind
Then they show you ads for the marines, when they decide it's time
So they can send you to a war, behind their fog of pride
Then send you home in a limo but not provide a dime
And the news tell you, "cops is on the block for people"
I'm a put it simple and plain: cops is evil
Take the television show, cops, for example
That's the shit they want america to watch and sample
Never showing you how dirty that they really is
And that they hide behind their badge, and that they're really bitch
I ain't never met a pig in my life
That I ain't wanna catch his body on the jig of my knife
That's another fuck'n topic for another day
I'm a tell you how they try to get you in another way
They tell you that there's something wrong with you; you need their drugs
But their ain't nothing fucking wrong with you, they're being thugs
They sell drugs in commercials, at the same time
Lock a motherfucker up for the same crime

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