

# Jedi Mind Tricks, Animal Rap

Kool G Rap

You know the Don's armed wit sixteen  
And I go hard for the big cream, the whips and the carriage  
Ball like the Knicks and the Mavericks, switchin' the fabrics  
Pull up wit some big shit, lieutenant shit, hittin' the hazards  
Spot a bitch wit that Cris habit, I gotta have it  
Fuck shorty and send her OT wit a brick in her baggage  
Roll where the clubs at she liquored up lavish  
She only lick dick status to get cabbage  
Dick get lathered to the thick baptist  
Who back on the map? Giancana wit a vengeance  
It's drama to the finish, but the llama to your appendix (aiight)  
And squeezing the slugs, gun powder season your blood  
I'm a legend breathing, the reason you thug (nigga)  
This where the buck stops, fuck props  
Buck shots at the top money, what the fuck you forgot?  
Thought I was done and wasn't thuggin' the block?  
Still real, bustin' the glock  
Put it where you could see it (blao) what up now?

(Chorus)

Mike Tyson

Mike Tyson

People always talkin' bout I'm being loud and ruckus  
I'm talkin' roigus because I'm angry, you know?  
I'm angry about my experiences and all the things that I been through  
See everyone else has the right to be angry  
But this is just the way I express myself  
(So, you ready to fight?)

Vinnie Paz

Yo, bust a motherfuckin' gat to this  
Y'all believe lies like y'all was Catholics  
I rap in Arabic, so my message is just immaculate  
My rap a lab-a-rynth, drink a forty and blaze a sack to it  
My aim is accurate, take your brain and blow out the back of it  
I'm surly, miserable cat that slap shorties  
Looks kinda resemble that of fat Pauly  
I don't even clap, young boy, he claps for me  
Chain hang down to my dick, I'm that gaudy  
I don't even fuck wit you cats, you rap poorly  
I don't even buck at you cats, you that corny  
Wit a wack army, we barkin' at you  
And Vinnie Paz holds a hammer like a carpenter do  
you should understand that I ain't really fuckin' around  
and if you don't, you gonna find your body stuffed in the ground  
We buckin' em down, cuz that's how wrong my life is  
Y'all don't understand how fuckin' strong my wife is  
I'm from a time where every song was righteous  
Before rap was just a swarm of white kids  
And y'all a witness to the dawn of hypeness, or just another victim to the  
pawns and sheisters  
I'll feed your corpse to a swarm of vipers  
And let em suck the blood till your form is lifeless  
What!!! Fuckin' Vinnie Paz daddy!!!! (Yeah!!!!)

(Chorus)

Mike Tyson

And I'm not afraid to die, I'm not afraid to waist my life  
Cause when I die I'm going to paradise  
So I'm not worried, and I'm in a hurry to die  
Cause I'm not gonna let nobody disrespect me

and make comments about me without me retaliating