

# Jedi Mind Tricks, Speech Cobras

[Mr. Lif]

I'm the fire bearer  
Holder of the sun  
The Earth and the universe combined as one  
An everlasting energy taking all forms  
Blue skies on sunny days, terrible the storms  
The one who tears down what you adorn  
And curses the material things that you mourn  
But look up in the sky 'cause I am the dawn  
And the light that empowers your flesh as you yawn  
Strong, undeniably so  
Lif better known as a society foe  
The deity glow reach into my center  
I bet you feel pleasure and pain as you enter  
The tormenter, pleaser, embracer, squeezer  
As your skeleton crush  
Your physical turns into gelatin plus  
Due to over stimuli  
You liquify  
I send you back to the earth soil to quench the turmoil  
When the ground splits  
To swallow of corporations and cops  
Give birth to rocks  
So we can have solid ground on which to walk  
Stand strong and talk  
And write down theories in chalk on the side walk

Chorus:

"The devil lurks and my heart irks for the hell  
Look into the eyes of a \*nigga\* who fell" -----&gt; Buckshot  
"The devil lurks and my heart irks for the hell  
Look into the eyes...&quot;

[Jus Allah]

My style orbits  
Around nine planets of forces  
Ominous metaphors in vision of devil corpses  
Lying order, mad scientist slash author  
Present the type of horror that boils your holy water  
Get warped with the knowledge that folds the holy father  
Hard boys become toys inside the real saga  
So why bother  
My whole flow lines is harder  
So bring the drama  
We all know that science is smarter  
I set off crowds, style wild like a circus  
I seek through souls when I walk past churches  
Allah praise you, stay true to a devout purpose  
Seeking out the wise wherever the God searches  
Flows that I embark and leave your squadron shadow dodging  
Lyrics assault men' like slugs that fill harkness  
No option, narrow odds  
Fucking with god is straight gambling with your tarot cards

Chorus

[Ikon the Hologram]

Open the gates of Midian  
For the fangs like the flesh  
Three cyborgs who Bang like Ladesh  
We hang the best  
Spit venom until your face burn  
Yet the critics are parasitic like a tape worm

The hate burn, scathe the urn of a Buddhist  
Snake turn and fake yearns the kiss of judas  
We take lives with knives steady abusing ya  
With the vicious intentions of denting your uvula  
Bruising ya with text of a Harvard class  
Ikon will smash into shards of glass  
To reform into a whirlwind of sand  
Then reborn into the word Hologram  
A solemn man with plans to intwine matter  
Mind splatter from the grind of my divine hammer