

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" -----> Buckshot
"The devil lurks and my heart irks for the hell
Look into the eyes..."

[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 darkness
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