

# Jedi Mind Tricks, Tug Of War

[Verse 1]

Adjust of us, to attacks the crowd  
The simple fly, plus arrows, I rush the format  
If four blind shots to ya verbs and pronouns  
These herbs'll slow down, with terms to sicken a guitar  
Dip live and you just the point to ball  
For sharp lines, make keen, the blast to catch phrase  
Overdrawn by the crowd who strikes amaze  
Never float like me, and oddly never lose a few  
So bear wits, to appreciate verse such as that  
Anitiate words to come back, over tight  
Nah, I'm different from these war heads  
More treds on my adjective's  
Allow full side steps, to deflect your ships  
Then he make a true vowels, with volume, see I'll  
Prospect tunnel, for me and Asan Icon  
We rock broad neck, funnels to collect  
The drips and moss, giving y'all friends and serves  
No connecting to our actual juice of five foot  
And the least to serve, with over stridal shoots  
Indeed and they relax in comforts  
They need to form and parse words, to lose any casual sense  
Of well being, yo lay back, grows ya depths

[Verse 2]

As the beings, squads find it hard to establish  
A working rhythm, my esoteric mysticism makes me a mathematician  
Like Apollonius, phony as any who receive lobotomies  
Get caught in my harsh, canapoly of unhappy rhapsodies  
Fragments of stagments, we world with ultramagnets  
My reverberation, crush men to micro fragments  
I get's physical in the forest of absolute manitrition  
My complex disposition, forces crews into submission  
Beginnings on one six two, switches through to witch's brew  
On which is true, or which is you  
Isolation, plus, a reflux, I see buck  
Who get the equilibrium shattered, or crushed to this  
I throw fists, and take trips, to other dimensions  
My henchmen will bend them and get attention  
As I destroy decoys and make noise  
My b-boys will be employed, to deploy like the falling of Troy  
Fell into the soul, control, what is concealed  
If a void is not filled, my suicidal thoughts will come real