

# Jedi Mind Tricks, Chessking (Jus Allah)

[Jus Allah]

I have sublime comprehension  
Divine Intervention  
My enzymes studied by the minds at Princeton  
To figure my design would divide the Christians  
Complete Truth,  
Brothers been deprived of listening  
A secret Odyssey  
Ungodly Cursing Prophecy  
Reading Verses That will Preach a Demonology  
I speak scholarly  
Lord vain  
Require more brain  
Than your physically ordained to contain  
I'm on the next plane  
Where everything exists one and the same  
Where pleasure is pain  
And never rains  
I seen what you fear  
I've passed beyond that  
The things that give you tears  
I have laughed and yawned at  
Your f\*\*king heart tastes so weak and rank  
I have to eat dog food just to keep my strength  
And my doors wide open for anybody that wants some  
But i don't even live inside a house, I haunt one!

[Jus Allah]

I'm a prize,  
FBI want me alive  
They found the cold morgue and flies  
I told em to drive  
fall through knives till every single part of you dies  
Couldn't figure my designs If you started at 5  
Defend for yourself, you'd be broken in tears  
You fool you could probably pull rope through your ears  
You sweat cold,  
Graphed in original web-toed  
My mind in the physical mode would explode  
If what i knew spread round the globe  
They'd start measuring my head for a crown of gold  
Your weak soul is trying to climb a greased pole  
In a deepest hole  
Defeating man at his peakest role  
And seek to read my power for its evil use  
But I can see the truth  
I can teach Greek to beetlejuice  
I'm high as f\*\*king hypodermic needle use  
I'll even f\*\*king piss in your mouth, give you legal proof

[Jus Allah]

I'm the chess king;  
The difference between boxing and wrestling  
Knowing you guessing  
Only y'all stand oppressing  
Being of supreme measuring  
Unquestioning,  
You're not anything, I am everything  
You save your strength  
To go against a much advanced mind  
Your dumb, you wash your hands before you eat swine  
Simple cavemen too dense to even talk to us  
There ain't an idea in his head I haven't thought of  
You thin skulled, a numbskull

My skins gold;  
More valuable than yours ten fold  
Repute! from now is the day of reckoning  
The truth sounds out so loud its defeaning  
Never will you come n overpower my words  
My unploughed dirt will grow the last flowers of earth  
In the last hours of mirth, I'll be left to laugh at it  
Watching how the walls of space collapses on these savages  
Evil parishes, disappearing in its own parrells  
Proving ignorance is erroneus  
I was chosen to write the future as the lord said  
Wouldn't be surprised at waking with an eye in my forehead