Jedi Mind Tricks, Heavy Metal Kings

(Verse 1 - Vinnie Paz)
I murder you and laugh
I'm Barry Sanders slashing through the path
You a magicians assistant I'm sawing you in half
You a heathen that rely on the beast
I'm a demon that defying crucifying the priest
I shine over beats: A motherfuckin beast on the mic
I'm a lion out the jungle, raw meat's what I like.
I bleed in the fight, Vinnie like that taste of his blood,
and I'll open up your stomach like the case of a slug.
I'm faithful to drugs, puttin metal plates in your mug.
Dump your body in the motherfucking lake in a rug, face in the mud.
Ya'll create the facade, that my people have exterminated faith in their god
patience is hard, cousin but it pays to calm
go to war for anybody who embraces Islam.
I'm gracious and warm,
ready for my place in the war,
and I'm ready to smash a motherfuckers face in the floor.

(Chorus)
We got that gangster gangster shit
We got that murder murder shit
You talk that gangster gangster shit.
We live that murder murder shit.

(Verse 2 - Ill Bill)
Without order nothing exists,
Without chaos nothing evolves,
now get on your knees so I can stick this gun in your mouth.
I'm a Slayer album personified,
holocaust columbine,
middle passage Israel versus Palestine.
It's the cult leader drinking kool-aid,
run with the doctor's that produced AIDS
I open my mouth I shoot flames.
a freedom fighter that got the whole world terrified
Ill Bill, human manifestation of genocide.
Stand amongst Grammy winning grimy nosed candy sniffers
Blast a black metal at you like Danny Loco
it's impossible to escape my matrix of hate
I'll make a good girl a cum dumpster saying don't wait.
I turn razors to AK's and turn raisins to grapes.
turn blood into wine with an insatiable taste.
Drink from the goblet of gore, vomit and poured.
Sodom and Gomorrah back to Canarsie, New York.

(Chorus)

(Verse 3 - Vinnie Paz)
You don't know about the gospel of Judas,
about the information found in the Galapagos ruins.
How the warriors would sharpen they blades,
how if they wanted to the government could cure you of AIDS.
We the equivalent of fire & ice,
the equivalent of a prisoner who died for his rights.
I'm lying to Christ,
Put your fuckin spine in a vice,
I'm like trump in The Apprentice - only fire at night.
I'm dying to fight, slap you five and put ten in you,
Louie Dogs a fuckin genocide general,
So I say fuck the CIA and they plan
get me outta here I'd rather fucking stay in Iran.
I run up on you with grenades in my hand,

If you fuckin round with Bill or try to hate on my fam.
It's the dichotomy of hatred in man,
If you ever think of tryin to play me then Blam! Blat! Blat!

(chorus)