

Jedi Mind Tricks, The Age Of Sacred Terror

Yeah, yeah baby yeah, Jedi mind tricks, legacy of blood
Nothing but dirt out here, fucking Philly baby, yeah
It aint a game baby, its fucking war out here

I'll make you bleed with knives, I was born with all seeing eyes
I can snatch a rappers heart before he even dies
The cave man still believe in lies
you don't want no blood or no beef like you were speaking lies
You like to sleep with guys, you a gay maggot
Listening to fucking B2K faggot, go to raves faggot
Put a hole in your heart, destroy everything you know and you thought
Destroy everything in Babylon, you fucking fake rap
I hate rap cause you babble on, you fucking fags are gone
I'm a hate monger, that's the reason that your talking to the jake longer
But the snakes on ya, let you die there
and who gave you the fucking impression that I care
I can thrive here, but I choose to die
On a fucking steady diet of booze and lies

(chorus)

Yea, it's the age of the sacred terror,
A communist revolutionary Che Guevera, take your cheddar,
Take everything that you care for
Murder everybody, that's what they was there for.
And there for you getting wet from the heat
Take the food from your plate, ain't letting you eat
Ain't letting you do nothing that I don't want you to
You a crumb and that's why I like to fuck with you
I don't care about anybody except me, until my main man Mafia is set free
Your waiting for the revolution to start
but you aint on the front lines taking 2 in the heart, ellusively smart
that's why I hide from the feds., Jason Vorhies style, 5-7 heads
5 corpses, 5 state troopers dead
liquor shots to their face till the Rugers red

(chorus)

If you serve god for money you serve the devil
Claim to be in the war, never heard the metal
Yea, never even been in combat
never even felt the supreme love from a warm gat
I'm on another plane, you can stand in front of your fam.
But I'm shooting right through your mothers frame
I got knuckle game, but I don't use that, fuck a fair one where the 2 2's at
Where the nitrous oxide and balloons at
where my mother fucking knuckle Howie's goons at
This for everybody holding hammers
if your coming to our show then you go bananas, and holding banners
In Support of Mumia-Jamal
running up on you pigs with the heaters and all
I'm deceiving the law, that's what I'm here for
The reason why I'm drinking all the fucking beer for

(Chorus)