Tanya Tucker F/ Willie Nelson "Psychic Thoughts"

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Asaalm-alaikum, brother [Name] X
(Well, laikum-asalaam, blackman)
Brother, I've been having Psychic thoughts, revelational visions lately
I want you to tell me what you think about em
(Well, go head, brother, you are the original man)

[CHORUS]

Psychic thoughts are what I conceive Are they true or am I full of bad weed? You place the judgment, you make the decision But even so, death is my ambition

[VERSE 1]

I'm the South Park psycho, I'm hoppin, muthafucka, I'm pissed

So I unleash the dragon, fire burns through the broke wrist

Yo, psychic psychology, devil's gonna die Hold up, a vision is comin, unknown creatures fly from the sky

Fuck this fired-up, I feel I'm linked with this weed I keeps sayin 'terror', so terror it is indeed Focus your view points, or you'll be dead Devil's babies die early, curly, sharp axe to the head Comments from a murderer, my thoughts are sinister Cursed by a priest, pastor, [???] minister A spiritual magician, master of tricks With wizardry, witch, more graphic thoughts of a crucifix

Yo, plus a sniper, sudden death, cranium claws
Flyin is dangerous, airplane sabotage
I mirror the messenger, I'm sent from beyond
As time sets back, the hourglass wouldn't respond
Flashes of heatstrokes, this is an order
It's comin to a time where court judges is camcorders
Yo, Ganksta NIP, a mental warrior brought
Comin soon: genocide, but first beware of the psychic thoughts

[VERSE 2]

Real soon, bitch, you're gonna see tragedy Violent winds at 300 mph, sacred savagery Lives are uncounted for, let's even the score Psychic thoughts of different mammals comin up from the ocean's floor

Powerful gun sounds all across the globe
Tires are now extinct, niggas drivin jets [???]
Death to the maximum, it seems like a dream
Infrared [???] butcher knife, stump on a laser beam
Mental hypnosis, I meditate, that's how
I see the ozone layer's bout to drop any minute now
You know I'm a psycho, I come from the premonition
Of thoughts of genocide from the beast-like
competition

Yo, them muthafuckas make them South Park niggas clown

It's going on three years, the law has been shut down To all devils, I'm talking to you The war in South Park has finally come true (NIP, what you was doin when [???] was jumpin up?) Crooked cops, I was personally pumpin em up

Ganksta NIP can never be caught

3rd eye insight, knowledge visions of psychic thoughts

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3]

Revolution is hyped up, niggas causin casualties _Faces Of Death_ ain't no movin no more, now it's reality

Human destruction, SPC done broke records Bodies fallin off of buildings every 19 muthafuckin seconds

Serious sex thoughts, pussy is blades Over half the population on earth, they done caught AIDS

A major catastrophy, terrible weather
Winter, spring, summer, fall, all combined together
Dimensions of darkness, but is there a light switch?
Children can't handle it, some are havin night fits
Niggas whippin ass, in Allah we trust
But to strictly be real, them devils killin a lot of us
Hold up, wait, we killin em suckers
We can get em, nigga (*blast*) we done took over this
mutahfucka

And after that, no more signs of the beast In the year 2000, you're gonna experience peace Among brothers, no more devils to show up By the year 3000, the world's gonna blow up Yo, Ganksta NIP could never be caught To enforce I dive into psychic thoughts

(America, Farrakhan is warning you today Goddamnit, you're either gonna change or die Young black men no longer lift every voice and sing But you lift every damn fist and swing)

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