

Jed Madela

"Genghis Khan"

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[Tragedy Khadafi]

You about to witness a two five Jedi Minds collabo
You know what I mean?
The God Jus Allah

[Jus Allah]

Megatraum is a martian, feeding off weed and cash
I dash from my ship in the Roswell Crash
You smash when you dash with the clashing ox
Saw you in half without a fucking magical box
Wet pussy always seems to splash my cock
I'm dead, they just didn't leave the casket locked
Pass my block I let shots drill in your spleen
We're I'll marines with hand held killing machines
Steal dreams with the armored steel
Guard your grill
Nigga, I was brought up by the Kents in Smallville
Following Allah's will, horror in the skill
Caught up in the real
Don't give me cause to kill
Nocturnal, I stroll where the darkness goes
If I had to follow the moon across the globe
With the staff and white robe
I still hold metal
Disciples who walk on glass and rose petals

Chorus:

[Tragedy Khadafi]

Yo, last rites, we *fast to blast twice

[Ikon the Hologram]

Jedi Mind 252 we mad nice

[Tragedy Khadafi]

We smash mics, and blast too precise

[Ikon the Hologram]

Fast 40 days and pray for 40 nights

[Vinnie Paz]

Yo, I'm savage

I write rhymes in pitch blackness
Any motherfucker that front, is left backless
Y'all motherfuckers just burn into ashes
Trying to step into the zone where Vinnie Paz is
It's Black Sabbath
Put a slug in his grill
'Cause Jedi Mind two five thuggin' for real
You ever think there might be trouble then peel
'Cause a motherfucker like me dumpin to kill
Y'all better pass the mic 'cause Vin's ill
Y'all learn the +Facts Of Life+ from Kim Fields
I don't know how many kids my flow harms
My gun control leave y'all with no arms
Y'all love to smell the stench of dead bodies
Left in the path of the Paz *& Khadafi
5'9 tatted up, mad stocky
Animal thug who bust slugs in the lobby

Chorus

[Tragedy Khadafi]

I hit the turnpike on dirtbikes with 2 heaters
On my way to Philly to fight for Mumia
Only thug guerillas *will react to this
The laws try to destroy *this black activist
Half of y'all is performers and actresses
I keep at least a 100 grand in the mattresses
Shit so hot, soon as I write it I get indicted
I dare one y'all scared niggas to bite it
I stood in hood lobbies getting my rocks off
With longjohns and 3 pairs of socks on
Ducking from the pigs so I don't get knocked off
Or popped off, and y'all thugs are soft
It's like you're skirt get pulled up, clothes come off
Red Dragons, can't even fuck with my brain patterns
I'm all live, Pentium Plus and Benz wagons
*Mahdi, believe me it do ring bells
If you saw me do dirt you won't live to tell
I've done lived in a cell
Did bids in hell
Held niggas at gunpoint for ransom and bail

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