

Jedi Mind Tricks

"Animal Rap (Arturo Gatti...)"

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Kool G Rap

You know the Don's armed wit sixteen
And I go hard for the big cream, the whips and the carriage
Ball like the Knicks and the Mavericks, switchin' the fabrics
Pull up wit some big shit, lieutenant shit, hittin' the hazards
Spot a bitch wit that Cris habit, I gotta have it
Fuck shorty and send her OT wit a brick in her baggage
Roll where the clubs at she liquored up lavish
She only lick dick status to get cabbage
Dick get lathered to the thick baptist
Who back on the map? Giancana wit a vengeance
It's drama to the finish, but the llama to your appendix
(aiight)
And squeezing the slugs, gun powder season your blood
I'm a legend breathing, the reason you thug (nigga)
This where the buck stops, fuck props
Buck shots at the top money, what the fuck you forgot?
Thought I was done and wasn't thuggin' the block?
Still real, bustin' the glock
Put it where you could see it (blao) what up now?
(Chorus)

Mike Tyson

Mike Tyson

People always talkin' bout I'm being loud and ruckus
I'm talkin' roigus because I'm angry, you know?
I'm angry about my experiences and all the things that I
been through
See everyone else has the right to be angry
But this is just the way I express myself
(So, you ready to fight?)

Vinnie Paz

Yo, bust a motherfuckin' gat to this
Y'all believe lies like y'all was Catholics
I rap in Arabic, so my message is just immaculate
My rap a lab-a-rynth, drink a forty and blaze a sack to it
My aim is accurate, take your brain and blow out the
back of it

I'm surly, miserable cat that slap shorties
Looks kinda resemble that of fat Pauly
I don't even clap, young boy, he claps for me
Chain hang down to my dick, I'm that gaudy
I don't even fuck wit you cats, you rap poorly
I don't even buck at you cats, you that corny
Wit a wack army, we barkin' at you
And Vinnie Paz holds a hammer like a carpenter do
You should understand that I ain't really fuckin' around
And if you don't, you gonna find your body stuffed in
the ground
We buckin' em down, cuz that's how wrong my life is
Y'all don't understand how fuckin' strong my wife is
I'm from a time where every song was righteous
Before rap was just a swarm of white kids
And y'all a witness to the dawn of hypeness, or just
another victim to the
Pawns and sheisters
I'll feed your corpse to a swarm of vipers
And let em suck the blood till your form is lifeless
What!!! Fuckin' Vinnie Paz daddy!!!! (Yeah!!!)
(Chorus)
Mike Tyson
And I'm not afraid to die, I'm not afraid to waist my life
Cause when I die I'm going to paradise
So I'm not worried, and I'm in a hurry to die
Cause I'm not gonna let nobody disrespect me
And make comments about me without me retaliating

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