

Jedi Mind Tricks "Blood Reign Feat. Diamondback, Lous Logic,"

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Yeah, Vinnie Paz baby
2 G baby
Army of the Pharoahs
All that good shit

[Ikon the Hologram]
Yo, yo
The lawnmower man smashes
Through your skull with battle axes
We whip asses, with adjante daggers
That slashes
Crushing opposition like we was fascists
Stigmata and four gashes
We bashes, the faggots who can't attack it right
Take they sternum and then turn them into my acolytes
That's the sight of blood that make a child stop
That's the rights of thugs that keep it wild hot
I hate you, say to pray to a heavenly father
It's fatal, like a NATO military armada
We hotter, warriors from Atlantis
Couldn't understand how raw the Hologram is
The mantis who use the flame rod
'Cause y'all couldn't physically bruise the name God

[Diamondback]
Yo the technique, detrimental to your immune
Leave you in the dust, let y'all niggas choke on fumes
It's the tight mikes, aerodynamic, gigantic
The shadow I cast is dominant, royal highness
North Philly's own home-grown cham-pion
Purposely remainin' unknown until shown
Cold as stone, the stage, my home away from home
I, prefer to leave these cloned niggas alone
Buildin' a home for lost MC's gone wrong
Feel the pressure when my team come on strong, it's
QD

[Chorus repeat 2x]
Stoupe scratches
Don't ever try to...
But can't the skill execute this right
Listen up y'all suckas to what I say
Breakin out an unstoppable...

[Jus Allah]

Megatron is fuckin' monstrous
Hoppin' out of Lake Loch Ness
Every motherfucker in range is left top-less
Quell my metropolis, like shit's cop-less
Y'all cock-less, we stuff y'all in boxes
For stuffed pockets, yo my thugs is thick
Thug'll diss em, when we gotta put a slug in your bitch
Splatter your dame, Pharoahs we shatter your brain
'Till a nigga's salary change to lateral game
Like Calgary Flames, puttin' fire on ice
Put me in hell, for puttin' four nails in Christ

[Louis Logic]

I'm like Billy Goat Gruff under the bridge at Governor
Ridge
Waitin' to knock heads off, I'm a mean son-of-a-bitch
With an itch to misbehave and wave a switchblade
In front of your face so close to leave your whiskers
shaved
To disengage, or rip the pages from your notepad
And shove 'em up the hole between your lower back
and gonads
The only way your rhymes would be the shit
You need to read a script on playin' gay 'cause you cats
could eat a dick
Servin' sucka MC's a fifth of the drunken stylin'
Rippin' M-I-C's like a pub in Dublin, Ireland

[Chorus]

[B.A. Barakus]

Hey yo I got a fetish, to see flesh rip
When my Tek spits, breakin' the bone where ya'll chest
is
I dare a nigga to try and battle
I'll put the sweat in your palms when you swallow you're
adam's apple
Eat MC's like Chupacabra was eating cattle
Defeat disease with palabras, frequently in battle
Make the hardest man fall back and start to squeal
Haul a fifth to his face, taste the steel
This why I got pro deep and stay ruthless
You useless, Fuck with us and leave toothless
We're often known as psycho-drama dispensors
Paralyze niggas then put 'em in trauma centers

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