

Jedi Mind Tricks "Bust 'Em In"

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Hard to the motherfucking core we are.
The federated army of the Pharaoh murderer squad.
Run run, we gonna tear the head piece up.
Uh huh, you don't want beef because.

Vinnie I had enough of them, yo bust em in.
Vinnie I had enough of them, yo bust em in.
Lost bust em in.
Bust bust em in. (3x)

AOTP, fresh Nikes and ice links
You won't feel till after the punch like a spiked drink
Sipping Goose till my eyes pink, ninety-five live rings
Real niggas survive things and die kings
I can hear that homie sayin' "Yo you owe it to me"
So it's no holds barred like the old Hulk Hogan movie
You got a heart homeboy? Then show it to me
The flow's majestic, I spit a roll of golden fruities
I'm old school like roll a dooby
Daddyo my hoes is groovy, pay my rent with dough
from groupies
A pimp and a killer, gorilla in your project
Nine milli really only defence of my logic
The shotgun just sits in the closet
Waiting for you fuckers to come dip in my shit
Nonsense, the weak could never stop the thorough
Bitch niggas suspect, I call them boys gossip girls

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I treat tools like bitches cause I always got a few
biscuits
And bus em in like kids from different school districts
Y'all dipshits will get your spinal discs flipped

Rhymes will make the vinyl disc skip, find your wrists
slit

Nickel-plated nine shine like diamonds on Slick Rick
I'm wicked as a Wiccan bitch when the candle wick's lit
Want to sample this shit? You need to read Sanskrit
And travel to the top of Mount Sinai to transmit
Running through the Red Seas like an escaped slave
Then holding up the walls of water with my sound
waves
Like what I was doing during Public Execution, half-
human half-mutant
Ap the seed of Rasputin
Gats shooting, shots ricocheting off of my steel body
And three quarter length fat goose to conceal shotties
The god walks the surface of the Sun it won't melt feet
Cause when's the last time you heard Ap rip a Celph
beat?

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I'm a five-star general, the motherfucking main man
Flip a bird, hold a swammy with the same hand
And do a rain dance when blood splatters and sprays
Cement mix in your IV turn your anatomy grey
Nobody ratted at A-O-T-P not trenched with OPP
I'm obsessed with OCD, a temperamental mental
patient
With cyberkenetic onboard computer integration
One of rap's most innovative voices or flows
In front of missile-command buttons
I look around, all my choices just blow
So now you should know I'm the don of braggadocio
Flamethrower, I'm Cobra Kai and I'm keeping it dojo
name goers
Come down and sign up, I'm training soldiers to rhyme
rough and get they punchlines up
Cause you ain't fucking with the gold beard Rubix
Cuban nowhere
No rap is nowhere near what I just wrote here oh yeah

