

Jedi Mind Tricks "Carnival of Souls"

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[Verse 1]

I'm the ape in the cage getting more amazing with age
AKs and grenades, matter fact I slay them with blades
They blatantly gays, f***s in berets in parades
And see my team is unbeatable, the stadium stage
I'm basically crazed, walking circles pacing for days
I'm basically dazed and lost inside a Satanist maze
You face the brigade, I hate you and I pray you get
AIDS

I go hard on hard beats, y'all too lazy to shave
Too lazy to bathe and so y'all hate on the god
I'm sick of y'all eating off the same plate as the god
Y'all could never build or even conversate with the god
You shooting guns off, I would bomb a nation for God
(I'm a suicide bomber) y'all don't want no confrontation
with God
Y'all are swine-eaters, that's abomination to God
So put some faith into God
The objective is to conquer fucking Satan with God

[Chorus]

I think we got a problem, take me out this fucking
column
See all these phony actors, I don't like these phony
rappers
F**k all the story telling, I don't like these phony fables
You n***s sound like cable, f**k you and your fucking
label

I think we got a problem, Vinnie Paz a fucking problem
Maserati I'm a problem, Jus Allah's a fucking problem
Criticism from critics but we don't fucking care
All we hear is the drum beat and a fucking snare

[Verse 2]

All I got is too much hate, not enough love
Too many plates, not enough grub too many snakes in
the grass
I gotta kill one cause the gun ain't got enough slugs

Body under the belt, not enough blood
Shotty under the shelf, not enough slugs
You a bitch you ain't gon do s**t suck a dick
Cause I been had your bitch in the lobby on drugs
I ain't no plug, I ain't no snitch
I ain't no blood, I ain't no crip
Motherfuckin hood where I be everyday
You don't like me come see me n***a I ain't no bitch
Far from the last man damn man
You could be the man what they said
So I focused on the damn plan
Face straight like adjusting a handstand
Used to be shy now I'm focused like a hand can
Demoz say hello to the sand man
Gun pop, good god where your man layin
See that bitch right there with the damn tan
Couple shots put the bitch in the damn van
Take her home put her in the zone
Dick like an L she gon put it to the dome
Wack DVDs all these n***s in the streets
Showing n***s where they live and their fridge and
their chrome chrome
N***a please, do you really think I'm gonna show a
m***g n***a
Where I live at
Jeopardize where my wife and my kids at
Come home find my young boy kidnapped
N***a hit that L that you had cause you motherfuckin
crazy if you think I
Will
Pistol Gang to the day I hang
When I see my death I'm gonna keep it real

[Chorus]

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[Verse 3]

You should make peace before we pull the

peacemakers
I don't want the streets waking up the sleeping
neighbours
I don't want police pacing up the streets later
But the killing has me feeling like a teenager
Sign your soul over, here's a blank piece of paper
I'll fill in the details, you can read it later
We should keep in contact, I may need a favour
It's not breach in contract, no releasing waivers
It's slavery and cheap labour, it's a decent bargain
It's monopoly, I'm landing on free parking
It's blood out here gotta keep my teeth sharpened
Gotta keep cream, gotta keep a green garden
You doing everything you can just to keep from
starving
I'm Rastafarian and partying, usually with more than
one darling
It's disheartening, bitches know I ain't Romeo or Prince
Charming

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