

Jedi Mind Tricks "Ripped To Shreds"

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[Verse 1: Celph Titled]

I'm coming to your classroom strapped like
Kindergarten Cop (I) End the starters (I) am the hardest
artist to rock (I)
Roll over your whip and turn your strip into a horror
scene
When the hammer bust we start a war we carnivores
that need to eat
Ain't running from shit bitch we ain't scared, you ain't
gonna disrespect a vet
With a chopper that (got shell catchers) won't be no
ballistic check
I get the check, I get the dough, goddamnit I be the shit
fo sho'
Celph Titled in the motherfuckin spot, motherfuckers
get shot mother fuckers will hit the floor
When my above the margin thugs are barging in
Your whole parliament turn butter soft like tubs of
margarine
Awesome arson with a large carbon cartridge sparking
often involved in carving apart kids in they apartment/
And
You can't see me from this angle/ True
But the torch on my arm will show you what a four
alarm blaze will do
The Cuban Caucasian dude lacerations from
Sabretooth
My bitches hold guns like Sarah Palin in a bathing suit

[Chorus: Demoz]

Light a candle in the snow, fuck a Christmas carol
You can kill a Cambodian can't kill a pharaoh
Kill a African Spanish nigga your fucking niece
Kill the president, terrorist, kill a fucking priest
Your momma, your father, your sister, and your right
hand
Kill a hustler, customer, kill a white man
See the moral of the story is you can spare ammo and
anybody kill yourself but no a fucking pharaoh

[Verse 2: Demoz]

I believe you not in the league
And obviously you blind to see you not in the league
You might wanna be on wine back you high on the E
I move like Mohammed Ali
Test me, you won't want to be my
Food for thought, who would've thought?
That I woulda been something you woulda bought
Cause you would've thought I would've been
Too perked up to prove it again
Too perked up to lose it again
When you press got me moving my pen
And I ain't rolling around, shot in his head and a hole in
the ground
I ain't gotta wait, my moment is now
I gotta hate I'mma flow out of town
I ain't gotta fake like I'm holding the pound
I ain't got eight, I got four in the round
Get shot when the hot trey Glock is cocked and it
popped and it sure enough fold you clowns (?)
Call the coroner now
I ain't trying to stop till I'm ninety and sick
Die like Bonnie and Clyde in the whip
Flows so sick it reminds you of shit

Don't know shit when the coppers around
I ain't never Jay copping the pound
I ain't ever seen vinnie ridin around in a Crown Victoria
at the scene of a homicide
With a look on his face like fuck you now
Fuck him, fuck her, you can hate me now
You keep on going till it break me down
I'mma keep on spitting till they take me down

[Chorus: Demoz]

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[Verse 3: Vinnie Paz]

I'm hesitant to meet people, I have a tendency to eat
people

My team feeds you the priest on the discreet steeple
I don't listen to anything you perceive legal
Turn a Christian to anything you would deem evil
Left with holes is how the sub machine leave you
Small and precise, like you was poked with clean
needles
I don't drag my brother into it cause he's peaceful
But Vinnie takes a lot of shots like Japanese people
In fact I take a lot of shots like Kobe does
I don't smoke the rock anymore but the homie does
Stoupe the first mother fucker to show me drugs
And how to keep the motherfuckers safe in the Folgers
mug
You a bitch, you don't do what a soldier does
If I was you I'd move into the left like Miss Hova does
Peace to everybody living that shows me love
And anybody hating on the god you can hold your slug

[Chorus: Demoz]

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