

# Jedi Mind Tricks

## "When Crowds Descend Upon You"

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[feat. Demoz]

[Verse 1:]

I'm just evil biologically, listen to y'all that make a mockery  
Anton LaVey is like a god to me  
I am not possibly associated with your democracy  
Gary? is like a shah to me, go to war logically  
I conduct self Nostradamusly, I am Ibrahim's last prophecy  
Earth is my property, I am possessed like I'm an apostrophe  
Vinny Appice is like a star to me  
Paz swears silently, cut your fucking head like a lobotomy  
Rape the fucking beat like sodomy  
Nietzsche and philosophy, I am a vampire, I'm proud to be  
I cannot be seen in your photography  
Vinnie an anomaly, I am not a part of God's colony  
Three inches of blood on my carpeting making things hard for me  
My own family won't talk to me, I have to pray to Allah constantly honestly

[Chorus:]

I'm having nervous dreams, nigga this a murder scene  
Yellow tape around the booth, no one heard em scream  
He don't deserve to dream, nigga this a murder scene  
Yellow tape around the booth, I'm having nervous dreams

I let my pistol bang, the Official Pistol Gang  
So what's the issue man? I can make a tissue hang  
I'm having nervous dreams, nigga this a murder scene  
Yellow tape wrapped around the booth, nobody heard em scream

[Verse 2:]

Underground like dirt and the oil  
Earth and the soil, I burn like boil  
Destroy rappers, King Kong massacre

Bullets ricochet playing ping pong passengers  
Won't make it, the real won't fake it  
If something don't belong to you then don't take it  
A naked eye can look loyal but don't trust em  
That's why I chill with women, fuck em but don't cuff  
em  
Cheat and won't treat em, beat em and won't eat em  
Leave em and won't feed em  
Believe me a cold demon, I am but I won't leave em  
Until that we both even  
Until she catch me fucking a 20 year old freaking  
On top of the fucking bed we make love and both  
sleeping  
Now that's the hundredth time she caught me with  
hoes cheating  
I think I got a problem with being faithful  
It's not that I ain't grateful, it's just something about me  
so hateful

[Chorus:]

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[Verse 3:]

I'm strutting with the black mask, can't pass on the  
cash  
Relax on the grass, can't slack on the slash  
There's no rest, there's no 2 and a half hour crash  
I'm all about the cash, outwit and outlast  
In mass covered in black from gun powder blast  
Can care less if you wear a flag or a badge  
I'm trying to have mattresses of cash  
I'm trying to have the bachelor pad built up with  
packages and bags  
No matter how many bodies amass in the trash  
I stay on the move, bad news travels fast  
I stay with the smoking weapon and no discretion  
It's a gross obsession, I keep it close under low  
detection  
Don't provoke me and don't ask any loaded questions  
I don't go for one soul, I want the whole collection  
Send you on that long road to perfection

Murder all the men I swore an oath of protection

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