

Lupe Fiasco "Jedi Mind Trick"

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They tryin' to censor the influencer
Just makes me sicker, influenza, (yeah)
I'll abide by the censorship,
Soon as they ride I'll get back on my nigga shit,
Can't reverse [song lyrics reversed]
The boy-game Advanced, complete the genesis,
I've broke bread with societies menaces,
I've dedicated sentences to the dead, and said hold
your heads to my niggas doin' sentences,
I send condolences to the victims but, threats two the
witnesses, (Ugh)
On my path I was facing a paragraph, Myself,
So they sentiments is felt,
When you hate your own and discriminate of self,
In a cell gotta make your home, cause you might never
make it home,
Suicide on your side might commit it with your belt,
Keep your pants on homie, (uh)
Streets are damn so lonely, like only,
A bunch of niggas won't help (nah),
That's the enemy of stealth,
Plus if they get caught how you gonna keep your heart
fatigue,
The hustler's diet is the enemy of health, give you
heart disease (uh),
Arteries hard but it's hard to leave the bread alone,
Aren't we hard headed, headed for harm, but don't
threat it homes,
From the twist tied to the butt,
We be rippin' it up
Frm the horror to the cure, don't force the issue,
To you my niggas in the war, may the force be with you
(like uh)

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