

Merchant of War

Jedi Mind Tricks

Why you cuddle it a hard I sleep with the four
Official Pistol Gang, we be the reapers of war
It doesn't mean that you're welcome, cause you're kick in the door
I'm the boss, why you filing grievances for?
Graph writers use the thump out toys
Keep em both eyes open for them jump out boys
I will body motherfuckers if they pump that noise
Been down since Disco 3, become fat boys
Let me fall back, let me take a sip at the bar
Cause Vinnie in the hood like I'm fixing your car
I'm the overlord, I don't need permission from y'all
I get a migraine every time I listen to y'all
Listen, y'all ain't never living the best
With em hollow tip bullets spit quicker than Ritz
The nine always concealed, I'm letting his bitch breathe
Your body gonna be mistaken for Swiss cheese
The front and the back, what you want? Where you at?
When my killers with the pistol grip pump on your lap
Where the blunt? Where the gat?
Where the funk? Where the strap?

When my killers with the pistol grip pump on your lap This another hell storm, point blank mail
bomb

The ambulance take you away and not Calgon
Dirt weed in a backpack full of Krylon
Move rock for y'all without seeing the pylon
None of y'all could ever be on the level that I'm on
Traveling trajectories with crystals made of ion
Jeffrey Hunter need to find another place to die on
I don't know what drugs y'all motherfuckers high on
Whoever told you, you should do it, gave you bad advice
I'mma put a few in you then blast you in the afterlife
You ain't even half as nice, bloodier than passion Christ
You want a body? Give me a pen, a bottle and glass of ice
I'mma do it my way, fish and edamame
Chase of every fine glass of wine with a latte
My music age well like it's related to Shadai
Vinnie put a few shots into ya like Bombay
The front and the back, what you want? Where you at?
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When my killers with the pistol grip pump on your lap

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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