

Heavenly Divine

Jedi Mind Tricks

Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo
Jedi Mind
Heavenly Divine
Steadily shine
Ikon the fucking Hologram
Yo, yo, yo, yo Another sacrificial lamb
That died at the hands of Hologram
Sent him into the dungeon and bludgeoned his fuckin' clan
Holy lamb
Who spit the live shit
The do or die, Illadelph Jedi Mind shit
The hot shit
Live raps crack your jaw
Like who's the avenger and who's at the center of war
I left a scar
So your crabs would overstand
Mental will dent you and send you to a holy land
Lawnmower man
Sharp blades slash your vitals
Recitals will fight you and entice you to burn Bibles
Homicidal
A Hologram burn churches
Murders by stickin' a crucifix through your cervix
Divine purpose, for the Remi that's in my thermos
My brain is evil stick you with needles that's hypodermic
You heard the verdict
I'm with Allah 'cause he chose me
Broke into the Vatican, strangled the Pope with his rosary
What, what, what
Jedi Mind
Heavenly Divine
Steadily shine in '99
What, what MC's face terror wherever my sound's audible
Banned from third world portals, battle mortals, and slaughter you
Seen inside the visions of beyond
The dwellings of the Om
Existing in Islamic pantheon
Flows got degrees all my clothes got the scent of trees
I lay back and blow sax like Kenny G
Power blast wacking my path devour fast
I leave you with the grain of sand in life's hourglass
Devise your spell

Make demons rise out of hell
Grab you by your lapels and rob you of your outer shell
You feel the ill dire who sire in hellfire
I launch writers
Put your jaw on a Gauze wire
Jedi swordsman give rappers a foul fortune
Science to contortion your body into a coffin
Insane damage is done, you fuckin' with the army
We beat your skull to the shape of a wet bag of laundry
What, yeah, yeah
Yo, the gods are rhymin, they're traumatizin'
Your feel poetic, law of the titans
We like a fuckin' bolt of lightning
The three wise men
We at levels that defies men
Watch out for fake heads deviled disguised men
Arriving from the dawn and spawned with ill forms
Battle leave you dead in the womb like stillborns
The master herein
The ominous, the master spirit
Can't understand the language of rappers with bad lyrics
Ikon the python
Rappers are left strangled
I overlook the Earth 'cause I see it from sun's angle
Above the clouds
We sit high and we daze, write a page, on how your enslaved to worldly ways
Islamic marksmen
Seeing the squad then...
... could be your fatal mistake
Like the first sins of Adam in the garden
You feel sorrow, I'm projected as god Apollo
Explore realms, you left too confused to follow
Invite your town to absorb the sniper rounds
Illadelph, Shamballah, nigga stayin' underground
What! Mothafuckers!
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>