

Verses of the Bleeding

Jedi Mind Tricks & Des Devious

Allah U Akbar, everybody just be calm
That's the word passed down from the Emonh
It came from the Qu'ran, it can't be wrong
It's only measure, the time, the God's eons
So I suggest you follow Allah way
Or turn into a bitch, inside the jungle's of raw way
That's what the Lord say, you ain't ready for that
You better bring a bulletproof and machete for that
And nobody wanna be there
They stick you with 30 motherfuckers, up in the tare
Now it's back to the topic at hand, I'm rockin' ya fam
And fight against the army with a rock in my hand
A glock in my hand, divide ya body into two parts
And change ya entire theories of God by spittin' two darts
But I just wanna people to build
And did Emadma Hussein, know that he would be killed?
We comin' for blood (in the name of Allah)
We comin' for blood (and we ain't playin' with ya'll)
We comin' for blood (we destroy and rebuild)
We comin' for blood (if you ain't loyal, you killed)I got a vice grip on the mic, spittin' my shit
My balls and arrogance alone be the cause of these hits
Easily split ya wig, with the flick of a wrist
Send the block, ya body's grindin' you, and to the abyss
But that's some, sick shit, I only do when I trip
Or when I'm, til them motherfuckers runnin' they lip
That's when I, start the procedure, of body beatin' you into a seizure
Your crew is standing there staring lookin' like non believers
I felt 'em standing and staring that's when I pulled the heater
My ratchet cookin' these faggots, I make 'em all see the
Fact of the matter is, the cue don't back down
This ain't no slap down, you gettin' clapped clown
So don't be runnin' around, talkin' all this and that
That's female shit, type of shit that get you trapped
Into a dark corner, rope pullin' on ya
Tried to escape, hear shots, left ya ass a goner
I'm ready to blackout, crippler crossface tap-out
Comin' through the fuckin' door with the gats out
Let the blood rain down and drippin' ya skin
Let the slug hit ya crown and rip up ya limbs
I'm the illest fuckin' rapper alive
Give me 16 shots, I can crack you in five
I have to survive, have to get my money and shine

Have to get everything that I used to promise my mom
I gotta do it for everyone that I promised something
So everyone who thought I wouldn't be alive or something
Come on money, that's some cold shit, wishin' me dead
So I beat in their mid-section, til they pissin' in red
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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