

# Heavy Metal Kings

## Jedi Mind Tricks & Ill Bill

I murder you and laugh  
I'm Barry Sanders slashing through the path  
you a magician's assistant, I'm sawin' you in half  
you a heathen that rely on the beast  
I'm a demon at the fire crucifyin' the priest  
I shine over beats  
a motherfuckin' beast on the mic  
I'm a lion out the jungle, raw meat what I like  
I bleed in a fight, Vinnie like the taste of his blood  
and I'll open up your stomach like the case of a slug  
I'm faithful to drugs, puttin' metal plates in your mug  
dump your body in the motherfuckin' lake in a rug  
face in the mud, y'all create the facade  
that my people have exterminated faith in they god  
patience is hard, cousin, but it pays to be calm  
go to war for anybody who embraces Islam  
I'm gracious and warm, ready for the place in the war  
and I'm ready to smash your motherfuckin' face in the floor we got that gangster gangster shit  
we got that murder murder shit  
you talk that gangster gangster shit  
we live that murder murder shit  
without order nothing exists, without chaos nothing evolves  
now get on your knees so I can stick this gun in your mouth  
I'm a slayer, I'll personify Holocaust, Columbine  
Middle Passage, Israel versus Palestine  
It's the cult leader drink your Kool-Aid  
roll with the doctors that produce AIDS  
I open my mouth, I shoot flames  
the freedom fighter that got the whole world terrified  
Ill Bill, human manifestation of genocide  
stand amongst Grammy winning grimy nose candy sniffers  
blast the black metal at you like Danny Loco  
it's impossible to escape my matrix of hate  
I'll make a good girl a cum dumpster sayin' don't wait  
set the razors to AKs and turn razors to grapes  
turn blood into wine with an insatiable taste  
drink from the goblet of gore, vomitting porn  
Sodom and Gomorrah back to Canarsie New York  
you don't know about the gospel of Judas  
about the information found in the Galapagos Ruins  
how the warriors would sharpen they blades  
how if they government wanted to they could cure you of AIDS

we the equivalent of fire and ice  
the equivalent of a prisoner who die for his rights  
I'm lyin' to Christ, put your fuckin' spine in a vice  
I'm like Trump in the Apprentice, only fire at night  
I'm dyin' to fight, slap you five and put ten in you  
Louie Dogs, a fuckin' genocide general  
so I say fuck the CIA and they plan  
get me outta here I'd rather fuckin' stay in Iran  
I'll run up on you with grenades in my hand  
if you fuckin' round with Bill or try to hate on my fam  
it's the dichotomy of hatred in man  
if you ever even think of tryin' to play me then blam  
blap bap

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

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