Carnival of Souls (feat. Demoz)

[Jedi Mind Tricks](#)

[feat. Demoz]
[Verse 1:]
I'm the ape in the cage getting more amazing with age
AKs and grenades, matter fact I slay them with blades
They blatantly gays, faggots in berets in parades
And see my team is unbeatable, the stadium stage
Basically crazed, walking circles pacing for days
I'm basically dazed and lost inside a Satanist maze
Face the brigade, I hate you and I pray you get AIDS
I go hard on hard beats, y'all too lazy to shave
Too lazy to bathe and so y'all hate on the god
I'm sick of y'all eating off the same plate as the god
Y'all could never build or even conversate with the god
You shooting guns off, I would bomb a nation for God
(I'm a suicide bomber) y'all don't want no confrontation with God
Y'all are swine-eaters, that's abomination to God
So put some faith into God
The objective is to conquer fucking Satan with God
[Chorus:]
I think we got a problem, take me out this fucking column
See all these phony actors, I don't like these phony rappers
Fuck all the story telling, I don't like these phony fables
You niggas sound like cable, fuck you and your fucking label
I think we got a problem, Vinnie Paz a fucking problem
Masterati I'm a problem, Jus Allah's a fucking problem
Criticism from critics but we don't fucking care
All we hear is the drum beat and a fucking snare
[Verse 2:]
All I got is too much hate, not enough love
Too many plates, not enough grub too many snakes in the grass
I gotta kill one cause the gun ain't got enough slugs
Body under the belt, not enough blood
Shotty under the shelf, not enough slugs
Yous a bitch you ain't gon do shit suck a dick
Cause I been had your bitch in the lobby on drugs
I ain't no plug, I ain't no snitch
I ain't no blood, I ain't no crip
Motherfuckin hood where I be everyday
You don't like me come see me nigga I ain't no bitch
? for the last man damn man
You could be the man what they said
So I focused on the damn plan

Face straight like adjusting a handstand
Used to be shy now I'm focused like a hand can
Demoz say hello to the sand man
Gun pop, good god where your man layin
See that bitch right there with the damn tan
Couple shots put the bitch in the damn van
Take her home put her in the zone
Dick like an L she gon put it to the dome
Wack DVDs all these niggas in the streets
Showing niggas where they live and their fridge and their chrome chrome
Nigga please, do you really think I'm gonna show a motherfucking nigga where I live at
Jeopardize where my wife and my kids at
Come home find my young bull kidnapped
Nigga hit that L that you had cause you motherfuckin crazy if you think I will
Pistol Gang to the day I hang
When I see my death I'm gonna keep it real
[Chorus:]
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[Verse 3:]
You should make peace before we pull the peacemakers
I don't want the streets waking up the sleeping neighbours
I don't want police pacing up the streets later
But the killing has me feeling like a teenager
Sign your soul over, here's a blank piece of paper
I'll fill in the details, you can read it later
We should keep in contact, I may need a favour
It's not breach in contract, no releasing waivers
It's slavery and cheap labour, it's a decent bargain
It's monopoly, I'm landing on free parking
It's blood out here gotta keep my teeth sharpened
Gotta keep cream, gotta keep a green garden
You doing everything you can just to keep from starving
I'm Rastafarian and partying, usually with more than one darling
It's disheartening, bitches know I ain't Romeo or Prince Charming
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