

# Burning the Mirror

## Jedi Mind Tricks

[Verse 1:]

I'm Kool G Rap Kaczynski and God wrapped in one  
I keep a stupid bitch around me just to stash the gun  
    Fuck a crucifix, I'll use it just to stab a nun  
    What y'all did is incurable to what Paz has done  
I'm Black Sabbath, you savages get a lashing tongue  
I'm black magic and ravenous, you a passive crumb  
    I'm a Russian AK and you's a Gatling Gun  
    I only listen to black metal and rap from Pun  
    I treat bitches like a jewel thief, smash and run  
    I write ignorance on loose-leaf, that's for fun  
    You have the female tendencies of a bastard son  
They say it's parts unknown where the assassin's from  
    Hey yo Jus Allah load the Glock, rob his drums  
And tell these sucker motherfuckers that the gods have come  
    I drink clear liquor all the way to blackened rum  
    The Glock an icebreaker, I don't mean a pack of gum

[Chorus:]

We that hardcore, we that hardbody  
Y'all that cardboard, y'all that carbon copy  
    We Islamic wars, we that godbody  
We the Russian AK, we the sawed shottyWe that hardcore, we that hardbody  
    Y'all that cardboard, y'all that carbon copy  
    We Islamic wars, we that godbody  
We the Russian AK, we the sawed shotty[Verse 2:]  
My baby [?] hung herself, I was way too young to help  
    It's no way I could've lifted her and strung the belt  
    Wish she could've gave me something else, cruel summer  
    But I'm always elated to meet the newcomers  
    I like to stare at models to compare brothels  
    Putting air in bottles, sharing pot and Aristotle  
    With the baddest dime inhaling the [?]  
And we don't talk about past times and astral signs  
    I'm fearless, there's an eeriness to my appearance  
    I'm experienced in severeness  
I'm embellished in devilishness, I'm a detriment to health and wellness  
    I'm everything selfish and felonious  
    I'm only aware of unfairness, Islam and Arabic  
        Nuclear fission bombs and terrorists  
        More torturers that would know order  
    I live in close quarters, bodies everywhere  
        It's an episode of Hoarders

[Chorus:]

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Y'all that cardboard, y'all that carbon copy

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

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