

# Design In Malice

## Jedi Mind Tricks

If I don't have the mag I get a bastard stabbed  
With a knife because I claw for an Alaskan crab  
Young, I'm down with Vinnie give me six weeks  
All y'all little pipsqueaks is up shit's creek  
Think we a joke? I'll put three in your throat  
Drunk off gin and C&C coke then we flee in a boat  
Then I come open up the spot with coconut Ciroc so the hoes'll suck some cock  
Then I'll forget the call, after the nut I get attention deficit disorder  
1-5 catch us off Xes and dust  
Whole clique of registered sex offenders  
Pop shit, we'll hold your funeral XCs  
niggas money come in roman numerals  
Your block slow now, she fuck with them rappers  
Cause y'all niggas money took a muscle-relaxer

I'm the mastermind with a faster rhyme  
It's work, not how I pass the time  
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[Verse 2]

My music's strong enough to stop a bomb  
I'm putting pressure on you kids like I'm a soccer mom  
Who you think idea that it was to stop Saddam?  
Who you think idea that was to drop the bomb?  
You get your shit rocked ma like Mustafa song  
You blowing smoke you motherfucker, you should cop a bong  
The nine Taurus jam a little bit, the Glock is strong  
I move brutal and use voodoo like Papa Shango  
Over a billion Muslims, you could never stop Islam  
Over a billion bullets shooting from the chopper's arm  
The backstage filled with liquor and a lot of traum'  
Cause it's been hard on Vinnie since my father's gone  
I'm about to blow the fucking horns like it was Rosh Hashanah  
This is the calm before the storm, Armageddon dawn  
Carry a motherfucker head that I shred in Nam  
I speak literally, figuratively, the prophet gone

[Chorus]

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[Verse 3]

You don't have to search and question

I have the purse and the murder weapon  
Never get a second chance to make a first impression  
I'm no virgin, a murderer, and I'm an urban legend  
Rather be of real service than to serve in Heaven  
I don't like cops, I don't like co-operators  
I don't like traitors or story corroborators  
In any problem I'm the common denominator  
My behaviour is the product of intoxicators  
I'm just blood addicted, it's the other liquid  
I'm above the limit off of the blood of the wicked  
Don't even ask, there's somebody in the bodybags  
The blood matches that's on the hatchets and hockey mask  
I'm never traumatized, I don't have to compromise  
I don't have economize the homicides  
You tell reasons to take the will my faith is nil  
I believe that even Jesus has a way to kill