

## Gutta Music

### Jedi Mind Tricks

Yeah, ah, it feels so good to be up in here, man  
Yeah, JMT, Reef the Lost Cauze, Chief Kamach'  
Shit got to change, baby

Yo, they put white picket fences on all black houses  
Cauze Kilimanjaro, you Brokeback Mountain  
Since that "Feast" drop, everybody on Shareef jock  
I am what I am, without a deal from Reebok  
While y'all was poppin' and lockin', doin' the beatbox  
I was in the streets, ock, mean glock tryin' to be 'Pac  
Wisdom came in the form of seein' teeth knocked  
Great G's shot, tell me when will the beef stop?  
I don't think it ever will  
That's why I might seem relaxed, dog, but I could never chill  
If that shiesty bitch don't kill me, then the cheddar will  
You think like a man with no hands, we could never build  
I'm from the era where they measured skill  
And if you disrespected the mic, then they disrespect your grill  
The era was truly gone  
But it's 'bout to be resurrected by the Cauze, Kamach' and big Louie Dogs, w  
hat?

This is Gutta Music, pull out your gun, start buckin' to it  
We just dumbin' it out, but ain't nothin' stupid  
Time waits for no man, and such is proven  
We keep it fuckin' movin', ain't nothin' to it  
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Yo, the forty days of wack MC's blown apart  
Replenish the earth, last miracle, Noah's Ark  
Rep like I own a art, Chief whole zone is dark  
They want my mind and birth time so they can clone the chart  
Hallelujah, Hell 'll do ya, Messiah spark  
Crown ruler, crush medulla's, we quiet hearts  
While my slum street angel play a riot harp  
Confusin' but amusin' to a mind that's smart  
What you expect when you hear the fresh fire start  
Black sage, urban monk  
Spiritually, you deserve the trunk  
I got pistols with crystals, you pussies never heard the pump  
Futuristic AK's make turbans jump  
Leave bodies on the side 'til the curb is sunk, Deer Hunter

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With the Jake I'll never cooperate  
A fuckin' vial of hate that God forsake

I'll scar your face, Allah you Akbar, God is great  
You an animal that speak with the cops  
Bleed the block, Vinnie Pazienza, Reef and Kamach'  
I'll feast on the crops, leave your body bleedin' from shots  
My stone hands leavin' you with unbelievable knots  
A key to the lock, my spiritual is an anomaly  
I got the spirit of Bill Hicks inside of me  
Military minded, shoot to kill  
With the weaponry of Minister Farooq Khalil  
It's Lucifer's will, why Abyssinians fail  
But Israeli troops 'll storm the Palestinian jails  
It ain't like we never lost before  
I just think we should externalize the cost of war  
I'm like a sorcerer, Black Tibetan monks  
Louie Dogs, my thoughts is pure

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