

# Rise of the Machines

## Jedi Mind Tricks

I was gonnna rip his heart out, I'm the best ever  
I'm the most brutal and most vicious and most ruthless champion there's ever  
been  
My style is impetuous, my defense is impregnable  
And I'm just ferocious, I want your heart!  
I wanna eat your children, praise be to Allah!

They call me Kublain Khan, ready for war with a Ruger 9  
I'm ready with a machete for Rudy Giuliani  
I'm ready for anybody who want war  
Y'all ain't nice with the hands you can't brawl  
You can't stall, we hold the black horses  
I'm runnin' up in ya church to smack crosses  
You lack rawness, you lack passion  
You couldn't make it through war without rations  
You just a homosexual  
I think the gay rights movement should  
Meet you and then invest in you  
Rhymin' 'bout flowers 'n shit  
And poets on the mic for twenty hours 'n shit  
I'm housin' ya shit; Shuttin' ya fuckin' mic off  
Snatch ya fuckin' poetry book and then kick the dyke off  
Set the fight off, show 'em what real rap is  
Real rhymes, real beats and real clappers  
And we blast at deep cover  
Make you "see murder" like Master P brother  
(Yea, what's the deal baby, yea, free Ras Kass, feel me)

[Chorus x2: Scratched by Stoupe]  
"C'mon, let 'em know it's us when we come on"  
"While real MC's and DJ's are a minority"  
"Power, down goes another rapper"  
"Make way, 'cause here I come"

[Ras Kass:]  
Yea, yo, yo, yea, fuck it  
When I spit it get shitty like the teeth of Mike Bibby  
Live from nowhere keep the west coast with me like J-Kidd  
Slay chicks if she pretty, only fugitive you know slay chicks to be Diddy  
No system electricity, spine the mind with it  
Tryna go 50/50 with my Billboard's check  
Like 800 first week, 800, 000 the next  
They put on the cover of the Vibe I just might flex  
Na, I'm too lazy, with hennesy and hoes  
But I bench pressed the trigger of a four pound though  
Hit enemies with rolls for money shows and clothes  
Fuck bank rolls, I'm yellow gold with incredible flows  
My homies sellin coke, 'cause nothin' love nobody  
Said he like the free spirits with slugs to plump your body  
'Til you shrug and flop like Vlade Divac  
Paint picture perfect, inside rockin' the b-bop  
We not confused, raps the nigga news  
Each rhyme a "Minority Report", fuck Tom Cruise  
Adversity my muse, that's why I make mus-ic  
Transmit SARS, it's 20 bars as you spit

[Chorus x2: Scratched by Stoupe]

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"While real MC's and DJ's are a minority"  
"Power, down goes another rapper"  
"... Make way, 'cause here I come"