

# A Storm of Swords

## Jedi Mind Tricks

Yo, serious syllable wordplay, verse spray  
Like a desert bird please, niggaz, where the curb lay  
Turn plagen, pretty shitty on a church day  
Ya city my committee, tustle where the dirt stay  
Smoke inside the cell dirt, tray's are undercovers  
Old head feed kids, have to run the numbers  
Damn shame niggaz in my crew can't bang  
You the man, fame, here's my man frame, champagne  
Swig to the wig, Belle', vodka, hit my rib  
Corona beers with a slice of lemon first dig  
On an open mic, growl follows, space over night  
Destroying your perimeter, players and prototypes  
(High powers) lift through your soul, through die shower  
Resurrected your spirit, with lyrics for top dollars  
My squad, holler the loudest, y'all niggaz childish  
We grown folk here, spittin' raw street knowledge

[Chorus x2: Planetary, Vinnie Paz]

Y'all can't touch us, cause we ain't fuckin' around  
And y'all can't fuck with us, or else we buckin' dem down

[Vinnie Paz]

This animal rap, cannibal rap that we make  
I hate all, hate law and hate jake  
I hate everything that you stand for, it's fake  
Cuz everybody bitin' the gods, a day late  
I maintain, handle beef Islamly  
Manage my life calmly, like I was Gandhi  
Fuckin' with Vinnie Paz, the one man army  
It take a shack and metal tank to harm me  
Come on b, why you tryinna to build  
Why you tryinna get ya whole entire family killed  
I'm like a demon outta Amityville  
I'm the motherfuckin' that you had any skill  
With tight ill, crack ya head like when an egg drop  
And put you in the figure-four leglock  
And make ya head bop, cause we the rawest around  
Vinnie Paz, with my man Stoupe holdin' me down

[Chorus x2]

[Planetary (Vinnie Paz)]

Surrender and quit (or I'ma let the venomous spit)  
Tremendous equip (we buggin' off the Hennessy sip)  
The weaponry hit (we hit you with the heavenly shit)  
Only reason you live (cuz we at the end of the clip)  
The energy split (young cats must be sick in the brain)  
We hittin' the vain (cuz of y'all spittin' the same)  
We shookin' the flame (and mounted all the chips in ya chain)  
We stick to the game (ran and inflicted the pain)  
The stitches remain (and matter fact, we sonnin' y'all kids)  
And after that we snatchin' up ya son and ya wiz  
(We robbin' the kids, and puttin' metal slugs in ya wigs)  
We stuck in the crib (frozen with your gut to the fridge)  
We cuttin' ya ribs (Jed Mind stiffilin' y'all)  
It's right from the far (we pointin' fuckin' rifles at y'all)  
You ain't icy at all, we provoke the sheisty to brawl)

If y'all sleep, Outerspace, slicin' ya jaw

[Chorus x2]