

## Get This Low

### Jedi Mind Tricks

"I'ma get deep like Jacques Cousteau"

[ODB] "Jacques Cousteau could never get this low, ahh" (3x)

[GZA] "And I'ma get mad deep like a threat!"

No where to go and I be flowing, try to flow and then before  
Back in the day when I was cool, I couldn't afford to be a guru  
On ya case like your lawyer, think you run, you mistaken  
Put all records to the side, and it's ya face I'm fuckin' breaking  
Awaken and await, and take the shit like amoebas  
I'm rollin' with stowin' Tim, gas rack, that's where the heaters  
We just wreckin', what the fuck was you expectin' from a minor  
Put a bullet through ya chest, and see who next to rap behind ya  
Straight up and down, y'all a sermon and blew it  
I half niggaz wildin', as if they smokin' a gallon of embalmin' fluid  
Drillin' and wanna be fit, like something shrimp on the barbie  
I do my dirt up in Philly, chill in the hills, where other gods guard me  
Thinkin' that's going thru my hood, like I chew it  
Comin' in with this other pussy, I smoke ya then rejuice ya  
Crucify ya, I fuckin' rhyme ya, now I'ma fuckin' shoot ya  
My bone is hard as stone, cause I got blowjob from Medusa

The beat addict, I'm crushin' MC's who cause static  
Pen tips the pad, I touch stars in the attic  
The dopest that wrote this, when suckas provoke this  
Now it's the time for perpetrators to quote this  
Rhyme that I wrote for heads to get loose to  
I blow up spots like snots in a tissue  
I dissed you, dismissed, but suckas persist to  
Bite my flow, so now you know --  
That when I rip up a set, I get mad deep  
Don't sleep, or you and ya whole crew can get beat  
As I'm waxin', taxin', a dope reaction  
Bitches who front, get reduced like fractions  
So ya motherfuckin' flex to vex, whose next in line  
To recline, and steal my lines, so check it  
Now the man ya facin', ya rhymes I'm erasin'  
If you drip or get slipped, I convict like Perry Mason

Meet ya makers, ya fakers and immitators  
I'm greater cause I do my best work on paper  
Mad raps, raps the disaster from the masters  
Snatchin' up rappers, and takin' out actors  
He can test, skippin' yet, don't pass the limit  
You finished, so save the Die Hard image for Bruce Willis  
Ya raps are a joke, but I put dope from start  
Transform with the art, rippin' ya fuckin' mics apart  
This is the rawest of words of you ever heard  
My rap style superb, gettin' nursed in the curb  
It can't compete with the man when I freak it  
The crew will get beat quick, so stay in ya seat bitch  
Rhymes I wreck or perfect, and correct lyrically  
Too complex, who ya punks to step  
Yo, I be rhymin' hits whenever it's time to flip quick  
A writer's block non-stop, and I'ma get -

