

# The Heart of Darkness Interlude

## Jedi Mind Tricks

Inifinite...no you don't fuck around with the inifinite  
There's no way you do that  
A painted hill has two sides, the kind you can touch with your hand  
The kind you can feel in your heart  
Your soul, the spiritual side  
And you know, the worst of the two...is the spiritual

I'm leaf-twistin, but still kill your whole belief system  
I speak wisdom, translated to street diction  
A past victim of the government for grapple  
Now I slash you, I'm the slave wit snapped shackles  
After cash rules, a-alikes move wit me  
We murdered the fakes involved in the three-sixty  
Eighty-five face the truth, you're too dumb  
You burn and failed attempts reachin the sun  
I grab you and squeeze until your pores bleed  
Manipulate the earth that you formerly believed  
Even after you're buried underneath the soil  
Send a message to hell, nobody grieve for you  
Your physical mass is converted into ash  
Allah's wrath is engraphed on your epitab  
Spend eternity wit the underground forces  
Your screams echo in deaf ears of the remorseless

You don't even wanna test  
Uh-uh-oh, you wanna kill more, God bless

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The raw mangler, seven angles of Angular  
Strangle the pagans who stayed in the pages of Diameter  
Rhyme shatterer, with nine rhymes I'm hackin you  
The author will scorch ya wit the torches of Joseph Mangler  
Sended you to the squared circle to meet me  
To beat me won't be easy, you'll face thesis of Meche  
Blood'll apease me, raps are prehistorical  
Cerebral of cathedral that leads you into the oracle  
I'm horrible, I burn wit no time to react  
Rewind DAT's so fine I pull spines out the back  
In time I crack minds that's what the brain desire  
Messiah pulls as Mariah into the rain of fire  
Barb wire around pagans that read the Bible  
Genocidal and liable to just cleave your spinal  
Final hours, the forbidden fruit they fond as Iris  
Study rappers, bringin wackness like Abolo scholars  
First in line to try to battle me, I left him limbless  
Tragic rappers just a fallacy, I left em skinless  
Beginners, keep your distance because we might be vicious  
You can find me wit Louis Logic drinkin pints of Guinness  
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Aiyyo when I rhyme  
Fortunatley I possess a Jedi Mind  
So the force is with me (When I rhyme)  
Son it makes me spit a fresh one

So when Treds is done, even a athiest will say I blessed him  
And when my jam bang, better cop that  
Fuck all these players who can't hang, get a jockstrap  
Cuz we drop bombs, better be scared  
Cuz it's either hop on or be prepared for us to lock horns  
We engage, when the pen sprays we wage war  
And then you know what they say, when it rains it pours  
So face us, cuz you can't change the laws of nature  
We independent, it's competition callin us major  
We major threats who deliver, so place your bets  
We'll bring it minus the Moet, Rolllies, and Avirex  
We just spit shit too amazing, just shit  
That when you face it you'll see it's a must-win situation  
Ain't no second chance (anyway), not next to the champs  
Because it's our freestyle that's gettin grants from the NEA  
We well in doubt versus these rappers we tell about  
(Cuz us and them) Difference between takin a L and a bow

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