

## Essays On Esoterrorism

7L & Esoteric

Psionically bionically I dominate demonically  
Check this, my reckless style will catch wreck ironically  
Sonically I'll invade, crush your cavalcade  
Parade through your barricade I made the accolade  
Now men get mad, they grab a pen and pad and end up sad  
Cuz my prestige has 'em under siege like Leningrad  
When in Damascus, yo I cause disasters  
Choking pagans in Copenhagen my vocals plaguing  
Ancient masters, well dressed on the Elfquest  
I severed your test-press and never felt stress  
I melt flesh, which helps death reclaim the lame  
I hang frames like a key chain, similar to ethane  
Colorless, odorless, vocalists notice this  
Proteus, morphing, dwarfing, aborting your recording  
I'm not the one to bet against  
Even with your best defense you'll get destroyed like Evidence

My lyrics snap necks in the strangest fashion  
Still unparalleled by a trained assassin  
I maim and chasten assorted assailants  
Barbarian, alien under surveillance  
My ailments, unseen, few and far between  
Our regime's rhymes climb to bar sixteen of the third verse  
None heard worse than the gruesome depiction  
Of the Esoteric pain infliction by diction  
I don't weight lift, I shape-shift  
Wiping the smirks off these jerks in tight shirts  
Steady slamming 'em, to the mat with a snap suplex  
Your crew gets, ripped out the frame like goosenecks  
On a Harrow, yes the God Awful is a Pharaoh  
Riding dromedaries through monasteries and bombing every  
Sucker that your hand me, your looking like a pansy  
I'm a vigilante, that's fancy like Dandies  
When I showboat, so dope Columbians are pumping me  
So dope that when I fly my man has to smuggle me  
I've been to Europe three times in my life  
Two times out of three, I was paid to rock mics  
You don't want none, Shamus posts high like bail bondsmen  
Or Larry Johnson, going low on Stacy Augmon in the paint  
Most cats due to the contact with lyricism  
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