

Precision

7L & Esoteric

Listen to precision
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Rhyming rhyming

Y'all sendin' motherfuckas to an early grave
Murder men then murder slaves
Verbal plays vacant so you herbs behave
When I was your age I wasn't that a rave
I was bangin' jackin' spades lacin' page after page
At that stage, you rookies would've bat at the bat cage
With pride up in ya swingin' stance
While I was catchin' finger cramps
Writin' in a dark room wid swingin' lamps
You sing and dance, you won't step you bringin' ramp shit
Ring the bell, I fight you like a horse in a cell
Bumpin' this hell toward the rail like a sorcerer's spell
7L holds cream like a tortoise's shell
Ya organs will swell, click and then you turn into a cell
My thought be malice, shine like aurora borealis
Thought me how to spit in callous oratory at ya axis
I speak my mind like telepathy, burn you like an effigy
So you better choose ya weaponry

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Yo I spit the words of death
Curse ya breath, there's no person left
Still can mesh burnin' ya flesh so nothing's left
Of the missin' elements and artificial intelligence
The darkside of a bright mind my rhymes designed to
Blow ya back in like a rogue assassin or komodo dragon
Cloak and dagger know no havin' verbal package
With the photographic vocals overlap and overcrackin'
Clones attackin', you need to stick to local rappin'
'Cause I roll wid chicks lookin' dyke bend it over bitch
Wid the dopest lips you could ever kiss
Holdin' this is close to this, that'll reconverse on this
Which episode a pack of old crazy motorists
I change hands like polyist(?) or a solar eclipse
Knock you off like a merc you got it, when it's kicks
Women feelin' my tongue, Esoteric spillin' blood
Killin' villainous thugs like Daredevil wid a Bentley glove

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Yo I'm David Blaine raisin' Cain meditate and stay the same
Specialize in state of brains jeopardize a lame frame
Main game flooded daily basis, takin' pages to Israeli paces
Verses that I vomit have the traces of the comet Haley chases
Alien races wid scaley faces, sayin' damn you laced us
Fachist, I blow clouds out the sky
Leave rhymers surprised when I gouge out their eyes
I'm the shaman pawn man, the skull of Tutankamen embalmin' fluid
Runnin' through the veins of the Druid
Like a Pharaoh, who shadows like the grave of a dead pig
Covered in red sweat, crab ass rappers guard quicker than Bobafed
Or his father Jengo, I might catch 'em like a stitchin' witch
Fuck a pigeon bitch I project vocals to catch rep
Like Robotech on attack, the god cock is back

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