

## Assassins

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In 2013, the World Government placed sanctions against freethinking individuals in order to force people to adhere to one way of life. An independently funded organization called ("Stop fucking downloading music for free and we can save hip hop! " in reverse) hired 100 assassins to infiltrate the headquarters where files were kept

Of these 100, 97 were captured, tortured, and executed

Only three remained

The third of which was said to own an arsenal that would rival an entire city's police force

The second was rumored was to be able to move throughout space and time

And the first...

Fasten your seat belts for the last of the three assassins on earth

The first flashing her purse where the heat's stashed  
They call me Jean McCoy, beast in thee employ  
Deploy deplorable, through audible destructive actions,  
attractive decoy

Then pass it to Troy, after I'm passing your life over  
He'll deliver it through river Styx, Hades  
I'm cold, deliberate, ladies, my foes limited  
Pray me some praise (whisper it)

Stay on your toes, villains, it's Grae and your day's  
whittling

Blistering lines packed in sick, stick to spine  
Wracked with a sick mind, trapped in thick bitch frame  
Drug you with strychnine, in nine drinks you drunk  
And it's my kidney, you dickbrain - I'm just itching to  
slit veins

Stitch lines, Rick James, fuck yo lives, sip brains,  
bitches

Niggas, kick rocks, or kick rhymes, it's to the pain  
Liquor riddled liver, sieve in it, sipping it like  
Capri Sun

Ignint as ever, she's clever, equivalent be none

A ball breaker, call fakers out with passion

You got the gall, bastard, to brawl with the broad  
brashest?

The ball's in your court, pass it

But warning, fall faster than asses with age slack on  
the back of a Kardashian

The walls crash in, you all on the floor gasping

The gas pour in the corridor, racking your jaws,  
blacking out

Catch Grae backing out the back door, cackling

Still make it back to the bar for last call

They ask me why I'm highly regarded, this God body  
probably

Monch is a mixture of Marcus Garvey, Miles Davis, and  
Bob Marley (radical)  
Never skateboard slang like "gnarly"  
More like, weed in my whip on the way to get top like  
Charles Barkley  
You are hardly prepared to spar with a marksman - spark  
me  
I'm Gambit with the ace of spades, I'm mastering  
archery  
Vehicular, particularly the vernacular  
Specifically the fit so when I spit it it's spectacular  
and accurate  
When I attack I'm more legend than Acura  
Flip Bloomberg the bird, bitch, more blood than Blacula  
More Crip than cryptic scriptures encrypted with  
backwards vernacular  
Plus sicker than most of Glenn Close in Fatal  
Attraction  
I am that nigga for real  
Per capita smacking the next rapper that uses the term  
"swag" or thereafter  
These three assassins get to ass whipping  
Prepare to for a professional ass that can shape shift,  
spit, hollow tip clips mainly  
Sick, ain't he? (mind control)  
Make you shoot your best friend in the face, Dick  
Cheney  
My life is like a documentary film  
Depicted in black and white, flick's grainy (Geronimo!)  
I'm on Guantanamo Bay taking pics in a Captain Morgan  
pose  
With my left foot on a pile of detainees screaming, "We  
are renegades! "  
Fuck you. Pay me

Two. Where the fuck... no. Where the fuck  
is three?  
I know. I know. He's gonna be here  
He gave me his word, trust me  
Yeah, but he does this every time  
He's gonna be here trust me  
He's gonna ruin this mission for us again  
Look, here he comes now

I be riding round with a stripper-slash-burlesque model  
I make it pop like my cock in a Durex condom  
I'm a opposite artist I find irony in going  
From being like a stone in the grass to rocking the  
Garden  
The same irony as going from fully automatic in the  
backyard to having the whole machine behind me  
I take my Australian bitches and show her some other  
thangs  
She know my stroke is deadly so she gave me bloody  
brain  
Don't try to get familiar, if I don't feel you in  
person  
I'll flip the script and I'll accidentally kill you on  
purpose  
The baddest when I'm flailing, I got so many furs  
PETA gonna paint splash me when they see me, no matter  
what I'm wearing  
Your bitch about to open up, sniff some blow off of my

dick

Guess you could say she on my coconuts

I'm on point like Chris Paul

You on point like an Atlantic City hooker that licks  
balls

I'm about to flip in this bitch like Dominique Dawes

And shut shit down like a car when it stalls

I am the deadliest rapper, you claiming that you flow  
like water

But really y'all niggas Evian backwards

Marshall hit the jackpot with this flow that I got

I know when I'm hot

It's my show to stop holding my crotch

My whip cleaner than Amish men in honest ends

Two dimes with me like I'm a twin cause I'm a ten

Okay... I'm in