

# El Gifto Magnifico

## The Gift Of Gab

(These are absolutely not the correct lyrics but damn it's hard to understand him)Verb murderin'

Lerd

For them to serve

Workin in derb

Perkin that herbs

Turnin some heads

Burnin them permanent

And peerin' in

Yall need to be learnin'

And sweep the tournament

Beat the feet burnin with deep

Discrete words inserted and keep churnin it out

Turnin' your doubt to worms and keep (promises) packed

React verbally

back to back surgery

Aftermath (?) with

Raps is sad

Dirty in fact

Murdering rap

What do you lack?

Money and mathematical

Militiamen whos

ambitions will only keep your ass wishin so you can study my rap style

huddling back crack with your buddy and whack pals

cuttin' your ass down till youre utterly cracked brotha

you cant match skills now youre suddenly trapped

caught in the act, yak, yell now suddenly smacked in ya'll

face all pale like ('where tha reaction?')now who the dope ass rhymmer with all the fly flows?

El gifto magnifico

Now who be rockin whole crowds throughout from the front to the back row

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Who make the ladies say hi when the brothers say ho

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Now who the rhyme traveler shootin' through the cosmos

El gifto magnificoI'm lyrically aligned with things that you cant see

Physically

Therefore you cant see me

Master the cancer

That's spreading the black panther

Let in your head and youre dead  
And im only getting the dance floor warm for  
Dancers  
Carry the gift like  
Claus  
Snappin a whip on Donner Vixen and Prancer  
asked for the future im here  
And have more information than a cyber hallway  
Half of you bastards are now stored  
You fell in a trapdoor  
And entered the true realm  
Of rappers that rap raw  
Rap jaw tap  
All actors  
The black nerd thug  
Showin you (?) the total strength of what a word does  
Word up vision my mission and intuition  
Nutrition will have you listen  
And pissin and (feather lyrically)  
You would step in my kitchen  
Forbidden the synonym flowin  
Im sittin and (biddin your gnome?)  
My adrenaline shittin on innocent victims  
And killin them slow  
You feelin it though?

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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