

Assassins (feat. Jean Grae & Royce Da 5'9)

Pharoahe Monch

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 (garbled speech)
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 seatbelts for the last of the three assassins on Earth
The first flashin' her purse with a heat stealth
They call me Jean McCoy, the beast in me employed
To ploy deplorable through audibled, destructive actions attractive to Coy
Hey, pass to the Troy after, I'm passing your life over
He'll deliver it through river sticks, Hades, I'm cold, deliver it lady
My flow is limited, pray me some craze, whispering
"Stay on ya toes villains", it's Grae and your day's whittling
Blistering lines packed in six stick to spine
Rap with a sick mind trapped in thick bitch frame
Drug you with strychnine and I drinks you drunk and it's my kidney you dick
Brain? I'm just itching to slit veins
Stitch lines! Rip game!? Fuck yo lives
Sick range visions nigga, kick rocks or kick rhymes until the pain?
(Liquor it or liver) Sippin' it, sippin' it like Capri Sun
Ignorant as ever, she clever, equivalent be none
A ball breaker, call fakers out with passion
You got the gall bastard to brawl with the broad bashers?
The ball's in your court, pass it!
You're worn in four faster than acid
With AIDS slapped on the back of a Kardashian
The wall crasher, you're all in the forecast
The gas pour in the corridors racking your doors blacking out
Catch Grae backing out the back door, cacklin'
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
Never skateboard slang like "gnarly"
More like, we in our whip on our way to the top like Charles Barkley
You are hardly prepared to spar with a marksman spot me
I'm gambit with the ace of spades, I'm masterin' archery

Vermicular, particularly the vernacular
Specifically the fits so when I spit it's spectacular and accurate
When I attack I'm more like Acura
Flip Bloomberg the bird, bitch, more blood than Blacula
More Christian scriptures encrypted with backwards vernacular
But sicker than most of Glenn Close in Fatal Attraction
I am, that nigga for real
Per capita smackin' the next rapper that uses the term "swag" or thereafter
These three assassins get to ass whippin'
Prepare to for a professional ass that can shape shifts
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, flicks grainy (Geronimo!)
I'm on Guantanamo Bay takin' pics in a Captain Morgan pose
With my left foot on a pile of detainees screamin' "we are renegades!"
Fuck you, pay me I be ridin' around with a stripper slash Burlesque model
I make it pop like my cock in Durex condom
I'm a, opposite artist I find irony in goin'
From bein' like a stone in the grass to rockin' the Garden
The same irony as goin' from fully automatic in the backyard
To havin' the whole machine behind me
I take my Australian bitches and show 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 wearin'
Your bitch bout 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 bout to flip in this bitch like Dominique Dawes
And shut shit down like a car when it stalls
I am the deadliest rapper, you claimin' that you flow like water
But really ya'll 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 holdin' 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