Pencil

Slicing Grandpa

The echo chamber enhance the flow with the block party
Keep an MC head spinnin' like Dark Bacardi, this BAC is 2.3
Now the liver's damaged, but his lungs are joint free
So inhale, exhale, breathe and get well
Kick somethin' live stop chirpin' like Nextel
I'm all in together, a swordsman forever
I paint the town red with many heads are severed
R-A-W, I still bring trouble to
Throw your raps in the sleep hold, quick to snuggle you
Dart heat your breastplate, meet ya death date
Rook down a E4 look, it's checkmate
No other way to describe a catastrophe
The plan was drawin' blood and displayed it graphically
Direct order, hit the border, then slaughter
Horrific torture by prolific authors
Shape and mold MC's, like I'm playin' the skelly top
It's gettin', ?Hot In Here?
Like the single that Nelly dropped
So take ya clothes off, the track is so soft
A little rock'll turn 'em into Ivan Koloff
Why do the Gods make MC's study from
Thirty five, and fifty year, then try to become
Under the study with the sword above the head
So he would keep in mind under the open pledge
Fierce glisten, somethin' so sharp
Piercing, swords cling, the vigilante intimate
Close combat, this is MC'ing at it's best
But there is no contest, sent I'm this
Speaking of a test, this and try to question this
He so different with the swiftness, godfather civilization
Shell casin', universal nation
Could he be the one predicted? Presidential sent in
Old school soul to war us, be the growlest
Asiatic arctic flow is so frigid
Is it the zig zag? I'ma pay you a visit
Somehow mistake me as an old wise wizard
World, I'm not the same
I go somewhere, don't remember how I came
Is it the weed, the hash or the 'caine?

Or the Digi being stained on my brain?
Appear from a cloud of smoke, the voter's on choke

If surrounded, seven men drop from one scope
Even if my feet was shackled down to one handcuff
To defeat me, ten beno's wouldn't be enough
I sleep in the lion's den without the steel iron
Ascended like Wu, so coming down from Mt. Zion
Superlogical this, superlogical that
Digital, take it back with superlogical rap
Have a shootout at midnight, the sequel's quicker
Forty four colt jolt, all you seen was the flicker
You distressed like the damsel, lost like little rascal
A flame couldn't generate the heat of a candle
Me, I be a Killa Bee, keepin' exilery
Ol' play the desert e, shoot ten millime'
Master the millipede, you try to end the sea
Your body being found in the neighbor yard artillery
A black blind governor, a rich white mayor
Man, this whole city ain't got a prayer
Bobby has invaded, now the whole town's slated
Your decapitated head is being took and operated
Up and down the avenue, I drive a shatterproof
Benz and all my men's are tattle proof
My mic is a dyke, my life is a light
A day to God is a thousand years, how long is a night?
You get trapped in my shadow of dark ark, who goes there?
Power-U smells like carp, don't put your nose there
Drop you to a tank of sharks, your wound's bleedin'
And it's been two weeks since they had their last feedin'
Ain't nothin' but bones, we plotted the sand
And spread it out, over twenty acres of land
Some call me steels, 'cause it's hard to bend me
C-Cypher Pigs can't apprehend me
In a no smokin' zone, I smoke bones of hash
Niggas see me, then I disappear in the flash
Next time I'm spotted, I got the fatter wallet
Movin' with a click that stick like dry porrage
Someone's been sittin' in my chair, who goes there?
To sub zero cold, your words can't flow here
Glaciers of ice, plus layers of spice
Say your prayers at night, 'fore you touch that mic

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