

# 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