Precision

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7L & Esoteric
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Listen to precision Listen to pre-ci-ci-cision Listen to precision Listen to pre-ci-ci-cision Listen to precision Listen to pre-ci-ci-cision Rhyming rhyming

Y'all sendin' motherfuckas to an early grave Murder men then murder slaves Verbal plays vacant so you herbs behave When I was your age I wasn't that a rave I was bangin' jackin' spades lacin' page after page At that stage, you rookies would've bat at the bat cage With pride up in ya swingin' stance While I was catchin' finger cramps Writin' in a dark room wid swingin' lamps You sing and dance, you won't step you bringin' ramp shit Ring the bell, I fight you like a horse in a cell Bumpin' this hell toward the rail like a sorcerer's spell 7L holds cream like a tortoise's shell Ya organs will swell, click and then you turn into a cell My thought be malice, shine like aurora borealis Thought me how to spit in callous oratory at ya axis I speak my mind like telepathy, burn you like an effigy So you better choose ya weaponry

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Yo I spit the words of death Curse ya breath, there's no person left Still can mesh burnin' ya flesh so nothing's left Of the missin' elements and artificial intelligence The darkside of a bright mind my rhymes designed to Blow ya back in like a rogue assassin or komodo dragon Cloak and dagger know no havin' verbal package With the photographic vocals overlap and overcrackin' Clones attackin', you need to stick to local rappin' 'Cause I roll wid chicks lookin' dyke bend it over bitch Wid the dopest lips you could ever kiss Holdin' this is close to this, that'll reconverse on this Which episode a pack of old crazy motorists I change hands like polyist(?) or a solar eclipse Knock you off like a merc you got it, when it's kicks Women feelin' my tongue, Esoteric spillin' blood Killin' villainous thugs like Daredevil wid a Bentley glove

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Yo I'm David Blaine raisin' Cain meditate and stay the same Specialize in state of brains jeopardize a lame frame Main game flooded daily basis, takin' pages to Israeli paces Verses that I vomit have the traces of the comet Haley chases Alien races wid scaley faces, sayin' damn you laced us Fachist, I blow clouds out the sky Leave rhymers surprised when I gouge out their eyes I'm the shaman pawn man, the skull of Tutankamen embalmin' fluid Runnin' through the veins of the Druid Like a Pharaoh, who shadows like the grave of a dead pig Covered in red sweat, crab ass rappers guard quicker than Bobafed Or his father Jengo, I might catch 'em like a stitchin' witch Fuck a pigeon bitch I project vocals to catch rep Like Robotech on attack, the god cock is back

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