

Assassin

Dan Bull

Call it parkour, but hardcore
I make killing an art form
Death's cold taste, sweet as Carte D'Or

No need to start wars for a difference of opinion
Gimme the name of your antagonist, I'll stick 'em in the ribs
Because I'm an assassin, one with a passion for innovative rapp
ing
Droppin' so fast you're probably havin' a problem to follow the
captions
I'm so ahead of my time, I'm probably rappin' backwards
I'm a scholar of Latin with a masters in dispatchin'

Anybody that's hasslin' one of my customers
I cuts them up and shuts them up in a casket
What you've got to do is ask
And I'll have grabbed and then stabbed them in the abdomen that
minute
And be finished with the killin' before you've finished with as
kin'

A bird of prey with Terminator's murder rate
I'm servin' plates of pain up like a perverse buffet
Take you to the pearly gates
I'll impersonate a passerby
You wouldn't bat an eye until your circulations pacified

So practiced, I couldn't count the crimes I've perpetrated
How many spines of vertebrates I've snapped
My raps travel through sound and time
Reverberate through generations, permeate
My serenade regurgitated through a nerd rapper's recitation to
your earthly playlist

So I'd say this was a revelation
(Was a revelation)
A revelation
(A revelation)
A revelation
(A revelation)
A revelation