

**7grani****"Warning - Knife In The Face"**

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[Esoteric talking]

You motherfuckers

This is some murderous shit right here

It's the E-S, 7L on the track

Potent somethin' through ya bean hat

Don't try to pigeon hold me baby

You know the deal

About to black out on these motherfuckers

It's like this, hey yo

[Verse 1]

We don't pussy foot around shit, we beat down shit

We ain't the type of cats that you wanna fuck around  
with

Straight up, like a jump ball

You make my skin crawl, like a snake

I hold my weight, like Triple H, the cerebral assassin

I beat you, defeat you wid the passion

Cash and girls are what motivates me

A small rapper like yaself is needin' safety

I don't claim to be a thug

But that would mean a slug

For any faggo that's givin' or receivin' love

I keep a glove in my right hand

So when I murder wid the mic

They won't trace it when they pull it out ya diaphragm

You're in the fryin' pan

I'm a violent man watchin' silence of the lambs

Ready to go out, and slap the jaws off ya mouth

I'm not the one to diss

I'm fearless like Walken in the deer hunter is

No doubt

[Hook]

You thug it out, we cut it out

You fuck around we gon' slug it out, club it out

You playin' games we gon' shut you out

So now you know what we about

Pimp slap a thug beyond the shadow of a doubt

[Talking]

Y'all motherfuckers is actin' real fake right  
Ya man's man ain't even that man  
You ain't livin' that life  
You ain't ready for that man, fall back

[Verse 2]

Bitch ass rapper, fake act clapper  
Can't fuck around with the underground jaw tapper  
Raw rapper, rugged like a Landrover  
Handover the mic ya plan's over tonight  
Ain't nobody flowin' as tight in y'all click  
I'm to sick, to eat a dick  
Ya can't get wid the words that I spit  
I rip, can't stand none of this fake shit  
This side of stupid weak shit, you a baby, go back to  
Old Navy  
Yo I shop Newbury, now you walk new bury  
While I'm spendin' cash on Fifth Ave you get stabbed,  
not a clue  
Or the slightest inklin' of who you talkin' to  
I slaughter you, my crew hit's you on the face off  
First of all shake the hate off  
Claimin' that you paid when it's my plate that you ate  
off  
The truth is you can't afford to take a day off  
You stay soft like my purple label face cloth  
My dick you need to stay off  
If punch lines were punch clocks you'd be laid off

Hook x2

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