

7L & Esoteric "Axe Hurlers"

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(feat. Beyonder)

"Using his axe, the executioner of worlds and at
fantastic speed
creating a blinding, spinning vortex, and Jane Foster is
hurled
into limbo, trapped in the misty shadows, of a nowhere
world."

[Esoteric]

I launch a pencil through your central ventricle
With tendrils and tentacles makin you a mental
vegetable
Biochemical, malpractice
Mental sentinel known as Galactus, rippin through the
whackness
My molecular, structure, {fucked} your nebula
Implode your lymph nodes through prototype replicas
I'll smash your articles to particles, rap styles
remarkable
Words orbital, towards your cortical
Programmed to rock, optic site panels flowin
I'm triple majored in: astrophysics, rocket science and
spot blowin
Comprehension is critical
My mental to digital sendin venomous visuals as
reciprocals
I reverse your retinas
Take a look from within, Shay locks jaws like tetanus
Optic paralysis, robo like Super Valkyrie
My verbal alchemy blows you off the balcony
I rock metaphors from here to Endor
And stomp Ewok MC's like an AT-ST
T-X three-zero-nine is Esoteric
The Rebel Alliance medic kinetically wreckin genetics

[Beyonder]

Thrust my usable, 10 percent of brain to the maximum

It's oozing out your audio like chewing mental laxatives
But wait, for Beyond what you notice as conception
I reverse digitize all my lazy eye contractions

Through factions of London forces have me fallin down
Dispersion of induced psychos and compounds, now
MC's can't fuck with these Godly complexities
You know damn sure Beyonder thrashed the verbal
section of his SAT's
You drowning in half-empty glasses of cynical
Lyric pumped from mic cords put in place of my
umbilical
See now I'm bonding to this bullshit that I'm hearing
But to four fantastic kids that forming you is symbiotic
beings
Hidden from inter-molecular authors
Whack-ass wax falls to it's knees like my girl Gwen
Stacy's father
Don't bother with mental power to withstand
For lashing you be 36 megahertz and 6M megs of RAM
Plus a tech wiz hard drive, that's compatible with
Windows
With a fat CPU, incubated in two test tubes
If you had that hardware, wreck more certainly would
your third iris
But I'd infiltrate your floppies and download this simple
virus

"With this before me, I become master of all mankind."
"I have given you master of the 30th century, and so
evil one,
I am free of my vow."

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