

## 7L & Esoteric "Murder-death-kill"

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[Celph Titled]

Eso, what up son? you know how the fuck we do,  
motherfuckin Demigods  
Motherfuckin Army of the Pharoahs  
It's murder death kill playboy, ainno saftey's on  
These microphones, ainno motherfuckin silencers for  
this shit  
Cause when we hold 'em...  
we let this shit go off right in they're fuckin face (let  
'em know)

[Celph Titled]

I'm always gettin a suntan on my gun hand cuz I keep  
the burner out  
ready to blaze scorchin lead at your fam  
so when I give you a pound, it's really 4  
cuz a 45. defies gravity, liftin you off of the floor  
pick out your coffin decor maybe some marble and  
gold  
and hope they write some nice words when they carvin  
your stone  
"here lies a noble man who got brave stuck out his  
chest bone"  
beef with Celph Titled now this grave is what he calls  
home  
get your gaul stone put in a jar in a lab  
even the coroner got sick and had to barf in a bag  
your boyfriend said you was a marvelous fag  
and in drag thought you was God like the carpenters  
dad  
you said I wasn't rippin shit properly?  
the magnitude of my gangsta is a motherfuckin  
scientific anomoly  
with a strange collection of weapons I got a good  
assortment  
come close and ima cut you with a mercedes hood  
ornament

[Bridge]

Yo, you talkin loud homeboy we never heard of you  
put your little record out, nobody never heard of you  
went to your city, and they said they never heard of you

so we usin motherfuckin bars of death to murder you

[Hook]

[Esoteric]

it's murder death kill

[Celph Titled]

or it's kill death murder

[Esoteric]

Celph push they wig back

[Celph Titled]

ES push it back further

[Esoteric]

you comin out your face?

[Celph Titled]

we handle beef to the bone marrow

[Esoteric]

no matter if it's demi gods

[Celph Titled]

or army of the pharoahs

[Esoteric]

we beheadin your heroes steady&ready; for eddie  
guerro

theoretically your chance of deadin me zero

give up your petty dinero you better be independent

we medically and poetically my machete is ready

me men don't need to coast the homie shows keep the  
gat close

pack close, shove it down your throat, make you bite  
the iron man like you jackals

bars of death connected like money fresh off the press

an old carcass left in the fetal position no people listen

record spinnin but the needle is skippin

i never needed permission in sayin I don't believe in  
religion

i believe in peepin a lethal evil tradition

i believe in merkin enemies with precision feedin the

fish intestines of defeated G's in my vision

your styles infintile seek out a pediatrician

it be another emcee missin on the evenin edition

[Bridge]

[Hook]

yea, DC, with the sinister track..

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