

7L & Esoteric "Precision"

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[Hook]

Listen to precision *scratching*

Listen to pre-ci-ci-ci-cision

Listen to precision *scratching*

Listen to pre-ci-ci-ci-cision

Listen to precision *scratching*

Listen to pre-ci-ci-ci-cision

Rhyming *scratching* rhyming

[Verse 1]

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

Hook

[Verse 2]

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

Hook

[Verse 3]

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 rhy-mers surprised when I gouge out their eyes
I'm the shaman pawn man, the skull of Tutankam-en
embalmin' fluid
Runnin' through the veins of the Druid
Like a pharoah, 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 ock is back

[Hook]

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