

## 7L & Esoteric "Psychohistorians"

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(feat. Karma)

"I've done, questionable things. Also extraordinary things.

Revel in your time."

"Nothing the God of biomechanics wouldn't let you in heaven."

[screaming]

[KARMA]

Check the, verbal psoriasis

Probe lyrical shrink rap kids like psychiatrists

I'm fryin this, molten lava burns mics

My sperm spiked with termites, ill tongued like germ dykes

Super informational turnpike, I burn stripes

And rock Nikes, the spot's tight

My thoughts ride up, chickenhead bitches, like cockfights

Parasites strike like neon lights through your eyesights

Hybrid images switches fear left and right

So you could never see this, the darker side of genius

Turn your stomach squeamish tryin to duplicate my genes kid

I mean this, my whole team hit you 'til you done

Seamus the next one, tell 'em how you rock it son

"Allow me to show you, hero."

[Esoteric]

We take it to your face like jaundice, accomplish

Raps damn Gods like Pontius, rocket launchers

Accomplish, less than I when I manifest the fly

Rapper test the guy, and leave 'em there to die

My cohorts rock lo sport and like dress codes take no shorts

We flame lanes like a blowtorch

As time elapses your brain collapses

Galactus'll tear these whack rappers for practice

You access, the Eso-terical icon

My mic's strong, I battle stars like a Cylon

From Galactica, L-E-X the manufacturer  
Astromech vernacular initiates the massacre  
Punishin republicans and blastin off  
Havin robot visions like Isaac Asimov

[KARMA]

Attack crab Gods like rabid dogs, check the sabotage  
When I the googleplex be the odds, bet you  
camouflage

I got heads ringin, swingin on the rings of Saturn  
It's platinum, before we ever brought the shit to DAT  
son

You can't imagine, the section, that this cat's from  
The bastard son, I hold tongues for ransom  
So enter my sector, the vector, fly rhyme connector  
Saturatin tracks with my nectar  
Disconnect your, kneecap from your fibula  
Distribute the perpendicular skills that could cripple ya  
To shit on the, ordinary organisms  
Cause we as mechanisms rise above human skepticism  
Yo, this is KARMA the Snakecharmer  
Seamus the God Awful, knahmsayin, God Complex  
Beyonder on the track, takin out the whack, yeah  
believe that

"There's a 68.71 percent chance that you're right." -  
MCP, "Tron"

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