

Dr Dre**"Seven Eyes Seven Horns"**

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(Scholar Wise)

Scaramanga...Scholar Wise....

Wise as serpents...harmless as a dove...I show the
force to bury masters

Chorus (Scholar Wise)

Seven Eyes Seven Horns 4x

Verse 1: (Scaramanga)

Maximum ice, slick ridiculous, permits no warrants
up to date garments enormous
flossin' the trimecka
upstairs from the inspector
perfect intellect collector
ressurrect the early Eighties when Sun reflect
with the shiny rope, fascinating grill
chill on the hill, push crill
dollar bill earner with the burner
pull a long-legged broad at Vanderbilts like Tina Turner
a scene of murder, schemes you never heard of
word up, relax, remember the facts of life
knives and bats, gats and chain cutters
box cutters, butter leather Gooses exclusive
windbreaker Laker, jealousy will get your outfit ruined
lay up in VA and relay back to NA
with mad clout flyin' South of the border
blessed like Holy Water
a quarter of what I made back
another stack, you get tackled like a Carolina Line
backer
in his time a fine actor
real niggas react or decline spines with the Nine spade
invade, terrificly jet in a Fifty G Lex
say it specificly, my logo reflect the new shield
on the playing field, this is the deal Son.

Chorus -

Verse 2: (Scaramanga)

Richly employed, avoid decoys

don't toy with you boys gats strapped, the Real Mccoy

adapt with the Magnum mentality
went in back of Balley's Gym
the Alley's dim
fatality ended loans when we extended chrome
blocks get dark at about Five O'Clock in these parts
spark the Rockaway
pistol whip 'em for 200 Dollar Hardaways
pardon, no play without equipment
AK's and Nines out on the street, a new shipment
Scara don't need convincin'
I can get militant in an instant
from opulence to equivelence
fat medal doesn't move with momentum
cartel sell well Emeralds any shape, size, form or
resemblance
shit fly like '98 Polo Wimbledon Hilfiger
boostin' gear with fururistic symbols in the front like
Hologent
flourescent material like Isrealites
and my murders are serial type
no question
aggressive power from the slanted crecent
immortal in a ghetto muriel
ressurrected at the burial.

Chrous

Verse 3: (Scaramanga)

Image start to finish unblemished
chemist blend with exotic shit, pull your Fifty yard line
of scrimmage,
mad tinted
crash the incent scented rented
entered Five Months in HDM for the ATM blast
the Public defender wasn't defendin' shit
fuckin' Benedict, in the Pen it's blood or crypt
what a script
the government never ment or intended on me growin'
up a gentleman
white collar cake with cinnamon in it
Two Twenty Six to One Fifty Fifth
it was Montana and Fifty Cent
fat cats in the Benz,
Platinum and gold fronts around the sides and the
trunk
sizable lumps jumped out his lining
damn, them niggas on the corner always shinin'
remindin' me of findin' jewels in my own World
pearl Fila suits with red and blue trim
aqua green Balley loafers, he was Seventeen with a
Helicopter

I was Fifteen watchin' Judge Wapner
on top of the ghetto watchin' the metal explosive
repulsive rats and Roaches
chickens and Vultures
America's sculptured culture was then Kinged
I bring forth wings of life
form into L's like a Knight
ignite checkmate from my sight.

Chorus

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