

Jed Madela

"War Ensemble"

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[Ikon the Hologram]

I exit out of my sarcophagus
Fourth Horseman of the apocaplyse
For my esophagus breathes evil that just demolishes
Abolishes, to the darkness of Mephastophales
Mental enteral that went through an ancient acropolis
Conquered this, from a fetus to genius
Took DNA from the Shroud of Turin and cloned Jesus
Merciless leaders, the 19th galaxy
Born to a storm on the seas of Gallilee
Battle me and suffer whiplash from my apostles
Leave you in shackles in the castle of Nosferatu
Ikon is hostile and mortals cause contusions
Hologram is known for placing poison in Christian
communion
Slash, with the actions of ultra-violence
Crucifixions, in diction by Pontius Pilate
I walk naked in the house of David with pride
Force you to bleed just to make sure that you're still
alive
Crystallize, we keep it live, y'all can't see me
Banish satanic verses like Ayatollah Komeini
I break in half, setting staff with ancient math
I wait and laugh, create a *fucking* blood bath.

[Esoteric]

I bring the gory oratory yes demorally derogatory
Mad expository expedition in your auditory
Categories don't apply
Your mind's eye is blinded by my battle raps
Like cateracts your habitat is Halifax
Once I run you out your native city
Shay's committee is pretty witty we show no pity
I deflate then separate wack MCs who replicate
Every trace of Esoteric found up in their record crate
I devastate, homosapian metabolism
Like human catacalysm inbreded with an anachronism
My precision makes incisions on your acrotism
Battling is a bad decision leaving you with aphorisms
I whoop ass like masochism dominatrix
That's the basics

Hologram brought The Matrix
To fake kids
Fifty dead MCs to my credit
Learn from the druid better known as Esoteric

[Virtuoso]

In this the final conflict high powers and copper ives to
enlist this
The fluid I spit his briskes
Without so much as whispers
And with the swiftness of what you transisted
Can carry info, a widow slapped when you missed this
Directly cut by my discus
Forged upon the anvils of Prophestus ----- hand skills
I slam your damn grill
Execute in Greco-Roman holds
Roll controls the battle gear
Exploding through the atmosphere
I saddle fear, reads cereberal centipedes
And Evil Steades the feeble flee
Holdings of a rapper that's headed for the sky the
scroll
Is to be viewed by the mischievious eyes of Loki
I hated your verse so I went back in time
Waited in your mother's warm uterus
To kill you before you were born
Like zygotes my hands split the trunk of petrified oaks
It's time to die folks
You think that I joke
I leave you die slow
Your wrists are broken tied to horses
Quartered as forces pull you in opposite directions
Dissection of my anatomy
Will lead to the unveiling of blood shield
In a tiny time will reveal
That a giant computer body
Which is similar to RoboTech
Downloaded wreck
From the million megabytes of rhymes that rest on
Virtuoso's neck

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