

Jungle Rot

"Death Letter"

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[Chorus]

It's the death letter
Competition or competta-tor
Get better with the litera-ture
Prepare for the raw metaphor
Be considered off wet or soft rapper
Versus other rap gun clapper

[Scholarwise]

The beat technician, concrete position
Occupation or job: rob your ambition blind
Inclined with the will to destroy
With the skill I employ, the Blackstar convoy
The boy turned boss then death architect
Swing an emcee's mic cord on the neck
Strangled, tangle with the chancellor
Microphone tarantula, sick to the core
With the cancer, hallucinogen
Break down my study or my discipline
Two part atomic, two part nitroglycerin
Door-to-door soliciting, too raw for listening
Black, you lack the skill and proper conditioning
For the sport, no athletic support
Decaying of the muscle only makes
You weaker when we tussle
Known to blow the speaker then I hustle
Back to the lab, poetry I stab, Scaramanga
[Scaramanga: Shup?]
You know you right and exact

[Scaramanga]

Star Tac react, a black mac push your shit back
Knowledge, street nozzles pointed at your nostrils
We hostile eyes, drop a wise glide, right?

[Chorus]

[Scaramanga]

Flows incredulous, hold eleven clips
Blow like terrorists, fold your regiment
Yo, you never lived malevolent

My benevolence when gods jealous
Crush like elephants, so elegant with eloquence
Yeah, for presidents, chic, intense, dramatic
With automatics to greet faggots
With Jims, Tims and Avirex, left tees in ten seconds
Verbal murder weapon had the block red
Left spots dead, locked webs with the tarantula
Scaramanga, proletariat apocalypse
Like Helios chariot war games against the Sagittarius
Seven hundred generals, various strategies of combat
Drop a bomb at will, skill genetically gifted
Like Farrakhan, attack with the cunning of a boa
Open like Noah grower of divine seed of life
Trees are lifted in different instances as cells gain
Enlightenment, therefore infinite with the millennia
Promoters recognize from North Dakota to British
Guinea
I co-linear, meaning parallel, I accelerate on tapes
Release dates and cheap snakes, I beef fakes in three
takes
And seize papes, grass under my feet breaks
Running when we see jakes, gunning till we e-scape
In the '98 I activate with the ill rhymes I make
Now you know, son..

[Chorus]

[Scholarwise]

Scholarwise, Scaramanga, what you know about that,
son?
Yo, producers is fakin jacks, emcees is fakin jacks all
the time
Here it is, here it is, sendin a death letter to your door
Emcees can't ignore the signs, the death letter, what's
up
Peoples in Queens, Brooklyn, Money Makin, Bronx
In state, outta state, interplanetary, what you know?
Yo, we out..

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