

Masterminds

"Seven (Feat. El-P, J-Live, J-Treds, Shabaam&hellip)"

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F/ El-P, J-Live, Mr. Complex, Shabaam Sahdeeq

[?]

I'm workin hard son certain to get the job done
Excuse me flirtin with stardom but not a groupie
My ratin droppin a doosie watchin a movie
Because what Im spittin a lot (tipper) than (hawk tooie)
I spit fire all you mcs are tracking about it
Try and dis gimme a mic I turn cats to liars
Haven't given a thumbs up get your thumbs up
This isn't kids stuff fuck getting your thumb sucked
This shits for grown folks don't approach
Cuz I got it sewn while you players are sowin oats
Id rather bless em and make em turn christian
Better learn and listen or become one of my burn
victims

[Kimani]

I be the energies of people before they say shit
To peep they fake appearance like Joan River's facelift
By my name of hieroglyphics you could say Im prolific
I left something for lost ones who missed the space
ship
All aboard these concepts beyond your vision
I got intergalactic the minute your block formed your
opinion
Born and raised off the boulevard of lyndon
Where people do what they feel regardless if they're
forgiven
We all livin the X Generation of children
And we all givin what we got to give on this mission
Till this world's ended and meets with a sudden
collision
Yo we bring it back ten times more efficient

[Oracle]

Yo yo yo yo we rock harder than jams by Vincer Carter
Using art of war tactics smash kids that oughta know
better
Than to test the clique we flow better
From the NYC givin more Fitz than Ella

Set it off now you wanna brawl we rock yall
Cut you in half then watch you fall like Darth Maul
All of these kids hatin against my one band
Soundin silly like Wesley Snipes needin a sun tan
I be the one man here sippin Guinness and beer
As the whole hemisphere sittin quakin in fear
Don't near to this kid quickly you'll learn how shits
flipped
I got the whole world tapin my joints like Linda Tripp

[E-I-P]

Decrepit as the sweaty inner ass cheeks of Dennis
Franz (???)
Son of a dirty monkey the thug grabs abusive
Whore and a smack before I rock toothless
Ambesin, Lake and palm is bad medicine
With brakes for hands dance to the pain game
Worker ant rebel rebel work car radio reject the fat
though
Sliced nice exacto
Its a sunny night for gash and lure the tact contract
Killer villain sick villain
Blankets for indians this here's for children
Fun for the internet just say no to cigarettes
You're soft as pikachu on roofies in a bathtub
I can see the inexperience in your aura slash coding
The perpetrator math that you taught is eroding
Fuck it im bonin

[J-Live]

I keep honey in my archives to transform crowds into
beehives
You best to be-lieve that J be Live
Arrive at this conclusion upon my introduction
From distance when the name rings bells you feel the
suction
So in order to survive while going to J-Live
Realize to speak wise by the way your lyrics (arrive)
Because in the obstruction of justice in my construction
Will lead to your abduction which leads to your
destruction
For those that oppose the will or doubt the skill
I put you on the clock when I got time to kill
And seein as how there's never been a time better than
now
Rewind rewards you wit a free refill

[Mr. Complex]

We're right here and right now how
This way straight the lyrical blow
That blow you away to kingdom come

Singin um me me me Im self-centered when I wore my
cords
Oh my lord give me strength and stamina
For the extra length of the diameter
Im aires and a (rameter)
The same way I was diagramming-a
Im figure a You're figure b
?? complex it was hard to figure me
Im outspoken broken english hairline fracture words
Im on some Hitchcock shit throw me along from the
pack of birds
Feel the vultures they about to die soon feel the
typhoon
Say hello to your high ass right here at high noon
There's a war between these underground and these
commercial acts
Put us on the same stage and well just hurt these cats
We hurt em
We hurt em

[Shaabaam Sahdeeq]

We we we we we we we Crushin ya team
Flushin ya dream
Snatchin ya cream
Tappin ya queen
You faded like old Kani jeans
High beam blind yo ass pull over let me pass
Y'all niggas getting Getty but got sugar in your tank
Bustin blanks what you think rookie Im shook here
One of the best snatchin yo tek blackin yo set
More for less what I expect gimme respect
Tape get eject no trash in the whip we tossin yo shit
Heard yo jag got bagged my man pushin that shit
You comedy cat you need to rhyme on comedy jam
Nothin you spit could fuck with Sahdeeq fuck wit
Shaabaam
You a quiet nigga why you even open ya mouth
You weak like baby arms don't know what that shit
about
I'm ashin you out stick you wit a broken Guinness Stout
No doubt before you see me Im the one you heard
about
All on my hustle every year they handin me bread
Y'all shorties givin me head Y'all niggas barely fed
I know your rep heard yo tape money you fake
Money I take along wit ya life and ya wife and ya mic
Cuz on the real my nigga you aint rockin it right

