

# Masterminds

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

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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

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