

Pharoahe Monch "Assassins"

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[Introduction]

In 2013, the World Government placed sanctions against freethinking individuals in order to force people to adhere to one way of life. An independently funded organization called ("Stop fucking downloading music for free and we can save hip hop!" in reverse) hired 100 assassins to infiltrate the headquarters where files were kept.

Of these 100, 97 were captured, tortured, and executed.

Only three remained.

The third of which was said to own an arsenal that would rival an entire city's police force.

The second was rumoured was to be able to move throughout space and time.

And the first...

[Jean Grae]

Fasten your seatbelts for the last of the three assassins on Earth

The first flashing her purse with a heat stealth
They call me Jean McCoy, the beast in me employed
To ploy deplorable through audible destructive actions
attractive to Coy

Hey, pass to the Troy after, I'm passing your life over
He'll deliver it through river sticks

Hades, I'm cold, deliver it lady

My flow is limited, pray me some craze, whispering
"Stay on ya toes villains, it's Grae and your day's
whittling!" (hey)

Blistering lines packed in six stick to spine
Rap with a sick mind trapped in thick bitch frame (ooh
yeah)

Drug you with strychnine and I drinks you drunk and it's
my kidney you dick brain

I'm just itching to slit veins

Stitch lines! Rip game!? Fuck yo lives

Sick range visions nigga, kick rocks or kick rhymes until
the pain?

(liquor it or liver) Sippin' it, sippin' it like Capri Sun
Ignorant as ever, she clever, equivalent be none
A ball breaker, call fakers out with passion
You got the gall bastard to brawl with the broad
bashers?

The ball's in your court, pass it!

You're worn in four faster than acid

with AIDS slapped on the back of a Kardashian

The wall crasher, you're all in the forecast

The gas pour in the corridors racking your doors
blacking out

Catch Grae backing out the back door, cackling

Still make it back to the bar for last call

[Two.]

[Pharoahe Monch]

They ask me why I'm highly regarded, this god body
probably

Monch is a mixture of Marcus Garvey, Miles Davis, and
Bob Marley (radical)

Never skateboard slang like "gnarly"

More like, we in our whip on our way to the top like

Charles Barkley

You are hardly prepared to spar with a marksman spot
me

I'm gambit with the ace of spades, I'm mastering
archery (Hercules)

Vehicular, particularly the vernacular

Specifically the fit so when I spit it's spectacular and
accurate

When I attack I'm more like Acura

Flip Bloomberg the bird, bitch, more blood than
Blackula

More Christian scriptures encrypted with backwards
vernacular

But sicker than most of Glenn Close in Fatal Attraction

I am, that nigga for real

Per capita smacking the next rapper that uses the term
"swag" or thereafter

These three assassins get to ass whipping

Prepare to for a professional ass that can shape shifts,
spit, hollow tip clips mainly

Sick, ain't he? (mind control)

Make you shoot your best friend in the face, Dick
Cheney

My life is like a documentary film

depicted in black and white, flicks grainy (Geronimo!)

I'm on Guantanamo Bay taking pics in a Captain
Morgan pose
With my left foot on a pile of detainees screaming "We
are renegades!"
Fuck you. Pay me

(Jean Grae) Two. Where the fuck...no. Where the fuck is
three?

(Pharoahe Monch) I know. I know. He's gonna be here
He gave me his word, trust me

(Jean Grae) Yeah, but he does this every time

(Pharoahe Monch) He's gonna be here trust me

(Jean Grae) He's gonna ruin this mission for us again

(Pharoahe Monch) Look, here he comes now

[Royce Da 5'9"]

I be ridin around with a stripper slash Burlesque
model

I make it pop like my cock in Durex condom

I'm a -- opposite artist I find irony in going
from being like a stone in the grass to rocking the
Garden

The same irony as going from fully automatic in the
backyard to having the whole machine behind me

I take my Australian bitches and show some other
thangs

She know my stroke is deadly so she gave me bloody
brain

Don't try to get familiar, if I don't feel you in person
I'll flip the script and I'll accidentally kill you on purpose

The baddest when I'm flailing, I got so many furs
PETA gonna paint splash me when they see me, no
matter what I'm wearing

Your bitch bout to open up, sniff some blow off of my
dick

Guess you could say she on my coke and
nuts/coconuts

I'm on point like Chris Paul

You on point like an Atlantic City hooker that licks balls

I'm bout to flip in this bitch like Dominique Dawes
and shut shit down like a car when it stalls

I am the deadliest rapper, you claiming that you flow
like water

but really ya'll niggas Evian backwards

Marshall hit the jackpot with this flow that I got

I know when I'm hot

It's my show to stop holding my crotch

My whip cleaner than Amish men in honest ends

Two dimes with me like I'm a twin cause I'm a ten

[Pharoahe Monch]

Okay... I'm in

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