

East Coast Avengers

"Let It Knock"

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You know I rhyme about murdering mics
Spit about personal gripes
Rap about the words that I write in burgundy Nikes
When I be serving the tykes
I'm like your nasty nemesis, the Eso terrorist Å-
Reversin your flights
You know I think about how I need a girl who knows
what
Good head is
And knows who Boba Fet is and knows the difference
Between
Jacks and Polo sweaters, who loves Labs and Irish
Setters
Doesn't think I'm sexist cause I rhyme and doesn't have
A Dahmer fetish
Doesn't give me grief cause I don't sleep and my two
Eyes are reddish
Doesn't sit me down and drill me like inside the
Dentist
Violins in Venice can't romanticize the rhyming menace
I'm at science centers re-designing my apprentice
My inventers Frankenstein me like dying chemists
Now they can't handle law, scramble my antennas
It's all love like a zero zero tie in tennis
I'm like the mall around the holidays, my lines are
Endless

[Chorus]

You know the East Coast Avengers in the spot
Work around the clock with that murder death plot
You know that secret war shit when it drop
Eso, Trademarc, DC let it knock

[Verse 2]

You know I rhyme about killing the crowd
Murder suicide villain thinking out loud
Proud victim of the system I vowed
To be endure it like the Shroud of Turin
Ignoring you boring maturing rappers who got me

snoring
You know I think about women driven by sin
And in lust and lost in the back stories of? and bars
And of course won't talk till your eyes cross
I need a lady into threesomes
Grab a chick and beast em like Hank McCoy
? em like a skank and toy
I need em buried in conspiracy theories
A Richard Dawkins / Stephen Hawking
David Ike, Howard Zinn mixed in
Talking like shit's grim and sips gin
East Coast Avengers own Eric?
? your whole team like jury duty is meant to
I'm Ben Grimm, my whole soul bear the stigma
Of Edward Nigma, killer, rhymer, riddler

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

You know I rhyme about breaking your bones
Spit about taking your throne
Laughing at your gangsterous tone
Razor Ramone when I be raising a phone
So Scarface, bars to your face
Take your savings and loan
You know I'm sending out sixteens to Earth
Sixty-one six, six sixteenths, spit six sixteens
Sick enough to split your team, a bunch of wild animals
Best to breed, best in show
Trademarc let em know

[Verse 4]

You know I think about splitting your brain
Bringing the rain, red stained furniture, don't make me
Murder you
Dead stars, burn out, you Chris Benoits
Turn out, exposed like Serpico
Of froze like vertigo has got you off balance
While you vertical
You know I'm taking your nine lives with nine blazing
Five shots raised your frame
And four more left your gaze glazed
Brain sprayed nine ways, your mind fades

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