

## **7L & Esoteric f/ Beyonder**

### **"Axe Hurlers"**

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"Using his axe, the executioner of worlds and at  
fantastic speed  
creating a blinding, spinning vortex, and Jane Foster is  
hurled  
into limbo, trapped in the misty shadows, of a nowhere  
world."

[Esoteric]

I launch a pencil through your central ventricle  
With 10 drills and tentacles makin you a mental  
vegetable  
Biochemical, malpractice  
Mental sentinel known as Galactus, rippin through the  
whackness  
My molecular, structure, {fucked} your nebula  
Implode your lymph nodes through prototype replicas  
I'll smash your articles to particles, rap styles  
remarkable  
Words oratal, towards your groin-ical  
Programmed to rock, off excite panels flowin  
I'm triple majored, astrophysics, rocket science and  
spark blowin  
Comprehension is critical  
My mental to digital sendin venomous visuals as  
reciprocals  
I reverse your retinas  
Take a look from within, shave long straws like tetanus  
Off dead paralysis, robo like Super Valkyrie  
My verbal alchemy blows you off the balcony  
I rock metaphors from here to Endor  
And stomp Ewok MC's like an AT-FT  
T-X three-zero-nine is Esoteric  
The Rebel Alliance medic kinetically wreckin genetics

[Beyonder]

'Twas my usable, severing sensitive brains to the  
maximum  
It's oozing out your audio like chewing mental laxatives  
But wait, for Beyond what you notice as conception  
I reverse digitize all my lazy eye construction  
Through factions of London forces have me fallin down

This version of mental psychos' a verbal {?} and  
compounds, now  
MC's can't fuck with these Godly complexities  
You know damn sure here comes the {?} that verbal  
section of this SAT's  
You drowning in half-empty glasses of cynical  
Liquid pump from my forcep birth the place of my  
umbilical  
See now I'm bonded to this portion that I'm hearing  
But to four fantastic kids that forming you is symbiotic  
beams  
{?} from into molecular alters  
Whack-ass wax forced to accept like Murrow and  
Stacy's father  
Don't bother with mental power to withstand  
For lashing you be 36 megahertz and 6M megs of RAM  
Plus a tech wiz hard drive, that's compatible with  
Windows  
With a fat CPU, incubated in two test tubes  
If you had that hardware, wreck more certainly would  
your third iris  
But I'd infiltrate your floppies and download this simple  
virus

"With this before me, I become master of all mankind."  
"I have given you master of the 30th century, and so  
evil one,  
I am free of my vow."

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