

## Scaramanga

### "Death Letter"

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feat. Scholarwise

[Chorus]

It's the death letter  
Competition or competta-tor  
Get better with the litera-ture  
Prepare for the raw metaphor  
Be considered off wet or soft rapper  
Versus other rap gun clapper

[Scholarwise]

The beat technician, concrete position  
Occupation or job: rob your ambition blind  
Inclined with the will to destroy  
With the skill I employ, the Blackstar convoy  
The boy turned boss then death architect  
Swing an emcee's mic cord on the neck  
Strangled, tangle with the chancellor  
Microphone tarantula, sick to the core  
With the cancer, hallucinogen  
Break down my study or my discipline  
Two part atomic, two part nitroglycerin  
Door-to-door soliciting, too raw for listening  
Black, you lack the skill and proper conditioning  
For the sport, no athletic support  
Decaying of the muscle only makes  
You weaker when we tussle  
Known to blow the speaker then I hustle  
Back to the lab, poetry I stab, Scaramanga  
[Scaramanga: Shup?]  
You know you right and exact

[Scaramanga]

Star Tac react, a black mac push your shit back  
Knowledge, street nozzles pointed at your nostrils  
We hostile eyes, drop a wise glide, right?

[Chorus]

[Scaramanga]

Flows incredulous, hold eleven clips

Blow like terrorists, fold your regiment  
Yo, you never lived malevolent  
My benevolence when gods jealous  
Crush like elephants, so elegant with eloquence

Yeah, for presidents, chic, intense, dramatic  
With automatics to greet faggots  
With Jims, Tims and Avirex, left tees in ten seconds  
Verbal murder weapon had the block red  
Left spots dead, locked webs with the tarantula  
Scaramanga, proletariat apocalypse  
Like Helios ch

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