

Essays On Esoterrorism

7L & Esoteric

Psionically bionically I dominate demonically
Check this, my reckless style will catch wreck ironically
Sonically I'll invade, crush your cavalcade
Parade through your barricade I made the accolade
Now men get mad, they grab a pen and pad and end up sad
Cuz my prestige has 'em under siege like Leningrad
When in Damascus, yo I cause disasters
Choking pagans in Copenhagen my vocals plaguing
Ancient masters, well dressed on the Elfquest
I severed your test-press and never felt stress
I melt flesh, which helps death reclaim the lame
I hang frames like a key chain, similar to ethane
Colorless, odorless, vocalists notice this
Proteus, morphing, dwarfing, aborting your recording
I'm not the one to bet against
Even with your best defense you'll get destroyed like Evidence

My lyrics snap necks in the strangest fashion
Still unparalleled by a trained assassin
I maim and chasten assorted assailants
Barbarian, alien under surveillance
My ailments, unseen, few and far between
Our regime's rhymes climb to bar sixteen of the third verse
None heard worse than the gruesome depiction
Of the Esoteric pain infliction by diction
I don't weight lift, I shape-shift
Wiping the smirks off these jerks in tight shirts
Steady slamming 'em, to the mat with a snap suplex
Your crew gets, ripped out the frame like goosenecks
On a Harrow, yes the God Awful is a Pharaoh
Riding dromedaries through monasteries and bombing every
Sucker that your hand me, your looking like a pansy
I'm a vigilante, that's fancy like Dandies
When I showboat, so dope Columbians are pumping me
So dope that when I fly my man has to smuggle me
I've been to Europe three times in my life
Two times out of three, I was paid to rock mics
You don't want none, Shamus posts high like bail bondsmen
Or Larry Johnson, going low on Stacy Augmon in the paint
Most cats due to the contact with lyricism
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