

Check, turn up my mic a little
Yeah, a little more, I gotta be kinda low on this one

Yo, as I start from scratch about this born suspect named Nic
A street legend, pulling hits was his infatuation
>From birth his first spoken word was "Tech"
So by the age of 12 you could guess what would dominate his conversation
He had a twin brother borns in the part
One was dark, one was light, neither was right
Taking turns letting off shots to move crowds
With the needlepoint aim and the infrared sights so they ruled the night
His tone arm stayed tipped with the nickle-plated
So even in the crossfire they were never faded
It was debated but the still play was overrated
But they negated all competitors that tried to state it
Very few crossed the line and made it
Without a scratch, for every new batch there was a new catch
Often, people asked Nic why his revolver wouldn't stop
He replied "Everybody wants me in the coffin"
His pitch ass tried to get live at a red light
He received 33 from a 45
By the green light, the change in his heartbeat tempo
Proved to Nic that nobody was exempt
So, he took his game from the PJ centers
To the clubs, constantly getting caught up in the mix
Slipping through the fingers of the system
Waiting in the cut to see who'll be the next man to try and diss him
Til one day, Nic was playing sniper again
Quiet but deadly, picking off his prey from the roof when
All of the sudden he had the illest vision
It got him amped, he stood up straight and started woofing
His twin bro simply had no idea
That the killer Nic was reevaluating his career
When his thought process made him defiant
Equilizing similar victims from one major client
The concept hit him in a Flash
There was much more to this lifestyle led than petty cash
But his brother just couldn't understand
That every move they made was planned by the unseen hand
So Nic flipped the script from the new to next school
Transformed the game and rearranged the rules
Self-employed, but quest made a transition
Cornered the market by taking out your competition
Well Nic's brother didn't have the same ambition
He'd rather catch his victim than his fellow suspects
But he agreed something had to change so as they discussed this
He realized his life like "Poetic Justice"
So Nic's right hand man broke left
To become one of the well-known 5 Fingers of Death
Similar ends with new means and motivation
Cause now it's volunteer work to vent his frustration
They both grew with time and skills became refined
At once saw it's essential to read between the lines
They both like to see their prey dead
But one was addicted, to seeing a pale body filled with lead
See Nic's brother had a signature move
So folks would know he was the one out to get 'em

It's like he pulled the trigger to the rhythm
Just to make you think that your fate,
Was signed and sealed in permanent ink
And don't let the motive be anything more than cold-blooded
Cause then he'll put two times the effort in the caper
When diamond-tipped shells will drop jewels in your dome
Pull out your heart, and wrap it up in wax paper