

# El Gifto Magnifico

## The Gift of Gab

Verb murderin'  
Lerd  
For them to serve  
Workin in derb  
Perkin that herbs  
Turnin some heads  
Burnin them permanent  
And peerin' in  
Ya'll need to be learnin'  
And sweep the tournament  
Beat the feet burnin with deep  
Discrete words inserted and keep churnin it out  
Turnin' your doubt to worms and keep (promises) packed  
React verbally  
Back to back surgery  
Aftermath [ ? ] with  
Raps is sad  
Dirty in fact  
Murdering rap  
What do you lack?  
Money and mathematical  
Militiamen whos  
Ambitions will only keep your ass wishin so you can study my rap style  
Huddling back crack with your buddy and whack pals  
Cuttin' your ass down till you're utterly cracked brotha  
You can't match skills now you're suddenly trapped  
Caught in the act, yak, yell now suddenly smacked in ya'll  
Face all pale like ('where tha reaction? ' )  
Now who the dope ass rhymers with all the fly flows?  
El gifto magnifico  
Now who be rockin whole crowds throughout from the front to the back row  
El gifto magnifico  
Who make the ladies say hi when the brothers say ho  
El gifto magnifico  
Now who the rhyme traveler shootin' through the cosmos  
El gifto magnifico I'm lyrically aligned with things that you can't see  
Physically  
Therefore you can't see me  
Master the cancer  
That's spreading the black panther  
Let in your head and you're dead  
And I'm only getting the dance floor warm for

Dancers  
Carry the gift like  
Claus  
Snappin a whip on Donner Vixen and Prancer  
Asked for the future I'm here  
And have more information than a cyber hallway  
Half of you bastards are now stored  
You fell in a trapdoor  
And entered the true realm  
Of rappers that rap raw  
Rap jaw tap  
All actors  
The black nerd thug  
Showin you [? ] the total strength of what a word does  
Word up vision my mission and intuition  
Nutrition will have you listen  
And pissin and (feather lyrically)  
You would step in my kitchen  
Forbidden the synonym flowin  
I'm sittin and (biddin your gnome?)  
My adrenaline shittin on innocent victims  
And killin them slow  
You feelin it though?  
Now who the dope ass rhymers with all the fly flows?  
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Who make the ladies say hi when the brothers say ho  
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