# Assassins (feat. Jean Grae & Royce da 5'9")

## Pharoahe Monch

In 2013 the world government placed sanctions
Against free thinking individuals
In order to force people to adhere to one way of life
An independently organization calledHired 100 assassins to infiltrate the headquarters
Where the files of the enslaved people were kept
Of these 100, 97 were captured, tortured and executed
Only three remainedThe third of which was said to own an arsenal
That would rival and entire city's police force
The second was rumored to be able to move
Throughout space and time, and the first oneFasten your seat belts for the last of the three assassins on earth
The first flashing her purse where the heat's stashed
They call me Jean McCoy, beast in thee employ, deploy deplorable
Through audible destructive actions, attractive decoy
Then pass it to Troy, after, I'm passing your life over
He'll deliver in through river Styx, Hades
I'm cold, deliberate, ladies, my foes limited
Pray me some praise, whisper itStay on your toes, villains, it's Grae and your day's whittling
Blistering lines packed in sick, stick to spineRacked with a sick mind, trapped in thick bitch frame
Drug you with strychnine, in nine drinks
You drunk and it's my kidney, you dick-brain
I'm just itching to slit veins, stitch lines, Rick JamesFuck yo lives, sip brains, bitches
Niggas, kick rocks, or kick rhymes, it's to the pain
Liquor riddled liver, sieve in it, sipping it like Capri Sun
Ignint as ever, she's clever, equivalent be noneA ball breaker, call fakers out with passion
You got the gall, bastard, to brawl with the broad brashest?
The balls in your court, pass it but warning, fall faster
Than asses with age slack on the back of a Kardashian
The walls crash in, you all on the floor gasping
The gas pour in the corridor, racking your jaws, blacking out
Catch Grae backing out the back door cackling
Still make it back to the bar for last call, twoThey ask me why I'm highly regarded as God body, probably
Monch is a mixture of Marcus Garvey, Miles Davis and Bob Marley
Radical, never skateboard slang like gnarly, more like
Weed in my whip on the way to get top like Charles BarkleyYou are hardly prepared to spar with a marksman, spark me
I'm Gambit with the ace of spades, I'm mastering archery
Venculi, venicular, particularly the vernacular
Specifically to fit so when I spit, it's spectacular and accurateWhen I attack, I'm more legend that Acura

Flip Bloomberg the bird bitch, more blood than Blackula
More crip that cryptic scriptures, encrypted with backwards vernacular
Plus sicker than most and Glen Close in fatal attractionI am that nigga for real, per capita
Smacking the rapper that uses the term swagger after
These three assassins get the ass-whipping
Prepare for a professional ass-kickingShape shift, spit hollow tip clips, mainly sick, ain't he?
Mind Control, make you shoot your best friend in the face
Dick Cheney, my life is like a documentary film
Depicted in black and white flicks grainyGeronimo
I'm at Guantanamo Bay taking pic in a Captain Morgan pose
With my left foot on a pile of detainees screaming
"We Are Renegades, fuck you pay, me"I be riding 'round with a stripper slash burlesque model
I make it pop like my cock in a Durex condom
I'm a opposite artist, I find irony, In going from being
Like a stone in grass to rocking the GardenThe same irony as going from fully automatic in the backyard
To having the whole machine behind meI take my Australian bitch and show her some other things
She know my stroke is deadly so she gave me bloody brain
Don't try to get familiar if I don't feel you in person
I'll flip the script and I accidentally kill you on purposeThe bat is what I'm flailing, I got so many furs
PETA gon' paint splash me when they see me
No matter what I'm wearing
Your bitch about to open up, sniff some blow off my dick
Guess you can say she on my coke and nutsI'm on point like Chris Paul
You on point like and an Atlantic City hooker that licks balls
I'm 'bout to flip in this bitch like Dominique Dawes
And shuts shit down like a car when it stallsI am the deadliest rapper, you claiming that you flow like water
But really y'all niggas Evian backwards
Marshall hit the jackpot with this flow that I got
I'm knowing I'm hot, it's my show to stop holding my crotchMy whip cleaner that Amish men and honest inns
Two dimes with me like I'm a twin 'cause I'm a 10
Okay, I'm in

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