

# 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 attraction I 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-kicking Shape 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 grainy Geronimo  
 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 Garden The same irony as going from fully automatic in the  
 backyard  
 To having the whole machine behind me I 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 purpose The 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 nuts I'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 stalls I 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 crotch My whip cleaner than Amish men  
 and honest inns  
 Two dimes with me like I'm a twin 'cause I'm a 10  
 Okay, I'm in

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>