

## Call Me E.S.

7L & Esoteric

I cool out on the west coast, lamp in the east  
If your rappin for change, then I'd be dancin for peace  
A pretty boy gangsta with his pants in a crease  
Spike the Berrier, spike the campus police  
Now I don't give a f\*\*k if it's your aunt or your neice  
Best man or ya priest, your fam's gettin deceased  
Cuz I keep shit hot, like a flannel or fleece  
And bringin dimes this way is sand to the beach  
Relax to the sun, I get harrassed by the ton  
Want to beat you for money son, I'll smack him for fun  
I represent the east baby, that's where I'm from  
I'll smoke you on the mic, and blacken your lungs  
I keep my girls close like I'm packin a gun  
By the foot of my bed, where my jacket is hung  
A callabo, I don't see it happenin son  
And a battle, I don't see you lastin through one

I'm taggin rappers out, cuz they're way off base  
And see 'em try and take the lead as I rock the place  
Esoteric fell off? No that's not the case  
I'm standin in the winners circle, while you lost the race

I'm ready to wreck ya, sever ya sector  
Speak of my hands, just let the 7L lecture,  
Don't put it past me, like your the firearm,  
And I'm the metal detector, I'm here to protect ya  
My rhyme is the paint, and the beat is the texture  
Interior design, when I rhyme I affect ya  
Say it's amazing, +Trail Blazin+ like Drexler  
In my act, you play the bad wreckin extra  
Sorry homeboy, didn't mean to upset ya  
You wanna grab the mic, but your hand won't let ya  
Cuz it knows that if you do, you'll go home on a stretcher  
Call the ambulance on the cell to come get'cha  
I do this type of shit right here, just for pleasure  
Stress relief, wait 'til my next release  
I'll be hittin every station like a press release  
7L & Esoteric, hip-hop expertise

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I smack the new jacks just to add to the stats  
My massive attack leaves your anatomy flat  
I'm not mad at you black, yo I'm gad that you rap  
As a matter of fact, cats are ? wack  
Now your askin for that, maybe a pat on the back  
Yo I'll tell you your phat, and sound phat on that track  
Then I'll show up, where ya have the factories at  
Grab a batterin axe, you start to shatter ya gats  
And that'll be that, make sure everythings workin  
I get heads open like a, brain surgeon  
When I came splurgin, veterans became virgins  
First they wanna battle but now, they ain't certain  
Rhyme like a tech nine, it's the God-offilis

Clappin on command like a studio, audience  
You could take a dope sample, chop it up or loop it  
But still can't freak it like Joe, some cats proved it

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