

## Chain Reaction

7L & Esoteric

Yo, this fuckin' Vinnie Paz baby  
Esoteric baby, 7L baby  
We takin' y'all motherfuckas to war  
Teachin' y'all how to rhyme, awrite  
So feel me, before I stuff a fuckin' sock in ya mouth  
and stick you in my trunk, what, check it out  
It's like this, yo, yo, yo

This Vinnie Paz let me tell you how I handle my beef  
Hands in ya safe, watch how I slang to a beat  
And you weak motherfuckas better stand at my feet  
'Fore I beat motherfuckas when I handle my heat  
So consider this verse here a motherfuckin' bomb threat  
Cause I ain't even let out, all of my dogs yet  
I ain't even pulled out my four fours yet  
I ain't even let out, all of the launch yet  
That's why ya plams sweatin', you fake bitch  
I'm strong like Iron Mike Tyse in eight six  
You fake snitch, you get slashed wid fast razors  
Fuckin' wid Paz mean you dead, and that's basics  
Slash racist, he'll rob ya parents and go  
Y'all crazy big wid no skill like ?????? bo  
Vinnie Paz bring physical rain  
And the only thing y'all feel is physical pain, what

We steady blastin, ya city gon' crash in  
Ran like a cheetah with thoughts of an assassin  
See a wack rapper, and start smashin'  
"And that's what the f\*\*k I call a chain reaction"

I'm like Bill Gates motherfucka  
You're like Philbert Grate's younger brother  
My rap style's undiscovered  
Dames wide like the frame or the Lincoln Navigator  
Style just like an aborigine that wrestles alligators  
You know the deal crab rappers peel  
I give 'em shit that they can feel  
My style's like steel  
You can stop tanks wid it, rob banks wid it  
Plot pranks walk planks block shanks wid it  
That's why when I challege you cats you ain't wid it  
And that's where the battle is at you can't spit it  
Rappers tryna play-che, that'll be the day-che  
Pulls a forty-five and ain't just spittin' reggae  
Today's pay day, we on some dumber shit  
Rip you out the whip throw ya body up the front of it  
Put you in check, put my foot to your neck  
You lookin' up to Esoteric and I've come to collect

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(2x)

The Army is back, and we bombin' the track  
Armed wid a gat, blood spill onto the DAT

Regardless of that, battery assault wid a mack  
And Vinnie Paz a motherfuckin' dog when I rap  
You beef wid one of us, we all in ya back  
And a muh'fucker like me, put claws on ya back  
Stalk you like that, y'all just talk like Grovano  
My team, they f\*\*k up more keys than a piano

Yo check it, my method on the microphone's murderin'  
Blood curdlin', surfacin', the soul purpose still  
Circling, in ya shitty deck  
I defeat a vet, leave him wreck his breath  
watch him bleed to death  
Cause I'm the type of rapper that packs to full capacity  
Actin' like you packin' a gapper to pull the blast on me  
With Vinnie Paz on my side known as Ikon  
We got it covered like cats that hold the mic wrong

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(2x)