

# Def Rhymes

## 7L & Esoteric

Ayo the second that my rhyme drops I leave minds blocked  
With more blind spots than a cyclops, I stalk the sidewalks  
Looking for rappers who want to battle Esoteric  
The only breath control that they behold is oral antiseptic  
I'm doing just what you expected  
Ripping the mic in half striking psychopaths  
Laughing at your writing staff  
Iconoclast impresario, me and 7l,  
Chopping rhythms like a navaho  
I'm a throw wack kids into the water rapids  
Hijack their kayak I'm the venus fly trap your nothing but a lilac  
You got a battle rhyme you better hide that, I leave you sidetracked Like  
Double vinyl my rebuttal's final  
So save your little comeback, with one rap  
I leave you with a hunchback and duncecap  
Drum tracks are under my spell, your dj?  
He's not on the cut, he's in the cut, hiding from 7l  
You better tell us of his whereabouts  
Cuz we're about tormenting, check the def rhymes I'm sending

On the microphone def rhymes I'm sending  
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{Scratching} Listen the ace as I rock the place

You're so delicate and fragile on the microphone  
That when I knock you into next week I package you in styrofoam  
That alone, silences g's like gnats and gnomes  
I shatter domes when I flip it like a palindrome  
Rap is ridiculous, now there's astrophysicists  
I send them back to earth with melted wax like icarus  
Witness this, I'm taking theories of these scientists  
And proving 'em wrong yeah your crew is the bomb now move it along  
It's Esoteric, 7l's on the cross-fade  
We toss grenades at your stage so get a blockade  
Superlative lyricism it's affirmative  
I'm sick of hearing who these rappers think their working with  
You couldn't sweet-talk Pete Rock into a beatbox  
I swing from treetops like Ewoks, land cheapshots on your weakspots  
Speed knots are often dealt  
I'm placing pelts of pagan kelts on conveyor belts  
The fader melts when I take this, turntablist, by his pancreas  
Put the tone-arm, through his own arm  
Mentally sound, like a sonar, extending  
With the def rhymes I'm sending

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I raise your IQ to mine cuz I know your scared of heights  
Scared of tearing mics, rappers like you should be wearing tights  
I'm a strike the metropolitan, bottling my oxygen  
For fresh air on-air and off-air, even in a lawnchair,  
I cause fear like a bomb scare  
I keep the beat like a lawsuit  
From a rock group with a hot loop  
You're out your element like the yeti, in the serengeti  
Or the sasquatch on the catwalk, my rap stalks the track hops  
I'm catching all you foul ballers like a backstop  
You say I say my name too much  
But I bet you say it more than me once the mic gets clutched  
Your rap sucks, like algae, don't act palsy walsy pretending  
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