

# Grace Of Gods

## 7L & Esoteric

Hey hey what we gon' do is we gon' get the DJ  
to give us a few jigga jiggas  
So we can get this shit on the road  
and get it started, know what I'm sayin?

Yo, rise, 7L, Esoteric, Demigods 1-2, Axis  
(I got this)  
What you want?

You pack chrome I doubt it  
I rip out your frame and make no bones about it  
ES, shout it, my style slams dark  
My rhymes start to combine like dry humps and hand jobs  
You need a fade that's a blowout jack  
You get MJ on Broadway and couldn't stay to come back  
Our rags pricy like a reeseys Gs  
While the twelfth collect dust like PCP fiends  
I see through teens like X-ray machines  
The smart dads take their kids' evil schemes  
(You know all these motherfuckers)  
My man will disgrace y'all  
With y'all threaten marriage and the fantasy baseball  
Who's gonna sign me?  
Underground rapper got the game down pat like you in the rally  
Ready to die like an airline jacker  
Crush your skull give you a hairline fracture  
I got hotties on the back burna  
They won't go away like bodies on the back burna  
Did you rhyme? I'd rather people mime  
Keep your feeble mind got less lines and equal signs

No doubt you don't know what it's about  
I don't mean to boast but damn if I'm grey  
Won't get it on  
I'm not a biter I'm a writer for myself and others  
no doubt you don't know what it's about  
I don't mean to boast but damn if I'm grey  
Every line that I recite I consider it art

Ready before the sound checks, before the "You next on's"  
A crew this strong, mics that we use get bronze  
It's a rapper writin' a critic and artist to business  
To clan that's all the shit makes you want opinions we give it, dig it  
If you get too deep for real when you rock  
And the attention levels drop when people look at they watch  
Wait against money, on a balance scale time flies  
Your mind's controlled by presidents that aren't even alive  
Old dogs learn new tricks they can spit on our class  
I teach an ol' pit to flip and saw a rapper in half  
The last rapper stop beefin' and he showed to the man  
Now they beefin' just to see who's our number one fan  
Compressed to the glance, people keep my world on enter  
The he's and she's and every species in placenta  
Heat rises warm up the crib, prayin' in cold rubber  
The baby stop cryin' and the plants grow better

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