

Mercy Killing

7L & Esoteric

You can find me in the club where the huns at
Muthafuck that trucker hat hug-rap
I know who I am, who I be, who I always was
Not a rapper that would dis another just to start a buzz
You should know that, just let the beef go away
How many weathermen do I have to slay
El-P give that mouth a rest
Go and get yourself in shape give that couch a rest
I sent you a demo in 94 with straight original shit
No scientific shit
And you cats talk about it like it's still in your whip
If you're large as you say, why you still sweating Shay?
Pissed cuz I reminisce about boom-bap
You just made cuz you make your money off nerd-rap
And can never change that, the fact you make soft shit
Embarrassed so you gotta remind us about the profit
Sorry that I study from the blueprint
And don't associate with your nerd-rap movement
"Independently I sold..." man, get over yourself
Every interview I read it's like your blowing yourself
Putting doe on your shelf? Stop hoeing yourself
You're a herb, look at you, you know it yourself!
I showed you love from day one and I kept on
But now you upset because your boys got stepped on
If you were as smart as you claim to be
And had beef muthafucker you should've came to me
But no, write a dis, hope you won't get caught
Cuz you know I never peep shit from Gaysop Rock
Listen, I liked Funcrusher that was that
But then you heard Dr. Octagon and never looked back
"Blue Flowwwers" Allow me flex my true powers
And send this fucking hobbit back to the two towers
.....No I'm not stopping yet
Bars of Death ain't done it ain't dropping yet
I got jokes about your face believe me
But dissing you because of your looks is too easy
You can't help that you a Keebler elf, "Mr. Be Yourself"
You should see yourself
I saw that DVD man I can't understand
Why you find it so hard to shake a fan's hand
These are the cats that love you when you do shit
And actually think the stuff you make is music
But this is hip-hop kid don't confuse it
With herbs trying to hard to make "that new shit"
Bitching about doing a show for short change is fine
But taping it is assinine
Then releasing it? That's an ego trip
Get off your own dick, that's some ego shit (f**k outta here)
Revolution ain't them beats you record
Sounding like my girl's cat when it walks across my keyboard
You ain't different, you just can't work your equipment
Now don't come back with that run-on sentence rap
Spit it slow, so I can understand you, yo
Went from Co-Flow to no flow, rushing your rhymes

No punchlines, just a bunch of punched in lines
Bed-wetter, you as hip-hop as Eddie Vetter

If you a true b-boy, explain that mohawk and the Fred Perry sweater
That look is priceless!
Now who's the muthafucker with the identity crisis?

You ain't mad at me dog, you mad at what you've become

Banned from New York? Muthafucka don't sleep
I got a freak in each borough, I was there last week
You cancelling shows in Boston, acting shook
Say you from Harlem, telling me to come to Red Hook
You wanna rep Brooklyn? Ain't no Biggie in you
Fat sloppy f**k sound like Winnie the Pooh
Plus dwelling on this beef is a bad decision
The only fight you ever had is with your own metabolism
Making them mixtapes, mainstream coverband
Wannabe G-Unit but sold like 3 units? Damn!
Baby Huey talks like he had a stroke
I remember when he told me "Be Alert" was sooo dope
You was a fan home soaking the bed
See when I was eating rappers you was eating loaves of bread
A big oaf with dreads and a clammy handshake
Now you making records that even your fans hate
I'll treat you like a Taun-Taun, and slash your flesh
And give New York's homeless a place to rest
It ain't about the Weathermen, it's whether or not your men
Whether or not your femme, Vast drop and gimme 10
Know your limits, Grimace, you can't finish
All out of shape fishing for beef but out of bait
Sherman Klump's in a writing slump no lie
Nutty Proffessor, minus the sweater and bow tie
Come take my lotto? Man, that's a waste
With that tape, all you really robbing is your fan base
You be claiming you a man but got big saggy tits
Coppin all your sweaters from a store for fat chicks
"If this was 86..." man if this was 86
You'd be sitting in baby shit, crying for some cake and shit
"Vast is deep!" You kids don't understand
Anyone can sound deep to an overzealous fan
So protect that neck Shrek, before I strike again
You and El-P = Lenny and George from Mice & Men
The shit is getting old but the beef is fun
It's like, 5 on 1 I got you fuckers on the run
So get your facts straight, stop running your mouths
I keep this mic with me, dog come and get me