

Runaway

7L & Esoteric

(Esoteric Talking)

I know you didn't just open your mouth....

I know of all people, the lowest of the low... I see your tail waggin', dog

Copywrite, you don't wanna fight, this here's a mic
Let me show your bitch ass how to rock it right
Let's begin, I know you saw my battle with Jin
That's why you ran like the wind and jumped out of your skin
You weren't sayin' "Fuck Soundcheck"
You was sayin' "fuck the whole set! Cage, c'mon, dawg, we gotta jet!"
Now it's on, don't ever mention 'Lo in your songs
(Why?) cause even Thirstin know you still live with your moms
In the stix where hoes don't even shave
Folks don't even bathe and roads ain't even paved
Hillbilly Pete tryin' to keep it street, but you nerdy
Actin' 730 when you Powerbar Ernie
Whiteboy sayin' "nigga" sounds sick
When the only black in you be Camel Tao's dick
You a grown man with no plans
And still callin' up college radio requestin' your own jams
("Ayo, I'm tryin' to blow up!") but you're way off course
Cause The Source doesn't cover ciphers in Short North, motherfucka

You a battle MC? You ain't battle Shay
We called you out in NYC, you ran away
Drop the mic, find another cat to bite
You ain't tight, cause all you do is COPY (riiight?)

Hahah, don't worry about Landspeed payin' me...Worry about why they rejected
Your whole album... and sent E.C. packin' based on your bullshit..

You made a second jam and still you couldn't get it right
Gettin' out of bed at night and checkin' my website
Usin' a dead mic, jackin' other cats' beats
Cause y'all producers are weak and wouldn't co-sign the beef
Usin' that beat like you a fan of The Lox
You handlin' glocks? This is where the fantasy stops
What, you thought I forgot you run with Cannibal Ox?
("I can't even watch!") you scared to bust like amateur cops
Flip Dog from "Whiteboys", mocked Danny Hoch
Ernest goes to Brooklyn and gets his little chain taken
How you lookin' in them dirty ass Nikes
With a 15 year old chicken head you callin' wifey?
Pencil-neck, in an Avirex from your moms
You in your mid-20's hittin' up junior proms
You abused your creative control
Spittin' punchlines so corny they should come with a drum roll
Holla at Skillz about a purchase
Your writing's worthless, recycling wack verses
And that shit is unoriginal and sloppy
But what do I expect from a cat named Copy?

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Yo, that was your girl? I thought that was your little sister, dog. The big Field trip to N-Y, after y'all skated after 9-11. Punk motherfuckers

You went from ridin' Cage's nuts to sayin' "Cage is nuts
He's a shady fuck, let him get stomped, I hate his guts!"
And plus, you admitted you was glad you left
And not seein' him get beat was your only regret
If that takes the cake then this here's the frosting
Y'all were fightin' over the same chick from Boston
Cage hit the showers, bow to these powers
Call BK back, tell 'em you need hours
You should've left "Haterama" on the net
I said "fuck a reply", but you wouldn't let it die
(The illest four letter word in the world is) AIDS
Just cause you got it don't mean you can change it's name to Cage
"Speaking Real Words" with Deck, you keep sweating
But your label paid for more guests than a Greek wedding
Copy, your state should be embarassed of you
See that battle shit you talk about, I actually do

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Huh... Copybite... Now you go home... write as many raps as you want...
But you can't turn back time
Face the facts... you bounced on your motherfuckin' man... left him there...
That's some shady ass shit, you's a fuckin' snake
Actually, I guess he wasn't even really your man cause...
Cause you said you were glad... glad that he got his ass kicked
That's some funny shit... You wanted to see that shit go down, too
You a shady motherfucker
You makin' Cage look like the real motherfuckin' man and he's a bitch too!
Haha, y'all need to posse up over there...
Backstabbin' each other, callin' each other pussies and shit..
Haha, I read that Elemental Magazine...
I'll be laughin' at that shit 'til next Halloween...
You spoke too soon, Cage
You know the deal, Esoteric.. 7L
Oh, and another thing... kill all that..
The la la about the guns and shit
Y'all ain't got no motherfuckin' guns...
Y'all pull a gun on me, I'll swallow that shit like..
"Shoot me motherfucker! Shoot me! Pull the trigger on me motherfucker!"
Hahah, y'all some bitches... bring it!