

## Speaking Real Words

7L & Esoteric

Yo.. INS the Rebel, your highness  
With 7L and Esoteric, speaking real words  
Speak on it kid!

Yo, I touch the mic like a savage  
The Esoteradactyl's rap style's beyond average  
To say the least, I'm slayin beasts with the right plan  
I'll take your hype man and beat him with the mic stand  
You're like, "Damn! I better get a resource"  
I'll overpower three-fourths of your police force  
You're talkin to a fugitive who'll serve your crew  
Fake his own death and come back to murder you  
Who raps to the crack of dawn? Who's the droid  
Who destroyed numerous humanoids like atom bombs?  
You're nothin but a tag-a-long, that I be raggin on  
7L's on the cut, while Joe is tappin on  
The 3000, me I'm just loungin  
Waitin for a sucker MC to start poundin  
You know the deal, so check the cassette  
It's Esoteric and Inspectah Deck, what you expect?

Yo, yo, yo  
I stash heat, creep past police on the beat  
Keep it movin in the mean streets, I the black sheep  
Roll deep with the Killa Beez, quick on the squeeze  
Freeze - nobody move, just hand over the G's  
Gone with the breeze, everything's peace at ease  
Now I'm laid back, countin stacks, twistin the trees  
My rap's scorchin - way beyond third degrees  
Enemies get blown like autumn leaves  
Authorities comb the block, I'm peepin they steez  
After me cause the rhyme's worth about two ki's  
And double that 'cross seas  
Fiends buy off the heez, the result's more currencies  
Them no worry we, I strike em down suddenly  
Funny how they rush me, must be the money  
You hate me or you love me, don't ever (fuck) me  
Trust me, we can make the scene turn ugly

I'm like a man possessed that can't confess  
Yes it's the Es' to bless, wicked test pressed to rest  
Crab rapper, my raps shatter your wax platter  
Esoteric's data can stab up the tracks badder  
My words flow for the, rap cats who rep locally  
Transmit poetry fit to hit em globally  
Eso', yes status fresh from the get go  
Sinister, ready to administer the death blow  
On rap cats cause I'm takin it back  
To a time when it was cool to call hip-hop rap  
Cause I've been rappin, since fly sneakers were cheap  
Since I bought em off Koreans down on Washington Street  
Since I had a cameo, since I rocked rope chains  
Since I had gold fronts with the Polo frames  
Since "Goin' Way Back," since pro black rap  
Since the Jungle Brothers let me know "I Got it Like That"