

The Way Out

7L & Esoteric

It's the E-S, take a deep breath beat death
Vocals eat flesh, like mesh
Puttin' holes up in ya weak chest
Ya gotta check this
I take ya necklace, leave you neckless
Respect this, it's back to basics
I come through in an A-6
You come through in Asics
Not the real ones the fake shits
I didn't know they made 'em
You couldn't fade spit a def rhyme if you spit my verbatim
Cadillac frank with the baddest bank
All I do is rip crews, hit booze and hit snooze
Fuck around with this and catch a quick bruise
You make about as much sense spittin' ya venom
As a cotton sweatshirt that says Nautica denim
Fuck battlin' cats I'm Jim, Abbottin' cats
Which means single handedly, I'm embarassin' cats

I'm rappin' in a certain way, crack ya vertebrae
And spittin' sweet sixteens like it's ya birthday
I blow green like Jimmy Cliff, but never hit the spliff
The shit I spit'll put ya whip in a fit
Straight airin' out cats like doormats
I've been underground as long, as these civil war cats
My closet, looks like I have five brothers
Cause everything I have yo I have in five colors
Raps I'm-pair ya brain, clear the lane
My diamond aeroplane'll put the fear in the game
Got the deafest cats out there hearin' my name
Rockin' raincoats to nice to wear in the rain
I crack your commercial raps over ya head
Now your One Twelve got a Jagged Edge
You sound wack if Marly Marl produced you
And our business is chews crew it's new school