

71 & Esoteric "Verbal Assault"

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Artist: 7L & Esoteric

Album: The Soul Purpose

Title: Verbal Assault

Verbal assault, rhymes rippin' through the mix
{It's very likely you know what I'm saying}
Verbal assault, rhymes ripping through the mix
{Grab the microphone and keep the place hoppin'}

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Check...yo

[Verse One]

Check the rap cat spit the phat shit to mack dips
While you pack clips and bag bricks to stack chips
I only smack dicks if they act slick
And only jack whips if they model flag-shifts
The type to flow and strike your soul
Blindfolds and mind control kid its time to roll
Cuz'I taking MC's opperating like empties
Send freeze through your chest, worth ten G's
Or maybe more, because the rap style is crazy raw
I'm breaking backs taking it back to Eighty-Four
You could never (?) knowing the cat spit
Gorilla rap shit, ban Esoteric when I attack shit
Your flow was tighter, we'll make your shows tighter
Man at loose cannon to hold you tighter
When Esoteric shines kid it gets no brighter
You couldn't be fresh if Shane was a ghost-writer
That's my real name, your shit real lame
Your in this to discriminate so mine's the real game
I'm putting it down plus I'm on the attack
With a verbal assault, crab cats fall back

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[Verse 2]

My rhyme scheme blinds nineteen fiends like high beams
Shatters pipe dreams of teams like crime scenes
The production, plus my raps bring destruction
Dangerous like spontaneous combustion
I rush in, bring MC's to their knees
Jewel thieves, rap cats those who move keys
I'll take that wife on you, take that ice on you
Sell it back to your ass raise the price on you

When adversaries bite the "Dactyl" will have to strike

Be rappers with the mic like I practice every night
Vocabulary's tighter than a "Seven-Forty I"
I mortify forty-five guys for their lives
The forty-sixth make sure he cries before he dies
And tears from his eyes made my name immortalize
Esoteric, certified heat speaker
Beat freaker puttin (?) deep in the sleeper

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[Verse Three]

We wreck tracks suffer no setbacks and stress cats
To the max slapping up (?) tax you get back
Shane you've been born
I'm ripping stakes up in any way shape or form
Check the brainstorm, when these fake kids get torn a new ass
Bullet-proof glass can't last
Went up against the mass I'll splash your broadcast
Rip your sound station
Dictation, blow strips off your foundation
Now you all know Ralph at all shows
I scalp all pros like Al The Salvo
The Teradactyl, swooping like a scavenger
Calling shots like a passenger add em' into capture
Run right, through your gun fight during dung night
Still touch mics it be positive like blood types
Word up kid I'm on the attack
With a verbal assault crab cats call back

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