

7grani

"Mic Mastery"

Visit "[Mic Mastery](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Esoteric]

Yo, yo,yo I weave a tapestry strike rapidly and
magically
Alter battle rap habitats automatically
You back down, I change your background like
Photoshop
My oratory inventory's overstocked
I'm ripping the track, djs are enjoying it
"Cutting it up, and completely destroying it"
Ambidextrous, yo you must be on a deathwish
Stepping to this, I'm venomous I'll leave you breathless
I spat words, waxed and taxed herbs
Your raps absurd, backs get fractured,
My crack a shell, bag your mademoiselle
Take the cake then I break like a bat out of hell
You fuck with Esoteric catch a capital L
Lock horns with 7L, son there's none parallel
You need a beat to flow to?
You're lucky if your said Hello to
Bitch-ass crab I thought I told you

"Known to be the master in the M.C. field"
"Make way, 'cause here I come"
"Known to be the master in the M.C. field"
"Cover every angle on the mic, I'm killin'"

It's Esoteric kid, yeah that's whose spitting
Ask Lew dipping in the back, brew sipping
I spit hot shit when wack crew ripping
It even leaves the ink on your tattoo dripping
Crab cat talk about how your seeing gats
The only metal you hold is the one for being wack
The only battle you've been in is the one you reinact
Talking trash from the back like a sneak attack
I'm strictly biz cause I'm going where Parrish went
You ain't wack, you's a fucking embarrassment
I'm making sense like your last record's total sales
I spoke in brail, you felt it so much
That you left with broken nails
When packing a jam, harrassing the fans for not
clapping their hands

Cuz you ain't dope you just a flash in the pan
Like coke to a crack dealer bagging a gram
I rock a fitted cap, can't deal with little straps
Strictly big guns when it comes to ripping tracks
I ain't sweating sales, dub this for your crew
Cuz once they hear the rhymes they're gonna want the
cover too

Hook 2x

Yo I take command crushing all my enemies, breaking
their hands
A giant avalanche quaking your fam
The mic killer, I bring doom ripping buffons
Rhymes expand like the womb in delivering rooms
Too gory, these kids split Whigs like a Tory
More importantly I bring the 4th degree of sorcery
Orally, forgery authorities report to me
Quarterly, the way I corner borders be like Normandy
I'm ornery, words turn, as your verse squirms like an
earthworm
First learn, churches burn as worlds turn
Predicaments, make your ligaments of no significance
I'm speaking real words kid your speaking ignorance
I must insist, it's tough to feel dissed
By a rap group I don't even know exists
What you maggots hope to say, could never serve Shay
The only wax you put out was candles on your birthday

Hook 2x

Visit [7grani](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.