

## 7L & Esoteric "Bound To Slay"

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{The clown rappers I'm bound to slay}  
{The clown rappers I'm bound to slay}  
(Yo)  
{The clown rappers I'm bound to slay}  
{The clown rappers I'm bound to slay}

[Verse One]

Yo, yo, yo a crackhead leaves skilled ????? for dead  
Dumb cats think I pack lead from the bloodshed  
Words spread, and vocals (?) intent  
Patriarch making marks like the stroke of a pen  
Choking men by the throat my quotes will leave you  
spellbound  
Like Devon Madison kid, I can't be held down  
Esoteric stab a crew who's slang is fresh  
Mass Avenue to Bangladesh  
So check, I blast back at you my aim's the best  
So now, crashed attitudes have laid to rest  
Discouraging younster's idols straight taking titles  
Shane's ripping rivals with some rap in his recitals  
I paint imagery kid stunning pictures  
Back in eighty-six I tried to mix like (?)  
Now I hit ya', split ya', cuz' you a crab cat  
I'm God of the Snake, I pee on a lab rat  
Back in your cage you paging off the stage  
I'm a sage sent to invade this day and age  
I wreck the mic quickly  
Lung taking with me  
I'm "Bound To Slay"  
Throw down my round with Shane {Thud}

[Chorus]

We make tracks like this, for cats who like the mic  
ripped  
The titan, holding mics with a vice grip  
I'm "Bound To Slay" crab rappers in the end  
{You see what happened in my last fight friend aight'  
then}

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[Verse Two]

A yo guess who's swooping in wings spread  
I rain dread from Boston to Hempstead

Its "The Soul Purpose", mission control's nervous  
Pitiful attempts get drenched by the verses  
That's my best nothing less the merciless  
I'm murderous, murdering tracks you all deserving this  
backslap  
For coming at me with the whack rap  
You act whack  
You look whack  
You talk whack  
You be whack  
You speak whack  
Forget about your drop and save your feet back  
You calling me a backpacker that's propostruous  
I'll put your legs around thousand dollar watches  
My raps play thugs like Tommy Cartel  
I rhyme well, ran imperial like Diamond (?)  
I can tell your afraid to face me  
My verbals come off the wall like Kevin Spacy  
And I defeat camps into MC stamps  
Under street lamps your working off of free-amps  
The beat champs, I call you out like subpoena  
And have you on your knees like a nine-dingle-venor  
A biting demeanor, yeah these cats want to rap alike  
You weak parasites  
I freak beats when I speak heat like Farenheight  
Don't ever grab the mic  
Cats that bite need a meat-eaters appetite

[Chorus]

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