

7L & Esoteric "Call Me E.S."

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[Esoteric]

Aiyyo, 1-2

Yo yo

[Verse 1]

I cool out on the west coast, lamp in the east
If your rappin for change, then I'd be dancin for peace
A pretty boy gangsta with his pants in a crease
Spike the Berrier, spike the campus police
Now I don't give a fuck if it's your aunt or your neice
Best man or ya priest, your fam's gettin deceased
Cuz I keep shit hot, like a flannel or fleece
And bringin dimes this way is sand to the beach
Relax to the sun, I get harrassed by the ton
Want to beat you for money son, I'll smack him for fun
I represent the east baby, that's where I'm from
I'll smoke you on the mic, and blacken your lungs
I keep my girls close like I'm packin a gun
By the foot of my bed, where my jacket is hung
A callabo, I don't see it happenin son
And a battle, I don't see you lastin through one

[Hook]

I'm taggin rappers out, cuz they're way off base
And see 'em try and take the lead as I rock the place
Esoteric fell off? No that's not the case
I'm standin in the winners circle, while you lost the race

[Verse 2]

I'm ready to wreck ya, sever ya sector
Speak of my hands, just let the 7L lecture,
Don't put it past me, like your the firearm,
And I'm the metal detector, I'm here to protect ya
My rhyme is the paint, and the beat is the texture
Interior design, when I rhyme I affect ya
Say it's amazing, +Trail Blazin+ like Drexler
In my act, you play the bad wreckin extra
Sorry homeboy, didn't mean to upset ya
You wanna grab the mic, but your hand won't let ya
Cuz it knows that if you do, you'll go home on a
stretcher
Call the ambulance on the cell to come get'cha

I do this type of shit right here, just for pleasure
Stress relief, wait 'til my next release
I'll be hittin every station like a press release
7L & Esoteric, hip-hop expertise

[Hook]

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{scratching - "They call me E.S. the Overlord of Fresh"}

[Verse 3]

I smack the new jacks just to add to the stats
My massive attack leaves your anatomy flat
I'm not mad at you black, yo I'm gad that you rap
As a matter of fact, cats are ? wack
Now your askin for that, maybe a pat on the back
Yo I'll tell you your phat, and sound phat on that track
Then I'll show up, where ya have the factories at
Grab a batterin axe, you start to shatter ya gats
And that'll be that, make sure everythings workin
I get heads open like a, brain surgeon
When I came splurgin, veterans became virgins
First they wanna battle but now, they ain't certain
Rhyme like a tech nine, it's the God-offilis
Clappin on command like a studio, audience
You could take a dope sample, chop it up or loop it
But still can't freak it like Joe, some cats proved it

[Hook] 2x

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{scratching - "They call me E.S. the Overlord of Fresh"}
[repeat until end]

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