

7L & Esoteric "Do It! (Cage And Copywrite Diss)"

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(Verse 1)

You can take your last breath, put your vinyl to rest
No fight to the death it's a suicidal success
Jealous of you? You're 5'2", low IQ
My words strike you, and any motherfucker that likes
you
"It's coming, Seamus!" And that's how you strike back?
You drove home with an icepack to write that?
His teeth are loose now, his neck needs a noose
How dare you say you're holding guns, you're rolling
with Beetlejuice
I black out 'til I'm blue in the face
Necro laced "Agent Orange", kid but you a disgrace
Yelling "save hip-hop" but how the fuck are you
helping?
You went from Pete Nice to Pete Nelson
Yelping like your dog Kubrick, them toothpicks gave
you looselips
"The gauge goes..." I don't give 2 shits
That mescaline got you talking like you're MC Ren
You couldn't even profit off a beef with Eminem
Your own boys cut Slim Shady a check
And did a joint with him, now you wanna talk about
respect?
I don't think so, "Eso why you wilin' in your rhymes?"
I had to get it out my system like "Movies for the Blind"

(Chorus)

He said he had a deathwish, the motherfucker proved
it
Suicide this, suicide that - DO IT!
All that physical shit I've done been through it
You had your chance to take it to the stage and you
blew it!

(Verse 2)

I can't believe that I'm wasting this beat on someone so
cheap
Someone so shook, so pussy, so weak
"Cage you could've came harder than that!"
He didn't have time, he was typing online
Defending himself 'cause he knows his wax won't sell

Cop "Dangerous Connection" if you really wanna "Cop Hell"

I rock well, but hold the applause

And save it for the gay rapper straight outta Stoney Lodge

"He probably doesn't do drugs, he just likes to pose"

Well I know he does helium before he spits flows

You should drop the mic maybe make some advances

Try some spoken word, change your name to Cage

Francis

Screaming "EC for life" but why lie?

You only down with Mighty Mi cause he be getting you high

After S.O.B.'s you said NY hates us

But half the city called the next day to congratulate us

(Chorus)

He said he had a deathwish, the motherfucker proved it

Suicide this, suicide that - DO IT!

All that physical shit I've done been through it

You had your chance to take it to the stage and you blew it!

(Verse 3)

I went looking for the Worm King in the Rotten Apple
Headed down to NY to challenge him to battle (what happened?)

He said "No" then got punched at his own show

I gotta thank the little homie Celph for that though

Copywrite made the right move cutting class

I got so much dirt on him he's rocking a mud mask

High Exhaulted? More like sexually assaulted

As a youth, you're a redneck you ain't the truth

I'm spoiled and rich? Who's sniffing the yae?

Who threatens to kill himself when he doesn't get his way?

Who fronts like a psycho when he's straighter than an A?

Cage!! while I rip (w)rappers like Christmas day

"We used to go to shows, drink, dance, get high"

Well now you go to shows and get cracked in the eye

You Cats wanna battle, you can get that ass planted

Bring it to Boston kid and get that wish granted!

(Chorus)

He said he had a deathwish, the motherfucker proved it

Suicide this, suicide that - DO IT!

All that physical shit I've done been through it

You had your chance to take it to the stage and you
blew it!

(Esoteric talking)

Mother fucker, you're right, 30 minutes ain't shit.

Demigodz, AOTP, 7L on the beat!!

(Sample from the wedding singer)

punching noise Hey why don't you write a song about
this? You can call it I

Got punched in the nose, for sticking my face in other
peoples business.

Laughs

Sounds like a country song....

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