

7L & Esoteric

"Face Defeat"

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[Esoteric]

Let 'em feel it
It's the E-S, take a deep breath, beat death
Vocals eat flesh, like mesh
Puttin holes up in ya weak chest, ya must check this
I'll take your necklace, leave you neckless
Respect this, it's back to basics
I come through in an A-6
You come through in Asics; not the real ones, the fake
shits
I didn't know they made 'em
You couldn't spit a def rhyme if you spit mine verbatim
Cadillac frank with the baddest bank; lately
All I do is rip crews, sip booze and hit snooze
And stay fuckin with bitches that Whip choose
Fuck around with this kid and catch a quick bruise
You make about as much sense spittin your venom
As a cotton sweatshirt that says Nautica denim
Break 'em off 7

[Chorus: 7L scratching]

"Like I said before" "When I rhyme signed or unsigned
MC's get done"

"Like I said before" "Representin... hardcore"

[Esoteric]

I'll rap in an assertive way, crack ya vertabrae
And spittin sweet sixteens like it's ya birthday
I blow green like Jimmy Cliff, but never hit the spliff
The shit I spit'll put ya whip in a fit
Straight airin out cats like doormats
I've been underground longer, than these civil war cats
My closet, looks like I have five brothers
Cause everything I have yo I have in five colors
Raps impair your brain, clear the lane
My diamond aeroplane'll put the fear in the game
Got the deafest cats out there, hearin my name
Rockin raincoats, too nice to wear in the rain
I cracked your commercial wax over your head
Now your 112/one twelve got a Jagged Edge
Motherfuck battlin cats, I'm Jim Abbottin cats

Means singlehandedly, I'm embarassin cats

[Chorus]

[Esoteric]

I grab the mic like I'm the rightful owner
Then procede, to heat it up like an Isotoner
That's the deal, I'm dapper like a meal
Givin touchy motherfuckers somethin they can feel
For real, quit sayin you rip tracks
The only thing you bustin is a table at {?} Jack's
I flip facts, like a Rolodex, and hold my tecs
like a two-way, rarely seen like a bluejay
It's the new Sea, a new day
when your skull snaps, for kickin dull raps
I spit in acapella for your brain cuz
And give up more shit to sample than a KPM does
Yeah, shit's been gritty
Ever since Funky Fresh was Spin City
You'd sound whack if Marley Marl produced you
And I've been listenin since Juice Crew was new school

[Chorus]

[Esoteric]

Yeah, face defeat
Cause E-S spit the rhyme, and 7L blaze the beat
My man Vinnie Paz up in this, you know the deal, uhh
Cyclone, my man D-Son, Jedi Minds

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