

7L & Esoteric "Learn From The Druid"

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Glastinary manticore raps say you've gone to warpaint
I orchestrate tapes to torture fakes on your door dates
And formulate, sound escapes the ground snakes in
town lakes
Heavy hammer swings pound fakes until the ground
breaks
Your foul tapes, I'm a rap since nineteen eighty-seven
Twelve years of age grabing AIDS like (?)
Yo I tear the stage and build a guild with dissection
Strong willed and skilled and killed your whole
dimension
Henchmen, think they're paying dues off the head
I'm sucking venom out of bites through deadly
copperheads
Your dead, because the venom's been regurgitated
I've terminated every "Sucka Duck" that perpetrated
Work related, cuz' MC is my profession
Spittin when I rock a rhyme it's never written
I keep em' off papers so there's no evidence
To tie me to the murder of your rap regiments
The body of your composition is what Shamus clutches
Lyrics are the legs and the swares are your crutches
When you battle me it'll be real clear
That I'll leave cats alone watch their life in wheelchairs

When I say a rhyme {Sucka's I drop ya'}
Drain your blood line {Sucka's I drop ya'}
You'll be executed (Sucka's I drop ya')
Learn from the druid {Cuz my words rock ya'}

Seamus is the God-Awf, step to this kiddo
My styles poisonous just like the Black Widow
Ditto, facsimile your master copy
Take you back to the lab your raps sound sloppy
Those who want to battle the Teradactyl that's fatal
I'm ripping up your rap crew but burning down your
label
Suffocating suckers like yourself is madd fun for me
Tell your company Esoteric is triumphantly
Terrorizing all these dictionary reading crabs
Verbalist lyrical rap just ripped the track

I'm back, to smack all the cats I crucified
The council of kags, self-centered like a nuclei
I'm in the wilderness trapped in a syllabus
For each of these dummies that want me as their
ventriloquist
I'm killing this, consorting all my rap critics
At a murder-rate of ninety-one beats per minute
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Now hip-hop heads I have like ten on my shelf
Make it twelve when I leave the simple-minded cat
beside himself
I watch all these so called mic-rippers
Battle the Esoteric and get fed to wood-chippers
Strip his, section add to my collection
I toss a lot of foes in my crossbow's direction
Press them up against a tree and watch the rat shiver
Now it's time to pull another arrow from my quiver
Deliver, a rapier to your trachea
How I'm striking mics it's pysching out Vikings in
Scandinavia
Maybe a, apocalypse when God Awful rips
I catch three frames a day like comic strips
The body of your composition is what Shamus clutches
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