

## 71 & Esoteric "Operating Correctly"

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[Mr.Lif talking]

Microphone check, Esoeteric & Lif  
Who could measure, the length or the width  
Still we make the fuckin' earth shift  
Check

[Lif & (Esoteric)]

I get maniacal, on ya parietal, lobes  
I make my rounds as globes  
When the ground is cold I hibernate  
And inspire fate to run it's natural course  
Propelled by God's actual force  
Surely you will call that what you battled and lost  
Call ya dispatch, tell them niggaz it's a mismatch  
You fell on the blade of Lif's axe  
(Standby) while ya whole crew gets shanghai'd  
(The verdict) Lif and Esoteric by landslide  
(Start a rue) heat 'em up (they ought to cool)  
I'm not a fool well educated  
Thus positivity is underrated  
In an ignorant world few related  
So sometimes, I run rhymes through bloodlines  
Makin' sure my vinyl plate gets spun on platelets

[Hook:]

(Rappers wanna battle when ya know that we're deadly)  
(Es-E-Esoteric) "operating correctly"  
If you wanna bring it you can swing it directly  
It's Mister Lif, "operating correctly"  
(You can try and front and try and disrespect me)  
(On the cut is 7L) "operating correctly"  
Dj's and emcees who wanna come test we  
Lif and Esoteric, "operating correctly"

[Esoteric & (Lif)]

I hand deliver this, carnivorous verse  
Legal rappers live wid this you can't get rid of this  
Mad potent (experiment for the moment)  
Raise to a higher power like an exponent  
My moment of truth's infinite, I'm omnipotent  
Rippin' it, up perfect malice of the cut  
What (is it that you plan to do)

(When Mister Lif and Esoteric manhandle you)  
Ya fans and ya crew (they're one and the same)  
Waitin' for a sucka lame still stuck in the game  
So tuck in ya chain kid you got nothin' to gain  
Must be lovin' the pain and want one to the frame  
Cause I'll cut up ya brain and draw blood from ya veins  
The residence of the king crabs go up in flames  
(Some say steppin' to us is fuckin' insane)  
Like jumpin' off a train go into buckets of change  
You'll get maimed

[Hook]

[Lif]  
If the sun dies out I'll write by saturn's lantern  
Searchin' for the truth in caverns  
A physical man fightin' phantoms  
Sinkin' in the ocean by leagues and fathoms  
A watery grave for an honorin' slave  
Massa always told him that he ought to behave  
Eternal conflict of power in the hands of man  
Prepare for the life of the damned

[Esoteric]  
I brainwash cats like paraldehyde so they shall abide  
My style drives through the valley side  
Where I'm pervious to genocide  
The superhuman robbin' enterprise  
We pen-alize men who spread the lies  
You better rise, I'm throwin' jab hooks at the plaintiff  
Dangerous, ne-farious, how I paint this, scenario  
Time to steamroll, mash the place  
Raps thrash the base and leave wack cats deceased

[Hook]

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