

## 7L & Esoteric "Rules Of Engagament"

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[Intro]

[scratching] One two, one two  
For those who do not know, once again  
For those who do not know, once again  
(yo, check it yo)

[J-Live]

Aiyyo it's somethin' like a twilight zone epic  
Rookies in the hall of fame vets gettin' hazed  
Has the world gone crazed?  
Like, fatal flesh wounds when you just got grazed or  
Walkin' up and point blank shot from a twelve guage  
There's no respect for the rules of engagement  
Producers know nothin' of arrangement  
Emcees with five figure deals and never got up on the  
stage yet  
Knowin' that they styles haven't properly aged yet  
Consider these, casualties in the war between art and  
industry  
Fought in the streets, so nobody sells out in vain  
It just makes us work harder, on these dope rhymes  
and beats  
Knowin' either side ever admits defeat  
And screams treason at the first sign of retreat  
It's like a never endin' struggle in this box of chocolates  
It show that even though you got flavor ain't nothin'  
sweet

[Hook:]

For those who do not know, once again  
For those who do not know, once again

[Esoteric]

Eighty nine was the time that I started catchin' wreck  
I had my hair in steps with a fresh pair of sweats  
They were rules to abide by, you couldn't slide by  
Rappin' in tye-dye claimin' that you sci-fi  
But nowadays people clap even if you're wack  
No wonder everybody wants to rap  
These underground cats think they're down  
They don't know a damn thing  
These rock dudes tryna rap cause they can't sing

You don't shoot a gun before, learnin' how to use it  
Ya don't shoot ya mouth off before learnin' the music  
I stay fly, the rules still apply

[Bridge: scratching of the line]  
"let me tell you the reason why"  
"Wanna know why, I'll tell ya why"  
"Because of my vocals"  
"I told y'all here they come now"  
"Now let me hear my man..."

[Count Bass D]  
First give it up to God he the head of my life  
Blessed are the peace thought makers  
The freight burners the paint hoffers  
The old school jungle green users  
The stop cap rockers, the S-P trunk haters  
Beat's so hot use a tong not my tongue it speaks  
impurity  
Fuck Debbie, plus in blood like Carrie  
They're all gonna laugh at you  
I know why Donny did a swan dive off the Essex  
Ya claim inspiration, but still can't play shit  
Talkin' bout you workin' on a symphony  
And can't even play the tympani  
Walls of asbestos filled with the best dust  
Power station of the connection the wizard of Oz  
Mixmaster nuff weed deejay pound cake  
The brick mason, prime minister V.C. Burn L  
Now what is my moniker?, come late like Hanukkah  
Johnny come lately, sometimes still crave-sty  
Pac Man go ank-bank, stang like Cuba  
More pickups than Hoover, more run than Suba  
The funky dope maneuver, my field is holy  
New duva, shook in Judah  
Who the fuck wanna test me?  
Captain Kenny Clark Gillespy, hold the vest B  
We gon't throw some hands in this section  
Uhh it's like that, Count Bass...

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