

7L & Esoteric "This Is War"

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[Vinnie Paz Talking]

Yeah yeah, it's Vinnie Paz daddy
Fuckin' Jedi Mind Tricks
7L ES King Syze, Outerspace
AOTP what's the fuckin' deal
Yeah, we mob on you muthafuckas
Eh yo Warchild, take these muthafuckas to war cousin

[Crypt The Warchild]

It's the army cocksuckas' abandon shit
We spit sharp spot rushes that'll damage cliques
Rip hearts squash fucker take a laugh at it
Bloody bath activist feel the wrath of Crypt
Hungry ass hooligans'll strike passionate
Basket case, used to not havin' shit
Maskin' tape, used to block passages
Until you're forced to stop breathin' on paralysis
I'm cancerous cold-blooded battlest
Pass the fifth, Hen makes me hazardous
You're average, no way to challenge this
Ravenous scorchin' fire acidness
Every move made precise I'ma strategist
Rock the world to the point where it's axisless
No point to even learn what a atlas is
AOTP get it correct we smash shit

[Esoteric]

We underground where the roaches at
Corrosive explosive like Sosa's bat
I'm feelin' like one of baseballs greats in this shit
Cuz I make kids purpose second nature to spit
Talk shit you got smacked cuz you shouldn't a spoke
Now when cats say you real dog they put it in quotes
I stay fly aim high like white puttin' up coke
We keep shit official like couples that woulda' elope
We give the, press the scare like Jason Blair
Pharaohs treat you like an infidel so fuckin' say your prayers
I snatch up crews line em up like braided hair
They cornrows, basically you'd rather face the chair
I'ma, mastermind with a, axe to grind
Chiro, pratic lines, put ya, back in line

Opinionated muthafuckas who got some shit to say
They will voice it in the booth like it's election day

[Chorus x2: Vinnie Paz]

This is war cousin, we got shit on smash

7L ES on a run for the cash
Yo this is war daddy, and I'm controllin' the fam
Are shit dope like coke without holdin' a gram

[King Syze]

Yo, some say I'm gifted
I write rhymes in less than twenty minutes
Impressin' the critiques when I'm boss an apprentice
I see the future, within extensive vision
I put this fuckin' track in the, intensive division
King Syze, to all a y'all in case y'all didn't notice
I wrote this, talkin' roaches till my heads swollen
I'ma needle in the vein spittin' the daily dosage
Like T.O. I scream on encroaches
If the game plan ain't goin' my way, I threaten to leave
If we leave man the crowd goes to set or to sleep
Who's better than me, diamonds'll be testin' the teeth
My specialty feast, tell you were the feminists speech
A pessimist beast, ya glass is half empty
Put the, hang up on paper put ya crowd in a frenzy
I could chop off my brain, pass it out to many
Only a chosen few would know how to use it dog if any

[Planetary]

The verb specialist armed and dangerous
Ain't happy till I know you feelin' the pain from this
Till you bleedin' in buckets we all beef and ruckus
We are the fact in rap you ain't gone see nothin'
No royalties, no promotion
I could talk that shit on front, I got you open
Illegal alien floatin' motion is uncontrollable
Sorta' like Christ, with the power to snatch souls from
you
Ya whole spirit collapse ya brain fried
Spittin' darts the pharaohs come at you from eight
sides
Esoteric and Vinnie got semis from Celph Titled
Space throw grenades King Syze got the rifles
Call Ap, when he react you fallin' back
Cheap pack and hop on the next flight to scrap
We made it happen now, backpackers go wild
Cuz space is the place to put a cramp in your style

[Chorus x2]

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