

## 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

[ChorusX2/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 2X]

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