

The Exies

"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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