

7L & Esoteric f/ Slaine

"Olde English"

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"For a true writer, each book should be a new beginning
'fore he tries again, for something that is beyond the pain.
He should always try for something, that has never been done;
or that others have tried, and failed.
Then sometimes, with good luck, he will succeed."

[Esoteric]

Where we livin in the city where the law is 3 strikes
We rock Nikes and victims get no pity, vision isn't pretty
Shit I'm spitting's gritty, with the precision of Bibby
Dribble in the transition I'm like Nixon with the ribbie
Outstanding in my field like, Janet with her titty
Witty with the ammunition I'm commandin a committee
Piss-drunk, shitty-faced, steppin out of state
Ready to faint, jettin with Denny, blunted to fresh paint
MC's, steady squeeze 'til the heater is empty
We get B's 'til they think that bleedin people is trendy
When I'm disses, legions wanna leave to defend me
Therefore bitches wanna keep me like Aziz to Effendi
Your girls are homegrown, they just regional entries
I get floor models open like the keys to a Bentley
The media frenzy's gettin greener with envy
So I'm like Randy Johnson, thought I'd treat 'em all friendly

"Beacuse he was always dreaming of impossible inventions, and adventures
and explorations in the remotest parts of the Earth, he was generally known
in the neighborhood as Commander, Crackpot, oh ho ho!"

[Slaine]

Yeah, c'mon
Yo I came in this game with my attitude pissy
A hot celly and a potbelly like Missy
A Makaveli fury and a pocket full of whiskey
With so much damn rage I gotta stop to pull it with me

I dare the cops to come and get me, and mothers and
they family
callin up the motherfuckin governor to ban me
Tell Mr. Romney I got a pistol on me
And vocab that moves more like a vicious army
And these bitches will never disarm me
Calm me down mami I'm a human tsunami
Find me laid up in the back of an apartment to spy on
me
So high on drugs that my face is purple as Barney
Fuck fashion and wearin Armani pants up
I stay playin a hot corner like Connie Lansford
But I ain't no ballplayer athlete
{?} fuckin rap demon with cracked teeth
It's Slaine

"This is for your own good."
"I know better than you {*snort*} what's {*snort*}
good for me."
"John you're breathing very hard."
"That's the way I breathe. {*snort*} I breathe the best I
can. {*snort*}"
"You don't like my breathing? {*snort*} I don't like
your breathing! {*snort*}"
"You breathe {*snort*} like this you can drop dead
Kenny."
"John, no, don't get angry, I'm only trying to be your
friend."
"I don't want your friendship, and I don't believe in
friendship, I don't want that."
"Well I'd be the first to say you're certainly in a
misanthropic mood today."
"Yes I'm misanthropic! Very misanthropic indeed!"
"And I enjoy, being, misanthropic."

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