

## Toby Lightman

### "Graphic Violence"

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[Esoteric]

I take it to the streets carjack 5-0  
Pack toast like breakfast to go let ya know  
Up front that in my trunk I got this big ass bag  
When opened up it resembles a weapons show  
Wrap sheet in black heat for murder and death  
The pistol on me that I rock it ain't by Mitchell and Ness  
I be medicinal tests cuz I'm sick in the brain  
Sick of the game, never sick of just inflictin' this pain  
I'm thinkin' names on the reg like a break for the third  
leg  
Weeks later, wind up in the woods like a birds egg  
I got the knife now limbs I'm hackin' off  
Plus I fire techs like layers do Mackintosh  
Slackin' off ain't allowed when you're on a mission  
To annihilate entire nightclub crowds  
Emptyin' every clip, I'm fightin' all types of shit  
I've been hit, I really like this shit  
Some muthafuckas should be payin' me to write their  
shit  
Whilin' out bangin' out Bicardi bites and shit  
I won't settle, I deserve a medal  
Vigilante rebel bout to take it to the next level

[Cop Talking Over Radio]

Units in area come in, code 11-352  
Drug dealing suspect sighted in vicinity  
On route to reported drug transaction  
Investigate immediately

[Esoteric]

I load up the glock I line cats in chalk  
Lotta pigs pullin' triggers to blaze ya whole block  
Stick a plate in ya chest, give you, a grim death  
Don't, pretend to save I grade the skin flesh  
My retinas steam but it's wrapped in violence  
When I, close my eyes I see visions of tyrants  
Lock and load fuck buryin' heaters  
I'm ruthless like a mother tryin' to bury a fetus  
I'll wet you up like you stuck in the rain  
Hit you in the jugular vain I'm pluggin' ya brain

[Guy Talking]

Ya punk ass wanna try somethin' with me?

[Esoteric]

Yeah what's that fuck that

Muthafuckas bustin' at me I bust back

Sword blaze my forte you can't floor Shay

My style is negative like the image I portray

Change descriptions, let my beard grow

I'm weird though, drunk off a Jose Cuervo

Tryin' to make it to the next bar without crackin' a whip

5-0s start crackin' the whip

Do a search find crack in the whip

Grab a jacket and split [cop yells "hold it right there"]

I'll be back in a bit now I'm packin' a clip

[Beat stops, gunshots fire while Esoteric yells]

"I ain't goin' nowhere, take that take that

You ain't killin' me you ain't takin' me alive

I ain't goin out like that"

[Gunshots stop while man is talking to (Esoteric)]

Yo, take that shit the fuck up outta there

What I tell you bout makin' all that (no)

Ya Tech? ya Tech Tech ya ass to bed god dammit (no no)

No more XBOX for you for a week (no)

I'm sick a this, matter fact fuck that (takes off his belt)

C'mon boy, I'm bout to whoop that (beats Esoteric with belt)

Muthafucka, take that muthafucka (Esoteric cries)

Aw hell boy, stop that cryin'

I didn't raise me no little bytch!

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