

Toby Lightman

"Rest in Peace"

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{*scratched by 7L*} "It's Esoteric..", "rest in peace"

[Esoteric]

Yo Friday night, feelin right, fuckin with this bad chick
Gats click, now I'm hit, shit, watch the blood spit
I fall face down, background is H-Town
Needle drag, music stops, people call the cops
For a rap cat, shot dead in the back
Over a dame, for some reason of which I cannot
explain
My name was little known at this time
'less we use the Boston, Mass. as the measuring line
My crime bein waxed, redirects, people's TV's set
Maybe you're seein the checks, or see 'em as threats
My fam cries at the wake, some guys do steaks
With their eyes on my tape, realizin my surprisin fate
Ten-to-five covered, then from five-to-eight
Now the average rap fan starts to gravitate
to the Ese-Esoteric, to see if they were sleepin
on a dope MC whose skills need peepin

[Chorus: Esoteric] + {*7L*}

It's tough stayin underground when you're six feet
deep
And major labels profit off of that, but then there's
freak
{ "It's Esoteric" }, { "Rest in peace" }
And now everybody's checkin for my posthumous
release
{*scratched twice*} "Death is a final step!" - RZA
"You know dead rappers get better promotion" -
Jadakiss
"Death is a final step!"

[Esoteric]

Check.. now as I look down, it's kinda tough swallowin
the fact that I'm a dead rapper with a cult followin
Legions of fans got their hands on my old jams
And new fans, they were sayin "Oh damn!"
at every punchline, and now the rumors break and hit
Cause everybody knew that I was workin on some new

shit
Cats askin, "Who's on it? Who produced it?"
Straight up, just ask deceased, let the man {"rest in
peace"}
All my old friends are now sayin that's a spiritual
My mother wants my material
Girlfriends sayin that I'm lyrical, fightin over rights
Sellin R.I.P. t-shirts at open mics
Fans thought the East/West was comin to South
Got the Source van in front of my house
XXL and Elemental runnin their mouth
Got my dad depressed, he's bout to flip, put a gun in
his mouth

[Chorus]

[Esoteric]

Now majors havin bidding wars, and deals on the table
Labels unstable cause my face is on cable
Even underground critics say that I'm the best that did
it
Even though they shitted on my last hit-it
I don't get it, Sony pimped me up in a week
And now my acapella's flowin over wack commercial
beats
They shot my video, with an Esoteric stunt double
in a Lex bubble, sayin it was footage from the night
before the trouble
No red tape, just sample clearances and mad guest
appearances
(Like who?) A lot of guys whom I never authorized
As my mother looks into the skies to apologize
Although I'm dead mom, my soul remains undaunted
Now you can actually afford the things you wish you
flaunted
And even though every studio will be haunted
I finally got the major label budget that I wanted

[Chorus] w/ scratch variations by 7L

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