

Toby Lightman**" Runaway"**

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(Esoteric Talking)

I know you didn't just open your mouth....

I know of all people, the lowest of the low... I see your
tail waggin', dog

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[Verse 1]

Copywrite, you don't wanna fight, this here's a mic

Let me show your bitch ass how to rock it right

Let's begin, I know you saw my battle with Jin

That's why you ran like the wind and jumped out of
your skin

You weren't sayin' "Fuck Soundcheck"

You was sayin' "fuck the whole set! Cage, c'mon,
dawg, we gotta jet!"

Now it's on, don't ever mention 'Lo in your songs
(Why?) cause even Thirstin know you still live with your
moms

In the stix where hoes don't even shave

Folks don't even bathe and roads ain't even paved

Hillbilly Pete tryin' to keep it street, but you nerdy

Actin' 730 when you Powerbar Ernie

Whiteboy sayin' "nigga" sounds sick

When the only black in you be Camel Tao's dick

You a grown man with no plans

And still callin' up college radio requestin' your own
jams

("Ayo, I'm tryin' to blow up!") but you're way off course
Cause The Source doesn't cover ciphers in Short North,
motherfucka

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[Chorus]

You a battle MC? You ain't battle Shay

We called you out in NYC, you ran away

Drop the mic, find another cat to bite

You ain't tight, cause all you do is COPY (riiight?)

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[Esoteric Talking]

Hahah, don't worry about Landspeed payin' me...Worry
about why they rejected
your whole album... and sent E.C. packin' based on your
bullshit..

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[Verse 2]

You made a second jam and still you couldn't get it
right
Gettin' out of bed at night and checkin' my website
Usin' a dead mic, jackin' other cats' beats
Cause y'all producers are weak and wouldn't co-sign
the beef
Usin' that beat like you a fan of The Lox
You handlin' glocks? This is where the fantasy stops
What, you thought I forgot you run with Cannibal Ox?
("I can't even watch!") you scared to bust like amateur
cops
Flip Dog from "Whiteboys", mocked Danny Hoch
Ernest goes to Brooklyn and gets his little chain taken
How you lookin' in them dirty ass Nikes
With a 15 year old chicken head you callin' wifey?
Pencil-neck, in an Avirex from your moms
You in your mid-20's hittin' up junior proms
You abused your creative control
Spittin' punchlines so corny they should come with a
drum roll
Holla at Skillz about a purchase
Your writing's worthless, recycling wack verses
And that shit is unoriginal and sloppy
But what do I expect from a cat named Copy?

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[Chorus]

You a battle MC? You ain't battle Shay
We called you out in NYC, you ran away
Drop the mic, find another cat to bite
You ain't tight, cause all you do is COPY (riiight?)

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[Esoteric Talkin]

Yo, that was your girl? I thought that was your little
sister, dog. The big
field trip to N-Y, after y'all skated after 9-11. Punk
motherfuckers

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[Verse 3]

You went from ridin' Cage's nuts to sayin' "Cage is nuts
He's a shady fuck, let him get stomped, I hate his
guts!"
And plus, you admitted you was glad you left
And not seein' him get beat was your only regret
If that takes the cake then this here's the frosting
Y'all were fightin' over the same chick from Boston
Cage hit the showers, bow to these powers
Call BK back, tell 'em you need hours
You should've left "Haterama" on the net
I said "fuck a reply", but you wouldn't let it die

(The illest four letter word in the world is) AIDS
Just cause you got it don't mean you can change its
name to Cage
"Speaking Real Words" with Deck, you keep sweating
But your label paid for more guests than a Greek
wedding
Copy, your state should be embarassed of you
See that battle shit you talk about, I actually do

[Chorus]Â

You a battle MC? You ain't battle Shay
We called you out in NYC, you ran away
Drop the mic, find another cat to bite
You ain't tight, cause all you do is COPY (riiight?)

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[Esoteric Talkin]

Huh... Copybite... Now you go home... write as many
raps as you want...
but you can't turn back time
Face the facts... you bounced on your motherfuckin'
man... left him there...
That's some shady ass shit, you's a fuckin' snake
Actually, I guess he wasn't even really your man
cause...
cause you said you were glad... glad that he got his ass
kicked
That's some funny shit... You wanted to see that shit go
down, too
You a shady motherfucker
You makin' Cage look like the real motherfuckin' man
and he's a bitch too!
Haha, y'all need to posse up over there...
backstabbin' each other, callin' each other pussies and
shit..
Haha, I read that Elemental Magazine...
I'll be laughin' at that shit 'til next Halloween...
You spoke too soon, Cage
You know the deal, Esoteric.. 7L
Oh, and another thing... kill all that..
the la la about the guns and shit
Y'all ain't got no motherfuckin' guns...
Y'all pull a gun on me, I'll swallow that shit like..
"Shoot me motherfucker! Shoot me! Pull the trigger on
me motherfucker!"
Hahah, y'all some bitches... bring it!

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