

## **Toby Lightman**

### **"The Soul Purpose"**

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[ VERSE 1: Esoteric ]

There's a lot of cats out there that's doin this now  
And a lot of cats out there that threw in the towel  
Some are new to the style, so they take time to learn  
Other cats want burn, they can't be concerned  
With the time it takes, rhymin takes, so they violate  
Grab a pen, begin to gather men  
Form a crew of new jacks that never knew jack  
That never knew wack, that never knew the old boom  
bap  
Make the track, the illegit, the counterfeit  
The snare sounds like a kick  
You're full of shit, you ain't been doin this long  
I'm fresh, Grandmaster Caz said it best:  
"You can't buy a mic at a quarter to 2  
And be a real MC before the day is through"  
Rap today is a circus, underground or surface  
Know why you're doin this, kid, the soul purpose

(Soul)  
(You know the deal)  
(Soul)  
(You know the deal)  
MC's come and MC's go  
But they can't fuck around with the way that we flow  
It's called the  
(Soul)  
(You know the deal)  
(Soul)  
(You know the deal)  
MC's come and MC's go  
But they can't fuck...

[ VERSE 2: Esoteric ]

Cats on the underground, they like to run around  
And throw the word done around with no gun around  
Distributors be actin funny like clowns  
They buy now, pay later like the money down  
Fuck that cause we got to pound through it  
And rough muthafuckas up if it comes down to it  
Pose a threat, so what you hold a Tec

And go to war for nothin like a homeless vet  
I bet your ass don't weigh 90 pounds wet  
Down at the sound check I caught your ass with a  
broken neck  
You know my rep, so you know the steps, go 'head,  
slide  
Tell your story walkin like a tourguide  
Cause my peoples ain't tryin to hear that  
We to-the-rear that, scared rap cats we stare at  
You know the outcome, a power move yo, I'm 'bout one  
And show you what it's all about son

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[ VERSE 3: Esoteric ]  
I pulverize, scold the guys on the vinyl  
Speak my piece, like gun talk I'm homicidal  
Big execs pay the debts on the Lex  
I cop the R-o-lex, GoreTex in different sets  
It's time to up the ante, you're like a Camry  
I'm like a Benz that's ready for the Grand Prix  
Of Monaco, your song is so lame  
I'm like cocaine to the nose and brain  
I'm like a gold chain to the fans of older Kane  
You know the name, I'm doin this for the love, the  
dough and fame  
A fool with Technics and some bullshit beats  
Need to shut his mouth when the cool kid speaks  
My name is Esoteric, that's 7L  
Spinna made the track muthafucka, can't you tell?  
Dope-ass beats, dope cuts and dope verses  
Thanks for your purchase, now peep "The Soul  
Purpose"

(Soul)  
(You know the deal)  
(Soul)  
(You know the deal)  
MC's come and MC's go

But they can't fuck around with the way that we flow  
It's called the  
(Soul)  
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