

Outerspace f/ Esoteric

"Far Greater"

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[Scratching]

You feelin' Outerspace nigger lick two shots
We lettin' you know
You feelin' Outerspace nigger lick two shots
Bow down to something far - greater

[Crypt the Warchild]

I'm word perfect, write my words in a worse curse
And emerge versus, tear this verse in the first person
Disturbed surgeon operatin' for those hurtin'
It's most certain that shows jerkin' when my flows
workin'
Most poetical, watch the game from a gold pedestal
Half man/raging bull when I stand next to you
Me & Plan identical, make it unbearable
The reason that you bleedin', the reason for needin'
medical
No need to even threaten you 'cause talk is cheap
I breed my seeds ready to assault the street
Proceed to breathe heavy, get upon this heat
Let my lines accumulate inside a vault for weeks
My flows are sickenin' - I should be washed & bleached
I'm down to get it in you feelin' froggishly
Surround you spitter sins wit' a squad that's deep
The ground I fit 'em in, let the applaudin' teach

[Scratching]

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[Planetary]

It's me, the most evil verbalist alive
I'm sicker than one foot in the grave ready to die
My brain move, 'bout the same speed a train move
Disturbed world rap, pain moves you lame crews
Rage of angels, no wings crack halos
Smack devil's on payroll when heaven's gates close
I change clothes before rockin' a stained robe
My names gold, voice platinum my frame glow

My shoebox got Tupac and Pun in it
I rock "Hail Mary" spittin' 'til the nuns get it
I done did it, after twenty five years
Five beers I'm buzzed, you sittin' wit' dry tears
The atmosphere's filled wit' debris & dust
My wordplay is nothing you emcees should trust
Bust back syllable gats blast triumphant
Fuck that, we killin' you cats black we run shit

[Esoteric]

Yeah, you know, it's Esoteric
7L on the fader

[Scratching]

Bow down to something far greater

[Esoteric]

Let me find out these little cats want it wit' Es
I'm at ya mum's rest, stompin' ya chest homie I'm
serious
I see cats tryna get their cake up
Make a nickel, and prepare to be a dyme like make-up
The gladiator hit the ring for spars
You wanna rock, bring guitars
I can't watch the news, 'cause when I sneeze yo, I think
it's SARS
To the point I can't think no bars, I just break ya balls
To the cats that cling to bars, to the ones in the mirror
lip-syncin' Nas
I be shrinkin' stars, once I'm done wit' ya face
You gonna have to find a girl who got a thing for scars
I be liftin' motherfuckers out their mink & cars
Then I lounge in bed, g'ahead count my bread
My Boston accent will pronounce you dead
Flip a rhyme like an ounce, make sure mouths is fed

[Scratching]

Bow down to something far greater *2X*

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