

Def Rhymes

7L & Esoteric

Ayo the second that my rhyme drops I leave minds blocked
With more blind spots than a cyclops, I stalk the sidewalks
Looking for rappers who want to battle Esoteric
The only breath control that they behold is oral antiseptic
I'm doing just what you expected
Ripping the mic in half striking psychopaths
Laughing at your writing staff
Iconoclast impresario, me and 7l,
Chopping rhythms like a navaho
I'm a throw wack kids into the water rapids
Hijack their kayak I'm the venus fly trap your nothing but a lilac
You got a battle rhyme you better hide that, I leave you sidetracked Like
Double vinyl my rebuttal's final
So save your little comeback, with one rap
I leave you with a hunchback and duncecap
Drum tracks are under my spell, your dj?
He's not on the cut, he's in the cut, hiding from 7l
You better tell us of his whereabouts
Cuz we're about tormenting, check the def rhymes I'm sending

On the microphone def rhymes I'm sending
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{Scratching} Listen the ace as I rock the place

You're so delicate and fragile on the microphone
That when I knock you into next week I package you in styrofoam
That alone, silences g's like gnats and gnomes
I shatter domes when I flip it like a palindrome
Rap is ridiculous, now there's astrophysicists
I send them back to earth with melted wax like icarus
Witness this, I'm taking theories of these scientists
And proving 'em wrong yeah your crew is the bomb now move it along
It's Esoteric, 7l's on the cross-fade
We toss grenades at your stage so get a blockade
Superlative lyricism it's affirmative
I'm sick of hearing who these rappers think their working with
You couldn't sweet-talk Pete Rock into a beatbox
I swing from treetops like Ewoks, land cheapshots on your weakspots
Speed knots are often dealt
I'm placing pelts of pagan kelts on conveyor belts
The fader melts when I take this, turntablist, by his pancreas
Put the tone-arm, through his own arm
Mentally sound, like a sonar, extending
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I raise your IQ to mine cuz I know your scared of heights
Scared of tearing mics, rappers like you should be wearing tights
I'm a strike the metropolitan, bottling my oxygen
For fresh air on-air and off-air, even in a lawnchair,
I cause fear like a bomb scare
I keep the beat like a lawsuit
From a rock group with a hot loop
You're out your element like the yeti, in the serengeti
Or the sasquatch on the catwalk, my rap stalks the track hops
I'm catching all you foul ballers like a backstop
You say I say my name too much
But I bet you say it more than me once the mic gets clutched
Your rap sucks, like algae, don't act palsy walsy pretending
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