

Guest List

7L & Esoteric

No jeans, no boots, no chains, no hats,
And still you play rap, I don't understand that
These cats hit the club, looking mad rave
On some oxymoronic shit, looking straight gay

Now I ain't gonna pay, 'cause my name's on the guest list
Fuck your dress code, I'm dressed in fresh mode
And about to explode,
'Cause you're taking mad long with my ID
I'm in here weekly
You know my face by now,
Stop wasting my time, you know the deal, get me out of this line
"The list is closed"
How you gonna say the list is closed?
I'm rocking ?? shoes and ?? 6-0's
"Yeah, step right ahead ladies"
No, no, you ain't --
Come on, you're being silly
I know Bruno and Billy
Plus 7L's spinning, that's my DJ
"What do you mean he's *your* DJ?"
Yo, yo

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And still you play rap, I don't understand that
These cats hit the club, just to get dissed
"I'll wreck the spot if I'm not on the guest list"

I'm playing the game, respecting the bouncer
Acting like he has fame, but when I complain
He makes room for some wack cats
Blue shirt, black slacks,
Spiked hair, silver chains,
Motherfucker looking lame
?No one has to speak?
"Just take it easy there, chief"
Chief?! What's this, some type of personal beef?
See, I could be a dyke on a pedal bike
Rockin' metal spikes, multicolored dreadlocks, and reppin' tights
A college cat with a white hat and ?pro? shoes
Who still thinks Abercrombie's the big news
I could be a bucklehead, I could be a raver
I could run around Lansdowne with my pants down, ?on E?
And still get in this club for free
But since I MC, yo, you front endlessly
"You got a college ID?"
You know the doorman's agenda:
"You had to pay so you could enter"

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It's 2000 now, these cats know the
I could roll up in the club and not show my ID
I could dress like a Texan, rock French Connection

Break out my BDP shirt from '87
It doesn't matter, I rock ?the scully? and Timbs
Wear a camouflage jumpsuit to cover my limbs
They're still like "Come on in, here's a tonic and gin
Everybody, Eso's here, the night can begin"
Yo, I really can't complain, it's free champagne
Everybody knows my name, here let me explain:
See the cats who ?pat me down?, wanna ?gas? me now
"Yo Eso, shit's hot, just waiting on that album now"
Yeah, no doubt, you know the deal, stay up
Everything is name brand, I'm pulling chicks like a caveman
'Cause when I hit the club, I don't get dissed, because
"I'll wreck the spot if I'm not on the guest list"

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