

## Knockout (Victory Lap)

7L & Esoteric

Yeah... hahahaha

Bars of Death, Vinyl Thug Music, all that good shit..

Bring in the drums!

We got comin to the ring tonight (bring him out son)

The undisputed heavyweight champ (bring him out son!)

Twenty-five and oh, 25 by knockout motherfucker

It's my boy Esoteric, say somethin

For my soldier to spit the sick, the lunatic

Military drum, bust through lungs, that sound like guns

I roll up, on dirt balls like a dustpan

Have 'em hiding in their own city like that Cubs fan

It's true, Shay changed, the man is berzerk

Make like Pedro and throw your manager in the dirt

Yo the fire never died, it just burned inside me

Saw "Kill Bill," now I'm filming "Kill Bill O'Reilly"

F'real, I feel, I deserve a badge of honor

For rippin asses block to block like Cappadonna

My flow be like water dog, inflating the pockets

And like sick fans, stores ain't afraid to stock it/stalk it

I'm still hungry, plus original

The only bars that I bite are made of chocolate

Es-trogen make y'all extra femme

Spittin two hot lines but the rest is phlegm

7L, E-S, got that special blend

Rock buttons up, not from Express for Men

Put the mic down - that's what we recommend

Design the rhyme with the mind/mine y'all blessed with gems

Aiyyo break 'em (bust 'em) kill 'em (crush 'em)

Y'all ain't built for this rap shit (fuck 'em)

Y'all get killed for that madness (true)

The time is now, the boondocks comin through

Cats say they bust clips in the whip when they floss

Only time they blast heat's when they hit the defrost

Facin Es, you know that make no sense

Like the Celts tradings Antoine for Raef LaFrentz

I spit an avalanche of images, river of blood

Women in tubs, sippin bub, peep a sinister mug

They selling 12 step therapies, under the assumption

My function's to operate on fear and consumption

But, I get daps when I spit my rap

With more Pats on my back than New England sacks

You say you "Die Hard" just like that famous actor

But couldn't do it if you overdosed on Viagra

You're no factor, you work for free and fail

While I'm paid to be outstanding like police on detail

Think about it while the competition plummet

I kill for the sport like hunting on a full stomach

Aiyyo break 'em (bust 'em) kill 'em (crush 'em)

Y'all ain't built for this rap shit (fuck 'em)

Y'all get killed for that madness (true)

The time is now, the boondocks comin through

Oh shit! He's done ladies and gentlemen

First round, knockout, knock out motherfuckers flat on the floor  
Didn't I tell you? This shit is crazy son, crazy son!  
Esoteric, 7L, Bars of Death  
This shit is a wrap money, it's a wrap!!