

## Loud & Clear

7L & Esoteric

We can go blow for blow until we're old and gray  
You're flow's openly gay hope and pray  
That your next LP'll be ghost wrote by Shay  
That's the only way you won't die fruity like Ocean Spray  
I prefer you recite them verses  
Cuz most of your shit sound like a throw away  
You ain't a pro you a protégé  
This is animal rap, it ain't open mic poetry day  
You ain't a solider and no you ain't a trooper  
Frontin' like a thug in a 6 when you a geek in a mini cooper  
Who but Shay stay ready for clashin'?  
My tongue gives out more lashin' than the passion

This goes out, to every hungry wanna battle emcee  
Workin' full time doin' battle entry  
This goes out, to the people that with it on their game  
Till they overload they brain like an overdose of cane  
This goes out, to the workin' mans peeps, thought i'd holler  
In your ear sayin' f\*\*k George Bush loud & clear  
Get em outta' hear show that cat the door  
Cuz we don't wanna hear that bullshit no more

You can look at this verse as a word to the wise  
Realize open up your eyes  
We got people over seas gettin' blown to bits and thrown in a ditch  
While Bush is at the game throwin' out the openin' pitch  
Double vision bird strugglin' with words  
Like Fox news tryin' to pronounce the names of, Arabic Kurds  
His staff is absurd  
Fuck a chicken haawk battle cry them cats ain't served  
On the real it's true I'd dodge a draft too  
But see, I don't want war them muthafuckas do  
They, all talk like Republican radio  
Really only right-winger I supports Cam Neely

This goes out, to every hungry wanna battle emcee  
Workin' full time doin' battle entry  
This goes out, to the people that with it on their game  
Till they overload they brain like an overdose of cane  
This goes out, to the workin' mans peeps, thought i'd holler  
In your ear sayin' f\*\*k George Bush loud & clear  
Get em outta' hear show that cat the door  
Cuz we don't wanna hear that bullshit no more

ES, that's what they call em  
Schizophrenic like Smeagal of Golem  
How can we stall em, rappers keep fallin'  
Y'all are off track like skiin' through a slalom  
Read the column mark obituary fickle merry  
Men I slay Shay's still a visionary  
Who loves women, knows a bitches need  
Good sex and bump shoes like Richard Reed  
A jail with rebellious minds  
Who held time on the frontlines a month at a time  
Peace to mankind, y'all can quote this rhyme  
I'm well read like a book with a broken spine

This goes out, to every hungry wanna battle emcee  
Workin' full time doin' battle entry  
This goes out, to the people that with it on their game  
Till they overload they brain like an overdose of cane  
This goes out, to the workin' mans peeps, thought i'd holler  
In your ear sayin' f\*\*k George Bush loud & clear  
Get em outta' hear show that cat the door  
Cuz we don't wanna hear that bullshit no more