

# Mic Mastery

## 7L & Esoteric

Yo, yo,yo I weave a tapestry strike rapidly and magically  
Alter battle rap habitats automatically  
You back down, I change your background like Photoshop  
My oratory inventory's overstocked  
I'm ripping the track, djs are enjoying it  
"Cutting it up, and completely destroying it"  
Ambidextrous, yo you must be on a deathwish  
Stepping to this, I'm venomous I'll leave you breathless  
I spat words, waxed and taxed herbs  
Your raps absurd, backs get fractured,  
My crack a shell, bag your mademoiselle  
Take the cake then I break like a bat out of hell  
You f\*\*k with Esoteric catch a capital L  
Lock horns with 7L, son there's none parallel  
You need a beat to flow to?  
You're lucky if your said Hello to  
Bitch-ass crab I thought I told you

"Known to be the master in the M.C. field"  
"Make way, 'cause here I come"  
"Known to be the master in the M.C. field"  
"Cover every angle on the mic, I'm killin'"

It's Esoteric kid, yeah that's whose spitting  
Ask Lew dipping in the back, brew sipping  
I spit hot shit when wack crew ripping  
It even leaves the ink on your tattoo dripping  
Crab cat talk about how your seeing gats  
The only metal you hold is the one for being wack  
The only battle you've been in is the one you reinact  
Talking trash from the back like a sneak attack  
I'm strictly biz cause I'm going where Parrish went  
You ain't wack, you's a fucking embarrassment  
I'm making sense like your last record's total sales  
I spoke in brail, you felt it so much  
That you left with broken nails  
When packing a jam, harrassing the fans for not clapping their hands  
Cuz you ain't dope you just a flash in the pan  
Like coke to a crack dealer bagging a gram  
I rock a fitted cap, can't deal with little straps  
Strictly big guns when it comes to ripping tracks  
I ain't sweating sales, dub this for your crew  
Cuz once they hear the rhymes they're gonna want the cover too

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(2x)

Yo I take command crushing all my enemies, breaking their hands  
A giant avalanche quaking your fam  
The mic killer, I bring doom ripping buffons  
Rhymes expand like the womb in delivering rooms  
Too gory, these kids split Whigs like a Tory  
More importantly I bring the 4th degree of sorcery  
Orally, forgery authorities report to me

Quarterly, the way I corner borders be like Normandy  
I'm ornery, words turn, as your verse squirms like an earthworm  
First learn, churches burn as worlds turn  
Predicaments, make your ligaments of no significance  
I'm speaking real words kid your speaking ignorance  
I must insist, it's tough to feel dissed  
By a rap group I don't even know exists  
What you maggots hope to say, could never serve Shay  
The only wax you put out was candles on your birthday

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(2x)