

Rest In Peace

7L & Esoteric

Yo Friday night, feelin' right, fuckin' with this bad chick
Gats click, now I'm hit, shit, watch the blood spit
I fall face down, background is H-Town
Needle drag, music stops, people call the cops
For a rap cat, shot dead in the back
Over a dame, for some reason of which I cannot explain
My name was little known at this time
'Less we use the Boston, Mass as the measuring line
My crime bein waxed, redirects, people's TV's set
Maybe you're seein the checks, or see 'em as threats
My fam cries at the wake, some guys do steaks
With their eyes on my tape, realizin my surprisin fate
Ten-to-five covered, then from five-to-eight
Now the average rap fan starts to gravitate
To the Ese-Esoteric, to see if they were sleepin'
On a dope MC whose skills need peepin

It's tough stayin' underground when you're six feet deep
And major labels profit off of that, but then there's freak
(It's Esoteric rest in peace)
And now everybody's checkin' for my posthumous release
(Death is a final step)
"You know dead rappers get better promotion"
"Death is a final step!"

Check now as I look down, it's kinda tough swallowin'
The fact that I'm a dead rapper with a cult followin'
Legions of fans got their hands on my old jams
And new fans, they were sayin' "Oh damn!"
At every punchline, and now the rumors break and hit
'Cause everybody knew that I was workin' on some new shit
Cats askin, "Who's on it? Who produced it?"
Straight up, just ask deceased, let the man {"rest in peace"}
All my old friends are now sayin' that's a spiritual
My mother wants my material
Girlfriends sayin' that I'm lyrical, fightin over rights
Sellin' RIP t-shirts at open mics
Fans thought the East/West was comin' to South
Got the Source van in front of my house
XXL and Elemental runnin' their mouth
Got my dad depressed, he's bout to flip, put a gun in his mouth

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Now majors havin bidding wars, and deals on the table
Labels unstable 'cause my face is on cable
Even underground critics say that I'm the best that did it
Even though they shitted on my last hit-it
I don't get it, Sony pimped me up in a week
And now my acapella's flowin' over wack commercial beats
They shot my video, with an Esoteric stunt double

In a Lex bubble, sayin' it was footage from the night before the trouble
No red tape, just sample clearances and mad guest appearances
(Like who?) A lot of guys whom I never authorized
As my mother looks into the skies to apologize
Although I'm dead mom, my soul remains undaunted
Now you can actually afford the things you wish you flaunted
And even though every studio will be haunted
I finally got the major label budget that I wanted

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