

## Warning - Knife in the Face

7L & Esoteric

You motherfuckers  
This is some murderous shit right here  
It's the E-S, 7L on the track  
Potent somethin' through ya bean hat  
Don't try to pigeon hold me baby  
You know the deal  
About to black out on these motherfuckers  
It's like this, hey yo

We don't pussy foot around shit, we beat down shit  
We ain't the type of cats that you wanna f\*\*k around with  
Straight up, like a jump ball  
You make my skin crawl, like a snake  
I hold my weight, like Triple H, the cerebral assassin  
I beat you, defeat you wid the passion  
Cash and girls are what motivates me  
A small rapper like yaself is needin' safety  
I don't claim to be a thug  
But that would mean a slug  
For any faggo that's givin' or receivin' love  
I keep a glove in my right hand  
So when I murder wid the mic  
They won't trace it when they pull it out ya diaphragm  
You're in the fryin' pan  
I'm a violent man watchin' silence of the lambs  
Ready to go out, and slap the jaws off ya mouth  
I'm not the one to diss  
I'm fearless like Walken in the deer hunter is  
No doubt

You thug it out, we cut it out  
You f\*\*k around we gon' slug it out, club it out  
You playin' games we gon' shut you out  
So now you know what we about  
Pimp slap a thug beyond the shadow of a doubt

Y'all motherfuckers is actin' real fake right  
Ya man's man ain't even that man  
You ain't livin' that life  
You ain't ready for that man, fall back

Bitch ass rapper, fake act clapper  
Can't f\*\*k around with the underground jaw tapper  
Raw rapper, rugged like a Landrover  
Handover the mic ya plan's over tonight  
Ain't nobody flowin' as tight in y'all click  
I'm to sick, to eat a dick  
Ya can't get wid the words that I spit  
I rip, can't stand none of this fake shit  
This side of stupid weak shit, you a baby, go back to Old Navy  
Yo I shop Newbury, now you walk new bury  
While I'm spendin' cash on Fifth Ave you get stabbed, not a clue  
Or the slightest inklin' of who you talkin' to  
I slaughter you, my crew hit's you on the face off  
First of all shake the hate off  
Claimin' that you paid when it's my plate that you ate off  
The truth is you can't afford to take a day off

You stay soft like my purple label face cloth  
My dick you need to stay off  
If punch lines were punch clocks you'd be laid off

Hook x2