Yell At Us

7L & Esoteric

Yo, let me tell y'all something
This ain't motherfuckin' rap music, this is motherfuckin' slap music
And no faggot ass bitches get slapped the f**k up on a daily basis
7L keeping it Godzilla on the track
All hail Apathy, the Eso-pterodactyl
and yours truly, Celph motherfuckin' Titled

Yo I'm a motherfuckin' legend in the streets and I don't care about rap
When my gun goes off they call me Grand Master Flash
Blast your wig off when I pulled his hair trigger
Water park your body slide you down the Hudson River
Listen carefully my flows be best in the cypher
Or come close, get cosy next to the fire
I got golf trophies and croquet hammers, propane canisters in my garage next to dead bodies and fertilizer sard
With rifles in odd places in the aquarium with fish water
Out in the kitchen inside the dish washer
Oh so gangsta tell me I'm wrong
Frontin' on the block you wasn't sellin' coke on
You was singing folk songs
Riding your bike with tight coats on
Throwing smoke bombs on old folks lawns
And thats as gully as you got
You ain't throwin' the darts
I got nuclear bombs that make you glow in the dark
I'm like McGyver with weapons, respect the guard when he shouting
I can make a gun with just a Pepsi can and a soldering iron
Better duck 'cause these bullets might go through
the right view of those tinted light blue bifocals
My knife owes you, penetration for sure
I'm a rap cannibal on the second leg of my tore
Whether you Scorpio or Sagittarius
I keep a gat next to my hairy nuts and never scared to bust

Ain't no need to holla
Bring it on and just yell at us
Demigodz, we official hell rappers
Fight to the death, hold your team for ransom
Ready for war whenever we chant this anthem (2X)

I leave this track destroyed a blackened void
Like the earth's just collided with an asteroid
Chicks avoid these ignorant boys
who pick apart sexual freaks like Sigmund Freud
I'm the bitch fucker, slut sticker, ho I'd probably hit you
I'm chemically imbalanced baby I got issues
The type thats gettin brains on an am-track train
While they cracking open the vile of anthrax sprayin
Mind of Confucius
Tongue fork like Judas
Concentration of Buddhist and fists like a pugilist
You stupid bitches are too superstitious
Terrified of Y2K computer glitches
But now it's 2003 we're in a war
Where you clutch ya throat, choke & gag on the floor
From invisible fumes who reach physical doom
Till' we f**k up the planet and gotta' live on the moon

I travel underwater, twenty-thousand leagues
In a Bio-Dome bubble where I struggle to breathe
Where the light doesn't reach so it's trouble to read
So I rock off the top while they juggle the beat
Where it's so cold humans gotta' cuddle for heat
I'll probably loose my mind and chuckle for weeks
While up on the streets humans mutate into beasts
Then eat the flesh of deceased you'll never rest in peace

I'm sick of you all
If rap was hoop give me the ball
Then I'll pierce you like Ricky or Paul
Cities will fall like Pompei
Here's a buck fifty, it's on Shay
My words deep like I wrote this shit upon clay
Demigodz, the squad is on a power trip
Like Colin Powell on acid doing foul shit
You claim your guns enforce
But the only iron you ever pulled was on a golf course
(Make money) Yes that is the plan
And I know it like my girl knows the back of my hand (haaa)
y'all put me to sleep y'all poetry's dull
I got a splitting headache from cracking so many skulls
I blaze the booth
(y'all fake)
Shay's the truth
I beast motherfuckers like Beowulf
I need five microphones, four clones of Catherine Zeta-Jones
Three whips to rome, two homes and a gold throne
I throw stones at glass cribs
Fuck up parties and crack ribs
Ya'll throw blanks like mad-libs
A.O.T.P. shook rappers call police (siren)
I'll leave your brain lookin' like a Jackson Pollock piece
I'm an Altered beast
Ya'll are geese soon to be deceased
Bow to the cheif, you fuckers need a preist
No peace, step to Esoteric if you want it
And get killed by bars like a raging alcoholic

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