

2 the Essence

Kool Savas

"Let' start the battle"
"I got the type of skills that make you wanna quit"
"We got that raw shit"
"Tajai"
"Gib mir das Mic"
"King S"
"Masta Ace"

Yeah it's dark down here, when it spark down here
You just might get attacked by a shark down here
See we smart down here, we do it for the art down here
Make sure your shit is sharp down here
Cause this ain't no stroll in the park when you walk down here
No, everybody's starving down here
Most can't survive, cause there's war down here
Extreme self-esteem getting torn down here
Life's full of drama but it's more down here
End up in a pool of blood on the floor down here
Everything you witnessed and you saw down here
Leaves you permanently scarred to the core down here
Above ground great but it's raw down here
Your ass better abide by the law down here
Cause one false step and you can fall down here
Best rappers in the world and we all down here

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Brainiac dumb dumbs, was für 'ne Entwicklung, Opfata
Jetzt ist der Prof. am Start, ihr schreibt mal euer Magister
Entschlüsselt erst diese Hieroglyphen, Essah ist das Synonym für
„Kein Respekt“, diese MCs sind nur Parasiten wie Chlamydien
Werd' nicht müde, sie zu rügen, sprecht es offen aus hier
Die Karrieren sind wie Nebel im Allgäu – Fischen im Trüben
Warten aufn Hit, ich weiß, die Wahrheit schmerzt, werd' wütend
Was für „Star“? Komm mir zu nah, ich lass dich gern verglühen
Ich geb' ihn' Kügelchen wie 'n Naturheiler aus der BB-Gun
Es reicht – Pump, aber ich bin dir mit dem Kopf voraus wie Zidane
Sieh ihn an, eins 80 und doch ein Riese
Sie fragen mich, was mit Beef ist
Geh, check Bello 3, reagier auf sie wie 'ne Wand
Schön für dich, du machst deine Mucke zu Kohle, ich zum Diamant
Setze mich gegen den Teufel zu wehr
Und siege – Nenn mich Vietnam
Außen cool, aber innerlich führt es dich wie den Adler, immer
Back zu dei'm Horst, Dicka, („That's when ya lost"), Ficker

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I got ears for the talent, hands for the hustle
Mind on militant, heart full of struggle
Watch the footwork you just might get hurt
Either you're with me or against me on life's adventures
So approach cautious, I'm known to stomp imposters
Unconscious, in a fresh pair of Adi Dasslers
Formatted lossless, acts of lawlessness
In suit when I drop this instant mosh pit
I did it to death from the dingiest depths where the apes at
In a skate straight to the apex
Scraped and scratched, still lamp with a great set
[?] wax strapped in a camp where the grapes at
Cut the hand of any scamp tryin' to take that
Straight blaw, most you could do is imitate that
Brrat, rappers on their blat, riders on the set
Everybody walk, ready set, uh