

The Soul Purpose

7L & Esoteric

There's a lot of cats out there that's doin this now
And a lot of cats out there that threw in the towel
Some are new to the style, so they take time to learn
Other cats want burn, they can't be concerned
With the time it takes, rhymin takes, so they violate
Grab a pen, begin to gather men
Form a crew of new jacks that never knew jack
That never knew wack, that never knew the old boom bap
Make the track, the illegit, the counterfeit
The snare sounds like a kick
You're full of shit, you ain't been doin this long
I'm fresh, Grandmaster Caz said it best:
"You can't buy a mic at a quarter to 2
And be a real MC before the day is through"
Rap today is a circus, underground or surface
Know why you're doin this, kid, the soul purpose

(Soul)
(You know the deal)
(Soul)
(You know the deal)
MC's come and MC's go
But they can't f**k around with the way that we flow
It's called the
(Soul)
(You know the deal)
(Soul)
(You know the deal)
MC's come and MC's go
But they can't f**k...

Cats on the underground, they like to run around
And throw the word done around with no gun around
Distributors be actin funny like clowns
They buy now, pay later like the money down
Fuck that cause we got to pound through it
And rough muthafuckas up if it comes down to it
Pose a threat, so what you hold a Tec
And go to war for nothin like a homeless vet
I bet your ass don't weigh 90 pounds wet
Down at the sound check I caught your ass with a broken neck
You know my rep, so you know the steps, go 'head, slide
Tell your story walkin like a tourguide
Cause my peoples ain't tryin to hear that
We to-the-rear that, scared rap cats we stare at
You know the outcome, a power move yo, I'm 'bout one
And show you what it's all about son

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I pulverize, scold the guys on the vinyl
Speak my piece, like gun talk I'm homicidal
Big execs pay the debts on the Lex
I cop the R-o-lex, GoreTex in different sets
It's time to up the ante, you're like a Camry
I'm like a Benz that's ready for the Grand Prix
Of Monaco, your song is so lame
I'm like cocaine to the nose and brain
I'm like a gold chain to the fans of older Kane
You know the name, I'm doin this for the love, the dough and fame
A fool with Technics and some bullshit beats
Need to shut his mouth when the cool kid speaks
My name is Esoteric, that's 7L
Spinna made the track muthafucka, can't you tell?
Dope-ass beats, dope cuts and dope verses
Thanks for your purchase, now peep "The Soul Purpose"

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