

Esoteric, Duck Hunt

(Verse One: Esoteric)

Yo, cats who bite my stick get the damaged tooth
The shit so hot, the lab's like a tanning booth
The Duck Hunt, point 'em out and these words just hit me
I can shoot from any angle like Dirk Nowitzki
Full of myself, can't find a shirt that fits me
Piss on wack rappers 'til I burst a kidney
Seay's sick, I got this amazing gift
to leave you beside yourself like Agent Smith
Like an ancient myth, E-S machete mics
Clear 'em out, who air 'em out like sweaty Nikes
My fam, stay real while I heard your clan's gay
Plus I saw you with your man Ray leavin' {?}
On Monday, I heard that you were shit talkin'
Tuesday I'm golfin six feet above your coffin
You can label me underground
Cause I rise to the occasion every time I come around

{*scratched*}

"The #1 duck hunter" "Esoteric"
"The #1 duck hunter" "You know the deal"

(Verse Two: P.T.U.)

Yo it's the duck killer regiment, skills from the best of men
Born in Bethlehem, y'all can read it in your testament
Clever pen, diss you estrogen feathermen
Break you down, until you soft like sediment
Only pay homage to the bombers and the veterans
Reverend, of artistic letterin'
Hit you in the head until you need Excederin
Advils, aspirins, done from my scepter's end
Like it was swung by Skeletor, that's hella raw
Hit you with the kitchen sink plus the cellar door
Over my knee, show you what the belt is for
Novarock{?} and Esoteric they be yellin' for
Front row at a show melt your melon core
Your CD sucks, it would never sell in stores
Labels got dough for you they ain't backin'
I slice your bill off and stop you ducks from quackin'
The Duck Hunt

{*scratched*}

"The #1 duck hunter"
"It's Esoteric!" (Yeah)

(Esoteric)

We hunt ducks and strangle dumb fucks
with numchuks to leave the crowd clappin' like Dunbuck's{?}
The rap avalanche, I get in my stance
and strike the mic like a kid escapin' Neverland Ranch

(P.T.U.)

Remote control cruise a dart through your heart, tear your crew apart
And put your fuckin' thoughts through a cuisinart
Cats talk gats but that shit's wack to me
You only spray clips paintin' guns in a factory

(Esoteric)

Yo swoopin' in out the left, out for death
You're out of breath, I speak my clout and it's fresh
See Es' is the name, I'm here to save the game
like Dennis Eck' (we went from E-R-S to F-N-X)
"The pterodactyl"

"TOO, MUCH, POSSE!" - Flavor Flav