Dem Boyz

Esham

This ones for them boys with the drugs in they house
This ones for them boys with the slugs in they mouth
This ones for them boys with the taps on they phone
They know the halfs on they zone, and peelin caps with the chrome
This one's for them boys! (Dirty hoodlums!)
This one's for them boys! (Hustlin!)
This one's for them boys! (Dirty hoodlums!)
This one's for them boys! (Hustlin!)
[Esham]This one's for the ones that making cheddar, that fetty, all about they hussle
Make a def jam out in the streets, without Russel
What's so strange is that I came in this game
With the ones who "Bang Bang", make your brains hang, and it is a thang
Bitch, better have my muthafuckin fetty
Before I put this mm-mm to your head and make your shit look like spaggetti
Y'all ain't ready
The hatchet slit you like a machete
Left hand bust the roscoe, right hand hold the whip steady
[Violent J]This ones for the boys from the darkest corners
To the streets of Hell. These boys ain't no foreigners
And warrin' is every day, and the cost ain't soft
Even when they miss, you still get a shoulder blown off
This ones for the boys who chew hollow tips like gum
And wash it down with everclear cause the care ain't there
And these boys be the bad guys, and cant switch
They put a bullet clean through your head and into your bitch
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[Esham]This is for them boys up all night, stuffing wax packs with heroin
Up on the block straight doing the Aero Flyn
Gettin money, everything you wear brand new
Pockets stay lumpy like grandma's stew

When you true to the game, the game will be true to you

What up though, you're ghost if I say so
Guns and ammo - I buy em buy the caseload
Then I get you hit for fifty pesos
[Violent J]This ones for this boy
A killjoy, chick toy
Shit boy, I'm sick, boy
Click-bang go the foe foe, off go the shell
There go the poe poe off into Hell
Oh well, I'm in motel, Hotel Six
And I got your chick on the tip of this dick
Now she taking it in, sinking it in, her titties I'm shakin them, and
I don't know when I'm be done
[Esham]Then I'm a be busting my gun
This ones for the boys saying fuck the "5-0"
Fuck the 5-0 when it's all about survival
Talkin to my pistol don't help
My shotgun said "blasphemy" until I shot on myself
This one's for the money figures
The go-getters, ice-rockers
Twenty-four seven non-stoppers
This ones for the pill poppers
Eh yo fuck that, this ones for the head-choppers
[Violent J]This one's for the people livin down in them sewer pipes
Makin a living off of all that aint right
And this is for them witches that was tied to stakes
And for the killers that have seen me after death shakes
And them peddlers on the corner when it's ice-cold
And dead bobies on the side of the road
This is for that part of the city that everybody warns about
Where throats get torn out
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This ones for them boys with the slugs in they mouth
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