Detroit 101

Esham

Detroit
Yo, 313
Detroit 101
D-E-T
Detroit, Detroit 101
[Esham]It's all about bitches, hoes, fat bank rolls
The DTS Caddy with the fresh set of Vogues
Spinnin' on blades, forever stayed paid, true
Plus I'm dope like your hoe sniff a Quaalude
And put the 'Smack Down' on any bitch out here like 'The Rock'
Not like the wrestler, but the ki off the block
Straight off the East Side where they murder cops
My pistol's in the air goin' pop, pop, pop
I'm killin' anything that's 'Shady'
Bitin' my style? Pay me
And even in stereo you still couldn't play me
Crack baby, 313, D-E-T
Bitches pop they pussy at night for they fee
All type-a trickin' and freakin', ain't shit free
"cause fuckin' off ya skrill wit' these hoes can cost me up in
(Chorus)
Detroit, what?

Detroit, what?
Detroit (Detroit, Detroit) muthafucka! [2x]
[Esham]In Detroit, never leave ya house without a gun
I don't give a fuck if you're gettin' ya hair done
Pickin' up ya daughter or droppin' off ya son
"cause criminals got bullets and dyin' to share some
When ya ridin', gotta watch what street you turn down
You might look around and everything is burnt down
On fire, street lights broken
The hustlas don't kill on guys the fiend's smokin'
While the players play 247 parley
Still gets fucked up like Bob Marley
(Like Bob Marley) [4x]
[Mastamind talking]Uh, blaze one for the wicket
Learn about some shit
[Mastamind]I'm just a D-E-T P-I-M-P

While you at home 'sleep I'm out on them streets
City slicker bitch, I'm the nigga with shit
That'll rip through ya body, so quit

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