Crib Death

Esham

Hardcore mother fucker....
Esham is the unholy!
Hardcore mother fucker....
Esham is the unholy!
So not alot people realize, that you know,
Rock-n-roll is truely black music.
Esham! Esham!
And you look at it as music you know,
And anybody who said rock sold out, they can basically suck my dick,
Esham! Esham!
I mean you don't wanna talk about that shit you know,
It's bullshit
I hear screams at midnight, you're bitin' the dust,
'cause my voice is cursed, so dangerous that your mind busts,
A brain panic, so gigantic, a skitsofrantic,
The psychitrist diagnosed me as being manic.
The problem ain't me though, you can never see no,

Hear no, say no, unholy evil.
Brothas have died, so many mutha fuckas tried,
To get to the other side, the path is suicide.
I don't give a fuck, and you ask me why, bro,
I wanna get paid, pussy, and then I wanna die, yo!
I said I'd rather be dead, so go ahead and kill me,
Satan's got my soul, I gave it unwillingly.
God bless the child with the black and red T-Shirt,
13 ways to cook up A-C-I-D,
So if you wanna follow me, then I'm sure that you'll agree,
Monkey do, monkey see.
Upside down cross, many have got lost,
The witch jumped on your back and rode ya like horse.
Now you can't wake up, you're losin' your last breath,
Fell asleep listenin' to the radio, now it's a crib death

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/