

Thinking To Myself

Young Money

Well I was thinkin' to myself, how could I get mental
And drop a wicked track over a funky instrumental
I rhyme for the mind then in time you will find
The seven sign of death and I am the seventh sign
The crew is like a devil but the devil is the crew
It's not what you know, it's only what you prove
Some ask me many questions and wonder my religion
I'm losin' my religion, that answer's your decision
Blacks killin' blacks, seems to be the new trend
Thou shall not diss Esham, that is a sin
My favorite number 666, so guess again
And if you feel the need to pray, say Amen
The drum is wicked, I think I heard him kick it
This beat is like a pussy to me, so I'ma dick it
I'm some like Dr. Jeckyl, but more like Mr. Hyde
Some people heard my rap, now they commitin' suicide
Now tell me is that crazy, like Rosemary's baby
I don't give a fuck, so your death didn't phase me
Some call me a psychotic, I'm more like a narcotic
My poetry's a riot and I'm down wit mill like product
The answer's to your questions, might off to make ya vomit
So therefore when you ask me, I'm supposed to say 'No comment'
I'm feelin' rather splendid, some people I've offended
But you bought my record, it wasn't recommended

I'm in the top ten, Amen and other sin
Esham the Unholy, so here we go again
No bleeps, no bleeps, no blunders, no blurs
My style is unisex, for his and hers
Someone to ride my topics, unholy like I drop it
For suckers like you, I keep my pistol in my pocket
So please no disruptions, or rude interruptions
There will be a penalty for bitin' what I'm bustin'
So please understand that I'm the fuckin' man
Some people hear my music
And they think I should be banned
One for the treble, two for the devil
Three for your grave that I dug wit the shovel
I'm runnin' down the line and say a funky rhyme

Some more wicket shit for the very last time
I'm not from the old school and new school grade
I dropped outta school, sixteen and got paid
I'm glockin' crazy dollars while ya fly girlie hollas
I got much game, don't need no rope around my collar
I treat a bitch like a ho, a ho like a freak
Then I daze in amaze, by the way I speak
I'ma say what I wanna say in any fuckin' kinda way
Half you fuckas out there, don't even know the time or day

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