

My 9 Rhymes

Esham

Born beat up and always hungry
Never thought I'd turn into a criminal if anything
Runnin from the cops like Al Capone
Goin Rambo on them mother fuckers like Sly Stallone
Got a gat in my pants like its part of my belt
Suckers scared like butter so they start to melt
I stand silent like concrete in Detroit's streets
What a rich man throws away is what a poor man eats
When i was 5 my mind start to blow
Told my teacher i want to be like Hitler when i grow up
When i was 7 disregarded the laws of heaven
When i was 10 i started committing sin
I went to church on Sunday and i cussed out the reverend
When i became an adolescent i never learned my lesson

Witchcraft and voodoo with needles and pins
Puttin holes in mother fuckers with a fuckin smith and wesson
A homicidal vital recital Esham my title
I know my shit is deaf and i know you want a bite oh
But no dont do it you'll be just a carbon copy
Esham is original and everyone else is sloppy
Still i kill im sweet like Sugar Hill
Not your average everyday elementary run of the mill
Mother fucker get it strait i dont battle that's for suckers
You wish you was down with Reel Life Product aint that right brothers
I dont bullshit no need to bullshit
You pull some shit and you'll be pullin bullets n shit
Brother think im bluffin pull me bluff and get fucked up and
Its time for me to shut up cus i really said enough

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