

# Don't Blame Me

## Esham

Here I come, better run I gotta sawed off shotgun  
Pump that buck and you might catch a hot one  
Call me a head hunter, head's I've chopped off  
Cemetery's full from the bodies I dropped off  
Mothafuckaz hate me, 'cause I'm singing Blasphemy  
Die and go to hell and when you get there ask for me  
Come along for the ride, drive you to suicide  
I'm the Unholy Esham, that's right  
Get me a razor blade and I might jack a spade  
Or jack jack my dick to a poor porno flick  
Nasty motherfucker with the wicked mentality  
Thirteen ways is a small technicality  
'cause I got one, blow your fuckin head out  
Pull your fuckin eyes out, just to get the red out  
If you be a nigga or a white boy honkey  
I get funky, hip hop junkie  
Serial killa, frosted flakes  
Fucked up in the head waking up with the shakes  
Those are the breaks, fuckin up the fakes  
Some shit I make you cant take  
But dont blame me.  
(CHORUS)  
Dont blame me  
Dont blame me  
Dont blame me  
Dont blame me, the devil made me do it.  
Better reach your children, 'cause I might burn em'  
Teach em' and learn em' a motherfuckin lesson  
Get my Smith & Wesson and blow your baby's head off  
From watchin bullshit, turn the T.V. set off  
Psycho, and I might go like Michael  
Say some shit that you might not like so  
Who's that god that you praise the lord to  
Buyin that ticket to the heavens, cant afford to  
Esham's back with the New Jack Swing  
I dont pray or none or those things  
Now we got niggaz that's rappin bout god ya'll  
Praise the lord to me the black oddball

I aint no joke and my words aint fiction

If you think so you can suck my dick then  
I dont like preachers, or prayers, but playaz  
Esham the Unholy wicked rhyme sayer  
Swing with the Slayer, sing if you dare  
But just like before I dont care  
And dont blame me.

(CHORUS)

Dont blame me (we are searchers of the truth)  
Dont blame me (we are searchers of the truth)  
Dont blame me (we are searchers of the truth)  
Dont blame me, the devil made me do it.  
Sick in the head, knotty like a dread  
Pump that lead 'cause I'd rather be dead  
Gimme what you got if you hip you get with me  
I think my wrist is talking to you tellin you to slit me  
Suicidalist and I'm unorthodox  
Down with the black sox, whiskey on the rocks  
You might catch me in a jail cell with a wig  
I slaughtered me a pig, but you cant dig  
The voices in my head, tellin me to waste ya  
Pig that Bacon ham sandwich I can taste ya  
Everybody lookin for a bible to touch  
We shall overcome is a bit too much  
But you cant touch this  
Religion is some hokus-pokus  
Betcha seein god when you focus  
But when the day comes and you gotta run for shelter  
Now you screamin Hellterskellter  
Damn, you gotta turn off the T.V.  
Or dont blame me.

(CHORUS)

Dont blame me (dont start no shit now)  
Dont blame me (dont start no shit now)  
Dont blame me (dont start no shit now)  
Dont balme me, the devil made me do it.

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