

Some Old Wicket Shit!!!

Esham

(CHORUS)

Some old wicket shit
Some old wicket shit (for you)
Some old wicket shit (for you)
Midnight's the witches hour
And your outside
Somebody played a Reel Life Product tape
And committed suicide
Tryin to save ya soul it cant be done
Unholy to the son of satan, I aint the one
Congratulations brothaz and sistaz who prayed for me
Some slayed for me and still pray for me
They say my rhyme's satanic it'll make ya vomit
And I think I'm the shit when it comes down to it
You knew it and know it, unholy poet, your mind I'll blow it
If you ever heard me rhyme for the first time
It is like a hurricane, stun you like novicane
Simple and plain, Reel Life Product is insane
Your fuckin with the wrong one
Listen till the song's done
Fuck around and be on the wrong end of a gun son
Your listenin to insanity, but that's just demandin me
I say I'm Esham and you said how can it be
I'ma psycho-pathic, auto-matic
Reel Life Product, pro-static, fuck it.

(CHORUS)

Some old wicket shit
Some old wicket shit (for you)
Some old wicket shit
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Some old wicket shit
Some old wicket shit
I'm the U-N-H-O-L-Y better known as Esham
Champs and chumps step up and get some punk
Playin around with me is like playin with a rattlesnake
I shake and bake and break the fake
E-S-H-A-M I'm him not one of them
Reel Life Product's grim

A phsychofrantic motherfuckaz future's lookin dim
A R-E-A-L a L-I-F-E a P-R-O-D to the U-C-T
Reel Life Product's what I spelled our very seldom yelled
_____dope we sell
I have the mind of the devil, the body of lucifer
Gimme a mic and watch me get loose for ya
Convince a motherfucker that suicide's the way
Another homicide, I'll live another day I lied
I said I was the unholy, 'cause a preacher told me
The U-N-H-O-L-Y is a brotha with soul see
It's written down in the god damn scriptures
Im not satanic, so fuck yall bitches.

(CHORUS)

Some old wicket shit
Some old wicket shit (for you)
Some old wicket shit
Some old wicket shit (for you)
Some old wicket shit
Some old wicket shit (for you)
Holy god, fuck the joy's
Here come Reel Life Production and the devil's groove
You cant move, you might as well tape it
And listen, and listen untill it's your favorite
The speakers are smokin, niggaz chokin
I'm provokin, no jokin, motherfuckers hopin
That I get off the mic and shut up forever
But that's a dream that'll never come true, never
I'm insane, it's hard to maintain my mentality
If you keep listenin you'll have a wicket personality
Fuck it.

(CHORUS)

Some old wicket shit (for you)
Some old wicket shit (for you)
Some old wicket shit (for you)
This is my song (for you)
This is my song (for you)
This is my song (for you)
This is my song (for you)

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