

# 4 All The Suicidalist

## Esham

Listen 'cause this is the sound of a crucifix  
The U-N-H-O-L-Y's now in the looser mix  
Unholy's inside a me so I get homicidous  
The unholy poetry is for all the suicidalists  
Just another brother from D-E-T-R-O-I-T  
I pack a Smith and Wesson 'cause I don't know karate  
I ain't no punk nigga, pull the trigger is my thang though  
Grew myself an afro, never sported a kango  
Niggaz I strangle, they don't wanna tangle  
Fuck a priest 'cause I mash and I mangle  
I'm takin' to the top, I'm makin' 'em drop  
They thinkin' I'm not, I'm shakin'em, bakin' em, kickin' em, stickin' em  
And always keep hittin' 'em  
Until I get rid of 'em, I'm pickin' up the microphone  
To kick the funky D-O-P-E is on the microphone  
I had to make it funky once again for my opponent  
I left the stage fulla blood stains 'cause I was on it  
The U-N-H-O-L-Y, Esham you never knew I  
Could kick it so wicked, inflict pain, do I?  
The U-N-H-O-L-Y, hell I kick a lotta titles  
But this is for all the suicidalists  
"My father was a priest cold-blooded, he's dead"  
"And hear the demons screamin' as his body bled"  
"My father was a priest cold-blooded he's dead"  
"Poured on the holy water, bless the dead is what I said"  
Some say I'm the son of satan, but they're relatin'  
Bodily harm, some waitin' for the storm  
That I bring when I sing, it's a gathering of people  
The U-N-H-O-L-Y so check out the evil  
The evil not a stunk from the wicked poetry funk  
Esham's the soul that I'm projectin' huh?  
I'm like a deadly disease, 360 degrees  
Of the U-N-H-O-L-Y so fall to your knees  
Dead is all around the sounds'll pound down  
  
And drive you insane until it busts your brain  
I'ma head banger, a acid rap slanger  
Comin' on stage puttin' up my middle finger  
Sayin' fuck it and grabbin' my balls

All the MC's in the house got shit in their drawers  
'Cause I'm the scarer, a one man terror  
So never compare a sucka with me 'cause I run 'em like mascara  
So no need to tell you my title 'cause you know what my title is  
This is for all the suicidalists  
"I looked into her eyes and she was scared as hell"  
"A homicidal maniac with suicidal tendencies"  
"Shoot me of the people I dismantle"  
"So to stop her from jumpin' I just cut up the bitches"  
Death is the penalty if you're ever caught bitin' me  
Some say I'm insane but it's my split personality  
The groove it's just wicked so it makes me shake  
I thought this time I'd make a rhyme and see what it takes  
You suckas tried to creep me then I'll have to get my gat  
And bust you in the head for tryin' to steal my acid rap  
Esham's here just for this verse  
The U-N-H-O-L-Y rocks it much worse  
Rock and roll, heavy metal hip hopster  
Word after word till the break a dawn, brother  
Rockin' ay, as I play  
To the rhythm that I just kicked today  
I'ma sway and keep on kickin' it for the ones who buy this  
The needle's on the wax for all the suicidalists  
"Oh, I'm a ho so I don't have to kill"  
"I just educate minds to reality"  
"Uh, oh shit damn that's another"  
"So you weak ass hoes keep dreamin'"

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