Wake the Dead

Esham

Picked up a Holy Bible and it burned my handsThe witch is on the broom stick, she put me in the mix
Tonight all the dead in the cemetery will dance
Now it's time to teach an old dog new tricks
You can't learn, so I burn your Holy Bible
Let's take a trip into my mind I'm suicidal
I'll get'cha locked inside my brain cell
And turn the world upside-down and make it rain hell
I know you can't see, I'm not your G-O-D
I got my soul on wax, I spin it back as I melt waxThe unwritten, rhymes forbidden, but still hittin'
The U-N-H-O-L-Y and I ain't bullshittin'Pray all night and day, my soul might be saved
I make dead bodies roll over their graves
I drop one, drop two, and then 3, 4
After that I'll scream God I can't wait for moreWAKE THE DEAD
Wakin' up D-E-A-D bodies around meAnd I'm from motherfuckin' motown G
Blood stains all in the river 'cause I'm slittin' throats
Bodies chokin' and croakin' when I hit a noteRotten, gone but not forgotten
Breathe your last breath 'cause the rhyme was death
So yes y'all, get off the wall for the psychoAlfadiscobeta vinylAquadoodoo, rock my voodoo
I'm kinda wicked when I kick it thought you knewI get funky in the joint, but what's the point
Esham and I'm from D motherfuckin' troit
Back up off me I'm black like coffee
I rock for the suicidalists not the softees
Up and at 'em, I'm runnin' at 'em I got 'em scared
Now watch the devil get loose as I wake the dead
WAKE THE DEAD
I never fall back, I'm not a new jack
I get to sayin' wicked shit and get a flashback
I gotta unholy mind brain, money dollar insane poetryTo all the people that knowin' me
Some say I'm crazy for kickin' my looney tunes
When I drop bass, my shit goes boom
Never ever fake shit, on stage I break shit
And when I'm rockin' it you know it's the shit
I'm never stuck up so shut the fuck up
'Cause talkin' some shit about me will run your luck up
Headbangers bang your head to wake the dead
The red rum or is the rum redFrom a black man, killa rap man
I'm not the caped crusaed named BatmanI like it louder, I'll make it prouder
I'll make your system blow up like gun powder
Yes yes y'all, that's what I'm sayin'

All the headbangers bang your head to wake the dead
WAKE THE DEAD

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