Red Rum

DJ Bobby Black,Cyco

Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Time to get ill, my mic starts to kill
Your head is falling apart, and I start to rebuild
Your mind, your outta time, I'm out ya mind
Like a '74 the heavy metal hardcore
Back to the groove line
Suckers tried to move mine
The seventh sign of death, and death to the peace sign
I start to release mine
Now you gotta cease mine
Shot another brother for holding up the peace sign.
I got style, I got class
Try to diss me, and I'll beat your ass
I don't say, I spray niggaz olay
Like a '74, homey don't play
Down on the east side, my name is Esham
Rollin' through your hood, and I'm ticking like a time bomb
Ready to blow up, ready to go up side

Another nigga's head, for some shit, he done said
A homicidal killer, with a nine in my hands
Now you get to ride in the ambulance
'cause it's murder
(Chorus)
Redrum,Redrum Redrum, Redrum
Redrum, Redrum , Redrum , Redrum
Redrum, Redrum, Redrum ,Redrum
Redrum, Redrum, Redrum , Redrum
Redrum!!
Dig this, a crazy brother, on a crazy, crazy tip
Mother fuckers claiming raw, boy you'll get pistol whipped
Whipping out my mini-mag, fucking niggaz up
Bullet proof vest on my chest, now what's up?

Doing it, like a renegade
Sticks and stones is played
Who's gone get fucked up, I got a gun, you got a blade
I'm taking no shit, Reel Life product is legit
Your fiendin' for my tape, like a junkie wants a hit
Death is at your doorstep waiting on the one
The devil is in the shell, and he comin' out a gun
Going off on niggaz, like I just based the pipe
Take a n

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