

Runnin' From Me

Esham

K, hold it down, do it again...
Like you or I would believe in God,
They believe in that thing, Satan.
And some officers don't believe it,
It's just ghost stories to them.
I, myself, have personally seen cases,
It's not only a local problem, for a small department, such as mine,
It's a national problem.
Come and deal with the real,
The devil packs steel like this,
Plus I'm a suicidalist.
God bless the child who gets buck wild,
With the wicket style, terror in the aisles,
Livin' kinda foul, actin' kinda foul,
Yeah, I'm kinda foul yall, foul ball.
Run from the gun, if I do ya then your done,
If it didn't do ya done, sawed off shotgun.
Radio fuck 'em, 'cause I said fuck 'em,
If I see the DJ, buck, buck, buck 'em.
Unholy, unholy, unholy brotha,
When I nutta, niggas shutta.
Funky get cutta, it's a little drunk,
Put your dead body in the trunk with the pumps,
Sister Mary, Sister Mary, why your pussy so hairy?
Gimme that hot bloody Mary.
Esham black devil with a gun,
Run nigga run, run nigga run.
I'll choke ya, provoke ya, my brother,
Suffocated under a pillow intended to smother.
The son of Satan, just waitin' to done it,
But I got ya all runnin'!
Runnin' from the devil
They're not all liars, they're all not making it up,
They're not all crazy, they're not all psychotic,
Something's going on here.
(Dialing) Hello, suicide hot line.
I just cut up my wife and my kids,
I need to talk to somebody.
Hold please.

What's going..hey
If you would like to make a call, please hang up and try again,
if you need help, hang up and then dial your operator.
Oh, I'ma kill myself.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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