

Detroit 101 (feat. Mastamind)

Esham

Detroit

Yo, 313

Detroit 101

D-E-T

Detroit, Detroit 101[Esham]

It's all about bitches, hoes, fat bank rolls

The DTS Caddy with the fresh set of Vogues

Spinnin' on blades, forever stayed paid, true

Plus I'm dope like your hoe sniff a Quaalude

And put the 'Smack Down' on any bitch out here like 'The Rock'

Not like the wrestler, but the ki off the block

Straight off the East Side where they murder cops

My pistol's in the air goin' pop, pop, pop

I'm killin' anything that's 'Shady'

Bitin' my style? Pay me

And even in stereo you still couldn't play me

Crack baby, 313, D-E-T

Bitches pop they pussy at night for they fee

All type-a trickin' and freakin', ain't shit free

"cause fuckin' off ya skril wit' these hoes can cost me up in(Chorus)

Detroit, what?

Detroit, what?

Detroit (Detroit, Detroit) muthafucka! [2x][Esham]

In Detroit, never leave ya house without a gun

I don't give a fuck if you're gettin' ya hair done

Pickin' up ya daughter or droppin' off ya son

"cause criminals got bullets and dyin' to share some

When ya ridin', gotta watch what street you turn down

You might look around and everything is burnt down

On fire, street lights broken

The hustlas don't kill on guys the fiend's smokin'

While the players play 247 parley

Still gets fucked up like Bob Marley

(Like Bob Marley) [4x][Mastamind talking]

Uh, blaze one for the wicket

Learn about some shit[Mastamind]

I'm just a D-E-T P-I-M-P

While you at home 'sleep I'm out on them streets

City slicker bitch, I'm the nigga with shit

That'll rip through ya body, so quit

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