

Word After Word

Esham

Im not a atheist...

Oh, he let me grow up in the mother fucking ghetto Thanks for nothin' mother fucker thats for real

One of the ten commandments is thow shall not kill

Tell that mother fucker with the gun in my face And get shot in the back

Or should I run from this place Thats an act of insanity, "please no profanity"

Says the radio, but fuck you

I'm a do what I wanna do

I'm just tellin facts 'cause blacks are killin blacks

Nigga stepped on my shoe and I shot him in the back Aint no thang gotta gang you'll all get shot too

Once I squeeze the trigga your crew is through

Think Im bluffin then try me

Today you'll all die see

I got a bullet for you and your posse

I dont bullshit, no need to talk shit

The fuse is in your asshole and you just lit it

To live is evil, evils to live, you learn that

Put it in your holy bible and burn that [chorus] Words that you hearin

Niggas are fearin

Apearence so grewsome niggas are disapearin

Put up your fist, what is this

I got a mack 11 once I squeeze the trigga your in hell or heaven I aint waitin' around for no bodies to be found

Bullet to the head leave another nigga dead You gotta be suicidal to fuck with a homicidal brother

Suffocated under a pillow intended to smother

Hell days death nights, midnights the witches hour Damion's your maker and he loves a blood shower

It's time to die, so bye bye, you betta cry, nah

You betta run or somthing 'cause its do or die

If you need an ass kickin, kickin in your rib cage You was a good one it read on your obituary page Call me a ho

them's fightin words

As im reciting words suckers are rewritin my words

Its simple and plain to see

Plain and simple to see

That I'm Esham and I'm great

You's a sucker but wait

This is just the style that I'm using

Confusing the suckers

'cause they stupid mother fuckers [chorus] Words from the lyrical

To save me's a miracle If anything I never thought Id turn in to a criminal

So here I go once again, when I rhyme I sin

Niggas commit suicide as soon as I begin

Misled, another nigga dead

See I love the sight of blood 'cause my favorite colors red
Im smashin suckers crashin suckers dreams

And when it's Esham you start to scream

Im hard like concrete, funky like pigs feet

Nigga get crazy and you'll be under six feet

Verse after verse it just get's worse

Another sucker rehearse but first

Lyrics provided by

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