The Wicketshit Will Never Die

Esham

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 6, 6
Here comes the voodoo what'cha gone do when my crew
Back from the dead once more again
Fuckin' up the flow again, fuck it here we go again
Oh, not me again, last time I wrecked shit
Burned down the church comin' through like the exorcist
Next to this, you get put on my shit list
Throw lifers get dissed you can't fuck with this
Wicked wild, wicked style, I don't give a fuck I'll get buck wild
I'm psycho just like Michael
And I might go a little something like this, suicidalist
Dangerous minds bust when I bust
Digging up dust now I must, in God you trust
If I add just then I add just this
No justice, no peace, bloody body police
Belly of da pig got me fiendin' for a cracker
Jack be nimble make your body tremble
Cardiac arrest for the one in the chest
Then I K-I-double L T-H-E-F-E-T-U-S

Yes, I'm down with N-A-T-A-S, I suggest
You try but don't cry, 'cause the wicked shit'll never die
Once again I ressurected niggaz unexpected
A closed casket when I leaped out and blasted a basket
Case brother of insanity I'm not alone
Havin' fatal thoughts of puttin' a chrome to my dome
Now what kinda wicked shit? This some ol' wicked shit
Not so many niggaz all over devil diggin' shit
Stay up off my dick, my style's sick, but I'm so sick of this
Helter skelter bite my shit, it's so ridiculous
I know my shit's phatter than Luther Vandross
Psychic connection wanna hit me with the holy ghost
Overdose, diagnose, niggaz in a comotose
Once I buck, buck ya, nigga motherfuck ya
Voodoo wicked child born a bastard
Visions of bloody bodies bein' blasted
Thinkin' of excuses, voices in my head mental abuses
Loses my mind, thou

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