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 sqeeze 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 sqeeze 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
Helldays 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 reherse but first

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