

# Wake The Dead

## Esham

Picked up a Holy Bible and it burned my hands  
The witch is on the broom stick, she put me in the mix  
    Tonight all the dead in the cemetery will dance  
    Now it's time to teach an old dog new tricks  
    You can't learn, so I burn your Holy Bible  
    Let's take a trip into my mind I'm suicidal  
    I'll get'cha locked inside my brain cell  
And turn the world upside-down and make it rain hell  
    I know you can't see, I'm not your G-O-D  
    I got my soul on wax, I spin it back as I melt wax  
    The unwritten, rhymes forbidden, but still hittin'  
    The U-N-H-O-L-Y and I ain't bullshittin'  
    Pray all night and day, my soul might be saved  
    I make dead bodies roll over their graves  
    I drop one, drop two, and then 3, 4  
After that I'll scream God I can't wait for more  
    WAKE THE DEAD  
    Wakin' up D-E-A-D bodies around me  
    And I'm from motherfuckin' motown G  
    Blood stains all in the river 'cause I'm slittin' throats  
    Bodies chokin' and croakin' when I hit a note  
    Rotten, gone but not forgotten  
    Breathe your last breath 'cause the rhyme was death  
    So yes y'all, get off the wall for the psycho  
        Alfadiscobeta vinyl  
        Aquadoodoo, rock my voodoo  
I'm kinda wicked when I kick it thought you knew

I get funky in the joint, but what's the point  
    Esham and I'm from D motherfuckin' troit  
    Back up off me I'm black like coffee  
    I rock for the suicidalists not the softees  
Up and at 'em, I'm runnin' at 'em I got 'em scared  
    Now watch the devil get loose as I wake the dead  
    WAKE THE DEAD

I never fall back, I'm not a new jack  
    I get to sayin' wicked shit and get a flashback  
I gotta unholy mind brain, money dollar insane poetry  
    To all the people that knowin' me

Some say I'm crazy for kickin' my looney tunes  
When I drop bass, my shit goes boom  
Never ever fake shit, on stage I break shit  
And when I'm rockin' it you know it's the shit  
I'm never stuck up so shut the fuck up  
'Cause talkin' some shit about me will run your luck up  
Headbangers bang your head to wake the dead  
The red rum or is the rum red  
From a black man, killa rap man  
I'm not the caped crusader named Batman  
I like it louder, I'll make it prouder  
I'll make your system blow up like gun powder  
Yes yes y'all, that's what I'm sayin'  
All the headbangers bang your head to wake the dead  
WAKE THE DEAD

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