

Devilshit

Esham

Boy, boy, crazy boy
Gotta rocket in my pocket
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Gotta rocket in my pocket
Maximum overdrive, how to stay alive
Jumpin' outta Lear jets no parachute, skydive
Fuck these niggaz, I'm runnin' wit' a .45
I don't wanna be, ugh, I don't even wanna be alive
But if I gotta be natas, the hottest nigga wit' coatist
Bein' stated's what brought us, bloody up ya pratas
When I drag ya through the mud
Got love for guns, got love for slugs
Drugs, thugs wit' money turn ya rainy day sunny
The MDNA got my nose runny
Still runnin' up in these races runnin' against these racists
Treat ya like Joe Bruce wit' 2 faces and I don't wanna be alive
Boy, boy, crazy boy
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Gotta rocket in my pocket
Dump, dump, dump dump, dump
I'ma dump, dump
I'ma dumb, I'ma dumb, I'ma dumb, I'ma dumb
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Ski masks in the back seat
I'm turning 6th street, you 'bout to feel heat
E on the Burrough street callin' cops in, glocks in
Cocks in, niggaz are blocked in moving out to Washington
Turn the siren down, clap with gun sound
Double lock, back up wit' the gun, clown
You walkin' North but the sign say South bound
Ambulance, yo, yo, you bucked down
Man, move, yo, kid, you duck down
Fall in the foxhole, move dodger
Hot in ya vest now, move a little farther

Giddy-up hoes, you get fucked though
My aim sharp so, .38 slug so
I duck shells when they scatter 'round the rugs though
I dump twicely, I dump nicely kid precisely, penetrate the wall so
When I'm also tech penetrate yo spray ya torso
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