

Poetry

Esham

[Talking continues from Detroit 101]

Heh, see, it's a conspiracy, see y'all, y'all killed my man
and now they tryin' to kill me. They think I can't see that.
You think I can't see that. I know you heard of me never but I murder forever
Impatient mental patient without health care
Detroit street-educated straight off the welfare
Powered milk drinkin', suicidal witchdoctor known for head shrinkin'
The government want me to stop thinkin'
Blink and I'm gone, reappear with the chrome to ya dome
Bustin' caps like raps on microphones
Now if you wanna talk to some crooks
Come to Detroit and getcha bling took
I ain't exaggeratin', I ain't playa hatin'
3 feet of snow and killas still roll Dayton's
Oh my god, it's crazy
Think I want a different color mink for everyday of the week
Homey, don't speak on me
I'm the one and only gift the Unholy poetry Poetry, poetry, poetry, poetry, poetry, poetry
Oh...the wicked shit, the wicked shit, you bitch That's all, that's it, these niggaz talkin' shit
That's all I needed, one wicked rhyme never repeated
I'm heated, put acid on Skittles and make you eat it
And when he come up dead they be like
'He did it, E did it'
I gives a fuck, I gives a fuck
Get buck, get stuck like a chicken get pluck
These niggaz in my city on a nut like what
Never been to a party didn't get shot up
Shot, shot, shot up
Never been to a party didn't get shot up
Didn't get shot up

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