Boom!

Turner Layton

"Detroit listeners out there, you better be sure to stop by the
Galaxy club where there's a freestyle superfly fresh contest going
On tonight. if you got the skills you better get your hiphop ass
On down here, cause we got dj clueless on the wheels of steel"
(The fuck, fucks, trying to freestyle, oh, I'll be down there.
Yeah, I got something for all these muthafuckas down there. yeah.)

[Esham]
Mortification is my next demonstration
I'd ask you for a light pumping gas at the station
Here's my situation: I hate many people
So I hear no evil say no evil just like kanieval
Leave you headless, bloody mess
Like you was ridin a ducati
Ladey dahdey
Broke every bone in your body, I'm not sorry
I'll probably murder you, voices tellin me do what he say
"kill the dj! fuck what he play! mayday mayday!"
Boom boom, blood's all over the room
I fucked your bitch like a witch with the broom
Dooms-day, murderers say,
"all why'all must pay when the buck shots spray!"
Who wants to challenge me?
Grab the mic and bust your rap
But then I'm a just go grab my strap and just commence to bustin caps
Leaving bodies piled up in freestyle clubs. fuck!
You better make room! boom like what!

[Chorus]
What? why'all make room when we show up boom boom boom
What what? why'all make room when we show up boom boom boom

Killers run up in this bitch, start bustin off shots
Hitting mirror balls, lazer lights, and people on the top
I'm lookin for the dj 'cause he don't see it my way
I'm 'bout to blow him out his headphones and spin some abk
I'm like a molitove cocktail breaking on your wall
I'm setting shit off, I'll blow your lid off, your body fall
You don't need aluminol, I'm leavin blood everywhere

And I'm aiming for the head and hair of everybody there
I'm like a grasshopper quick to jump, I'm spreading my wings
You say the wicked shit'll die, I say you faggots seeing things
And all you bitches know: I'm gangsta. don't ask me to dance
I might straight panic, pull the gat, and blow your pussy out your pants
It's the wicked shit. it's e and j. it's hotter than hell
And every devil's night, we hunt them down and slaughter d12
I take the moose gun and shot your butt and blow it out your back
Turn and face the camera, "where your hatches at?"
Throw em up why'all

[Chorus]

Make room
Guess who coming in?
Grab my gun again
They told me he was one of them
So I done him in
A killer's on the hunt again
Smoke my blunt again
Fatality finished him, I won again
Repentance, my vengeance, so I'm not sentenced a hundred years
It's burning my ears, and blood is mixed with my tears, fears
My styles gets rid of this, drive-by's and wheelchairs
All you see is smoke in the air cause we don't care.

[Chorus]

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