My 9 Rhymes

Esham

Born beat up and always hungry
Never thought I'd turn into a criminal if anythingRunnin from the cops like Al CaponeGoin Rambo on them mother fuckers like Sly StalloneGot a gat in my pants like its part of my beltSuckers scared like butter so they start to meltI stand silent like concrete in Detroits streets
What a rich man throws away is what a poor man eats
When i was 5 my mind start to blowTold my teacher i want to be like Hitler when i grow up
When i was 7 disregarded the laws of heavenWhen i was 10 i started commiting sin
I went to church on Sunday and i cussed out the reverandWhen i became an adolescent i never learned my lesson
Witchcraft and voodoo with needles and pinsPuttin holes in mother fuckers with a fuckin smith and wessonA homicidal vital recital Esham my title
I know my shit is deaf and i know you want a bite ohBut no dont do it you'll be just a carbon copyEsham is original and everyone else is sloppy
Still i kill im sweet like Sugar HillNot your average everyday elemantry run of the millMother fucker get it strait i dont battle thats for suckersYou wish you was down with Reel Life Product aint that right brothers
I dont bullshit no need to bullshitYou pull some shit and you'll be pullin bullets n shitBrother think im bluffin pull me bluff and get fucked up andIts time for me to shut up cus i really said enough

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