

# Esham, Boogie Man

'Hey boys and girls today we're gonna play a game  
What's your name son you look kinda strange, what's your name?'  
'They call me the boogieman'

Let's play dead, and give ya a second to die  
And if I do or die, I sing a lullaby  
I'm not a crime fighter, I'm like a ghost writer  
And then my rhyme is like a chip ahoy, I bet'cha bite uh  
And they don't understand, a rock and roll band  
I'm not the KK Klan, more like the boogie man  
And Satan's in the mix and you don't wanna diss  
Because this is for all the suicidalists  
I'd rather be dead, I'm knockin' 'em dead  
Before you live, ya die, roll over play dead  
I'm the B-Double O-G-I-D-M-A-D-M-A-N  
Amen, another sin, here we go the fuck again  
Takin' to the T-O-P, you don't wanna fuck with me  
'Cause I'm the boogie man and I'm M-A-T-G  
Now you wanna know, how we go a here we go  
Unholy's my scenario, kickin' it in stereo  
Style is stick, kickin' the ballistics  
Kinda magnificent, but always stayin' distant  
You don't understand, 'cause you can't and I can  
I got the whole world in my hand  
'Cause I'm the boogieman

'Oh shit I'm scared, God damn boogie man'

I'd rather be dope, then prayin' and wishin' on a ho  
That's all she wrote, so fuck John the Pope  
And if I do that, I give a clue jack  
I'm the unholy but you already knew that  
I'm a black devil, black sheep  
Black rhythm, black rhyme, black beat, yo  
I never went pop with acid hip hop  
A with a 1, 2 and ya don't stop  
I keep it goin' I, I know you're knowin' I  
The way I'm goin' I'm showin' ya how I'm flowin' I  
I hold my black dick just like a pool stick  
My cue balls in my corner pocket so watch it  
But you don't understand 'cause you can't and I can  
I got the whole world in my hand, 'cause I'm the boogieman

Call me the boogieman