

Esham, Boom!

(feat. Violent J)

Detroit listeners out there
you'd better be sure to stop by at the Galaxy Club
where there's a freestyle, super fresh contest going on tonight
If you got the skills you better get your hip-hop ass on down here
We got DJ Clueless on the wheels of steel

[Esham]

Mortification is my next demonstration
I'd ask you for a lite pumpin' gas at the station
Here's my situation
I hate many people
So I hear no see no say no evil
Just like Knieval
Leave you headless bloody mess
Like you was ridin' a Ducati
Ladidadi broke every bone in your body I'm not sorry
I'd probely murder you
Voices tellin' me do what he say
Kill a DJ
Fuck what he play
Mayday Mayday
BOOM! BOOM!
Blood's all over the room
I fucked yo bitch
Like a witch with a broom
Doom's
Day
Murderers say
All y'all must pay when the buckshot's spray
Who wants the challenge me
Grab the mic and bust yo raps
But then I'm just gonna 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: repeat 2X]

WHAT! y'all ain't BOOM!
When we show up
BOOM BOOM BOOM
WHAT!

[Violent J]

Killaz run up in this bitch
Start bustin' off shots
Hittin literballs, lazer lights and people on the top
I'm looking for the dj
Cuz he don't see it my way
I'm bout 2 blow 'em out his head
?????? some A.B.K
I'm like a molitov cocktail
Breakin' on your wall
I'm setting shit off
I blow your lid off
Your body falls
You don't need aluminoliam
Leavin' blood everywhere
And I'm aiming for the head n hair of everybody their
I'm like a grasshopper
Quick to jump I'm spreading my wings

You say the wicked shit will 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 n J
It's hotter than Hell
And every Devil's Night we hunt them down
And slaughter D-12
I take the moosegun and shut your blood and blow it out your back
Turning face to camera
Where your hatchets at
Throw 'em up y'all

[Chorus]

[Esham]
Make room
Guess who comin in
Grab my gun again
They told me he was one of them
So I done him in
A killers on the hunt again
Smoke my blunt again
Fatality finished him I win 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 get rid of theres
Drive-bys in wheelchairs
All you see is smoke in the air
Cuz we don't care

[Chorus]