## Esham, Cross My Heart

Son of a bitch, Jason wants to slit his wrists But I'll tell you like this, should'nt take the risk Knowin the consequences well The suicidal suckers end up in hell Some rather be dead then living in sin Cuz the planet is fucked up and misled By fools like you Runnin round tellin mother fuckers what they can and cant do Butterflys in my stomach Make me wanna vomit cuz I know doomsday is coming Jasons facin life or death, it's do or die And as he take a deep breath he wonders who will cry The only one who really cares is you and I

But your the only one who really knew why Lifes a bitch from beginning to end and then you die

Living the life of sin and why

I cross my heart and hope to die

You'll soon cross your heart and hope to die

I can see it in your eyes I'm not suprised As you cross your heart and hope to die

Living your life on the edge of panic But still you manic Cuz you was born a schizophrenic Never knew life was a bitch, but it is so hard I'm living low in the graveyard Take a trip to another side another place Lying in a casket wit a dead mans face Who gives a fuck about you, nobody but you But I didn't have to tell you take cuz thats something you already knew Just like a razor to the wrist I'm a cut you quick Last dying words is I'm a son of a bitch Son of a gun and Ive just begun to bleed As I scream Jesus christ and fall to my knees And as everyone cries they wonder why

My rhyme is a nine to the forehead And once you push play you'll pull the trigga and now your dead A suicidal homicidal homicidal suicidal recital Is what I recite when I'm on the mic At midnight I'll smother you like crib death And find my record spinning You'll never no I was grinnin when I did that This is the U-N-H-O-L-Y Deadly, like pesticide So just step aside Once I knew a little girl was playin my tape on Sunday They found her in some headphones dead on Monday Hanging from a chandelier the only thing to fear is fear When you get them butterflies you know the Unholy is near Some disappear and never be found Some are smothered by the rhythm and then drown And when I blow your mind your wont know why