

Esham, Don't Blame Me

Here I come, better run I gotta sawed off shotgun
Pump that buck and you might catch a hot one
Call me a head hunter, head's I've chopped off
Cemetery's full from the bodies I dropped off
Mothafuckaz hate me, cuz I'm singing Blasphemy
Die and go to hell and when you get there ask for me
Come along for the ride, drive you to suicide
I'm the Unholy Esham, that's right
Get me a razor blade and I might jack a spade
Or jack jack my dick to a poor porno flick
Nasty motherfucker with the wicked mentality
Thirteen ways is a small technicality
Cuz I got one, blow your fuckin head out
Pull your fuckin eyes out, just to get the red out
If you be a nigga or a white boy honkey
I get funky, hip hop junkie
Serial killa, frosted flakes
Fucked up in the head waking up with the shakes
Those are the breaks, fuckin up the fakes
Some shit I make you cant take
But dont blame me.

(CHORUS)

Dont blame me
Dont blame me
Dont blame me
Dont blame me, the devil made me do it.

Better reach your children, cuz I might burn em'
Teach em' and learn em' a motherfuckin lesson
Get my Smith & Wesson and blow your baby's head off
From watchin bullshit, turn the T.V. set off
Psycho, and I might go like Michael
Say some shit that you might not like so
Who's that god that you praise the lord to
Buyin that ticket to the heavens, cant afford to
Esham's back with the New Jack Swing
I dont pray or none or those things
Now we got niggaz that's rappin bout god ya'll
Praise the lord to me the black oddball
I aint no joke and my words aint fiction
If you think so you can suck my dick then
I dont like preachers, or prayers, but playaz
Esham the Unholy wicked rhyme sayer
Swing with the Slayer, sing if you dare
But just like before I dont care
And dont blame me.

(CHORUS)

Dont blame me (we are searchers of the truth)
Dont blame me (we are searchers of the truth)
Dont blame me (we are searchers of the truth)
Dont blame me, the devil made me do it.

Sick in the head, knotty like a dread
Pump that lead cuz I'd rather be dead
Gimme what you got if you hip you get with me
I think my wrist is talking to you tellin you to slit me
Suicidalist and I'm unorthodox
Down with the black sox, whiskey on the rocks
You might catch me in a jail cell with a wig
I slaughtered me a pig, but you cant dig
The voices in my head, tellin me to waste ya
Pig that Bacon ham sandwich I can taste ya

Everybody lookin for a bible to touch
We shall overcome is a bit too much
But you cant touch this
Religion is some hokus-pokus
Betcha seein god when you focus
But when the day comes and you gotta run for shelter
Now you screamin Hellterskellter
Damn, you gotta turn off the T.V.
Or dont blame me.

(CHORUS)

Dont blame me (dont start no shit now)
Dont blame me (dont start no shit now)
Dont blame me (dont start no shit now)
Dont balme me, the devil made me do it.