

Esham, Killin' Spree

[Radio DJ]

How long have you been listening to the worlds famous?

[Caller]

About six weeks

[Radio DJ]

Six weeks

[Radio DJ]

Please relax and prepare for takeoff

Bodies all on the ground
Bodies crawling all around
Bodies falling all down
Who did this?

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How many bodies must fall to the ground
Drop dead
Eyeballs popping out their heads
Bloody bodies
Murder be my favorite hobby
And if you don't believe me
Mothafucker come and try me
I be planning a caper
Kill you, take all of your paper
Even if you fall asleep
In your dreams I creep
With Jason and Freddy Krueger, ready to do ya
If I don't hit ya with the axe and slice right through ya
I'm going on a killing spree after every MC
So when I kill your favorite rappers only left is me

Bodies all on the ground
Bodies crawling all around
Bodies falling all down
Who did this?
Bodies all on the ground
Bodies crawling all around
Bodies falling all down
Who did this?

I'm going on a killing spree
Yo... one.. one....
One MC thought his style was the truth
Before he spit I shot his ass in the head
in the vocal booth
Now you got no proof
Cause I burnt all the evidence
And the game ain't been the same ever since
I killed the fresh MC, he died yesterday,
I shot him in the head
With the A.K.
And don't nobody care cause I ain't got no love for them
Bodies drug for them
Graves get dug for them
On the microphone slugs... I throw them... uh...
Bodies fall...
Act like you don't know

Break

I been... I, I, I been... I, I, I been... I, I, I been... I been...
I been smoking, I been drinking,
to myself I start to thinking
In my mind it slowly sinks in,
dead bodies starting to stinking
I been smoking, I been drinking,
to myself I start to thinking
In my mind it slowly sinks in,
dead bodies starting to stinking

Bodies stinking evil forces
I can smell their rotting corpses
Maggots crawl around in the grounds
As they take you down
Evil dogs, bark at night
I can even smell your fright
Smells like bacon
Bacon and ham
I know you know who I am
Who am I?
I am E-S-H-A-M you know me
And I will tell you this
Bodies stink like fish
I'm a suicidalist
Still I clutch the gun in my fist
Taking them risks
Penitentiary chances, and
let me tell you there's no answer
For all your pain
In the rain