

Esham, Slow Motion

I'm ridin' high on the freeway late at night
I got some trouble on my mind 'cause my shit ain't right
I'm comin' short on the real money, a nigga broke
I need a fifth of Remy Martin and some weed to smoke
It ain't no joke when you're comin' from the town I'm from
Most nigs be dead before 21
I'm tryin' hard just to maintain, I fry my brain
Nigga losin' his mind, slowly goin' insane
And niggaz think I got it all, I was born to ball
Eyes bloodshot red from that alcohol
I watched the rise and the fall of all my homies who ball
My dogs brains blew out blood stained the wall
Suckas wish I was dead, didn't live to tell
The way a hot slug feel, and fried skin smell
Niggaz want me dead out here playa hatin'
'Cause they bitches wanna molest, they masturbatin'
I can't help, that's the way it is, handle yo buisness
And make sure you ain't no eye witness
Keep your eyes on your money boy, at all times
Most people don't know you gotta take it slow in the sunshine

(CHORUS)(2x)

Another day, another way
Sometimes you gotta take it in
Slow motion, in slow motion

Gotta take it slow, can't go to fast
If I blast for cash, might not see the green grass
At last, make it all green like mash
Take your cash, then I dash, picture this with the flash
Robotic, economic, knowin' nothin' but ebonics
Still hooked on chronic, plus I'm black like Onyx
Can you see me with a telescope
Or do you need the dopeman to tell you that it's dope
I hope you know the difference between
Life or death and bein' woke from a dream
So many schemes it's hard to see between the seems
When the system redeems, bustin' infrared beams
From here to New Orleans plenty of dope fiends
That's why I keep a car clean, and fulla gasoline
Know what I mean, young nigga workin' for beans
Still chasin' your dreams

(CHORUS)