

# 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)