

# Esham, U Wanna Know Something

You wanna know somethin' that makes me sick  
When people be constantly talkin' 'bout stupid shit  
Shit like who made rap up  
I don't give a fuck as long as I get my cut  
I'm sendin' out no special thanks  
And bitches wonder why I diss 'em 'cause they motherfuckin' pussy stanks  
I'm goin' straight to the bank  
And if I ever busta cap, it won't be no blank  
So you can thank, or you can think  
Singin' these lyrics might get you in the clink  
I rock a beat like this or like that  
Either way you look at it it's still acid rap  
But from my pants I might pull my dick  
And if you ever thought you'd get some you'd feel dumb  
I'll snatch your tongue out 'cha mouth and you'll have ta hum  
The over Lord master of disaster beat blaster  
Niggaz try to do like me and they has ta  
Step back, or get jack slapped  
I see your bitch all on my dick 'cause the way I rap  
When I slip on the lip the tip of my jimmy  
Then I'll take the pussy like gimme  
We gotta a lotta fake ass wanna be's followin' my footsteps  
Always four steps ahead so you slept  
I don't sleep, and still I manage to keep a beat  
Niggaz don't wanna gimme my props but they know it's sweet  
So I'ma give you enough time to hit the rewind  
And for the punks who don't like me, I'm throwin' up the fuck you sign