

# Esham, Word After Word

Im not a atheist...

Oh, he let me grow up in the mother fucking ghetto  
Thanks for nothin' mother fucker thats for real  
One of the ten commandments is thow shall not kill  
Tell that mother fucker with the gun in my face  
Or should I run from this place  
And get shot in the back  
Thats an act of insanity, "please no profanity"  
Says the radio, but fuck you  
I'm a do what I wanna do  
I'm just tellin facts cuz blacks are killin blacks  
Nigga stepped on my shoe and I shot him in the back  
Aint no thang gotta gang you'll all get shot too  
Once I squeeze the trigga your crew is through  
Think Im bluffin then try me  
Today you'll all die see  
I got a bullet for you and your posse  
I dont bullshit, no need to talk shit  
The fuse is in your asshole and you just lit it  
To live is evil, evils to live, you learn that  
Put it in your holy bible and burn that

[chorus]

Words that you hearin  
Niggas are fearin  
Apearance so grewsome niggas are disapearin  
Put up your fist, what is this  
I got a mack 11 once I squeeze the trigga your in hell or heaven  
I aint waitin' around for no bodies to be found  
Bullet to the head leave another nigga dead  
You gotta be suicidal to fuck with a homicidal brother  
Suffocated under a pillow intended to smother  
Helldays death nights, midnights the witches hour  
Damion's your maker and he loves a blood shower  
It's time to die, so bye bye, you betta cry, nah  
You betta run or something cuz its do or die  
If you need an ass kickin, kickin in your rib cage  
You was a good one it read on your obituary page  
Call me a ho them's fightin words  
As im reciting words suckers are rewritin my words  
Its simple and plain to see  
Plain and simple to see  
That I'm Esham and I'm great  
You's a sucker but wait  
This is just the style that I'm using  
Confusing the suckers  
Cuz they stupid mother fuckers

[chorus]

Words from the lyrical  
To save me's a miracle  
If anything I never thought Id turn in to a criminal  
So here I go once again, when I rhyme I sin  
Niggas commit suicide as soon as I begin  
Misled, another nigga dead  
See I love the sight of blood cuz my favorite colors red  
Im smashin suckers crashin suckers dreams  
And when it's Esham you start to scream  
Im hard like concrete, funky like pigs feet  
Nigga get crazy and you'll be under six feet  
Verse after verse it just get's worse  
Another sucker rehearse but first

