

# Esham, 7 Mile Rd.

You don't know my fucking [stilo?]  
I can't fuck with you punk if you can't cop a kilo  
36 ozs, no [goldees?], hoes on their knees, bitch please  
I owe the mob 4 million  
They want their money or their dope or they're killing all my children  
Fuck that I'm Bruce Wayne insane, if you see me in the rain I'm selling cocaine  
You see I just joined the mob man  
And see the run with the righteous or Batman and Robin  
And I ain't with the stick up  
For every nigga that you stick up  
He's bound to call his clique up  
I got to worry 'bout the police  
And the F.B.I., wanna know why  
Cuz I'm a million dolla ball playa  
And these minor league niggas would love to see me fall playa  
I'm on craps like 2 dice  
Fuck FM 98 and that bitch nothin' nice  
I'm underground like P-Funk,  
And I'll still put you're bloody body in the fucking trunk punk  
I'm on 7 mile ridin' dirty  
With a birdie in the trunk and a bag of funk  
Nigga what?  
I'm on 7 mile ridin' dirty  
168 I hate to jump back  
So now I must add and subtract to pay the stack  
Ill automobiles, V12's and meals  
A half a million dollar house out in he hills  
My chrome plated .357's my tool  
Nigga don't make me out a fuckin' fool  
You's a hoe ass nigga, ain't got no loot  
If basketball was a gun, you'd be scared to shoot  
Fuck that rap that you saying, don't make no sense  
My recital is vital once I commence  
Got 36 oz, one kilo z  
2 8th's is a half and 4 is a key  
I'm a street politician so I politic  
If the chicken ain't cookin' then the grease ain't clickin'  
Get a bird mother fucker, fuck that a nine to five  
Call me John Travlota cuz I'm stayin' alive  
7 mile ridin' dirty  
To all my homies sellin' dope, don't be a snitch and don't go broke