

Esham, Comerica

[Chorus 4X]

It's time to make another million

[Esham]

I be the insane nigga wit the migraine
Headaches, stressed out, havin million dollar doubts
Nigga wonder, and my blind like Stevie Wonder
This system try to take me under
My whole team pop scallions
No more triple beam dreams or amphetamines
I got a problem wit the FBI
I'm always like fuck 'em, muthafuck 'em
I made a millionaire dollars, and got the fuck outta Detroit
Niggas hate me there, they wanna kill me
Playa haters can't feel me
I'm underground, so check the sound
You won't catch me on your radio dial
So fuck that shit, and bump this shit
If you ain't wit this shit, suck a fat dick
You all broke ass, ho ass, never get no cash

[Chorus 4X]

[Esham]

Hold up, wait a minute
Your radio ain't shit if my tape ain't in it
So now I'm going all out
And I'mma smoke on the dance, til I fall out
You can't stop my flow, hell no
If you'se a ho, you gots to go
Street politician, connection wit chickens
The Night Before Christmas, pop Charles Dickens
Can't nobody do it like me, I'm the incredible Bruce Wayne
Please, last of the red hot blooded MC's
Nigga nigga what, smack ya bitch booty while I'm bustin a nut
My flow is ill like a virus
My words speak out to a thug like Cyrus
Kidnap ya mind, then hold it for ransom
The murder I wrote, is a suicide note, and

[Chorus]