

Esham, Dead By Day

They say I'm gonna be dead by day
From the words I say, so hey
If I get a little wicked it's ok
But I gotta get paid fuckin' ay
I'm not bitin' my tongue and I did not stutter
I'm that brotha, word to the motherfucker
And if you don't know me, I feel you should know
I add a little rock and roll and clock the dough
I sell my soul to the preacher's church
I ain't with the bullshit, you get your preachin' ass hurt
You wanna judge me, when I don't judge you
I tell the ho true be nothin' but the truth soooooo
You want me dead now, so go ahead now
But I'd rather be dead, so how you like me now?
You can't kill me, but I'm bound to die
When the devil gets inside you you wonder why
It ain't a new thang, it ain't old seed
The truth is always new, but never told see
It's that the devil's the preacher and God's the president
And hell's the ghetto and I'm a resident
They lockin' up brothers for petty crimes and petty theft
The government's the leadin' cause of death
Then they tell me I don't know how to act
When the mayor sells ki's on Spillum and Mack
God damn, it ain't no where to go
'Cause they still look at us as niggaz and hoes
So yo, they got me trapped inside a circle
360 degrees that I don't believe in
Fuck that shit I wanna bankroll
And if I gotta sell my soul, then I'll do so
Sometimes I care sometimes I won't
But then I can't afford to care so I don't
You may thinks this way so when I say
You better push play 'cause I'll be dead by day
I'm dead fool
How you gonna kill a dead man
I'll be dead by day
They don't care about you or me
The white man tells the black man's history
The KKK looks after me
And up to this day niggaz still ain't free
I ain't no racist
Because we all got red blood, just different faces
Blacks kill blacks, and whites kill themselves
Either way you look at it we all dyin' young
So fuck it