

Esham, Intro Boogieman

'Hey boys and girls today we're gonna play a game
What's your name son you look kinda strange, what's your name?' 'They call me the boogieman'
Let's play dead, and give ya a second to die
And if I do or die, I sing a lullaby
I'm not a crime fighter,
I'm like a ghost writer
And then my rhyme is like a chip ahoy,
I bet cha bite uh
And they don't understand, a rock-n-roll band
I'm not the KK Klan, more like the boogie man
And Satan's in the mix and you don't wanna diss
Because this is for all the suicidalists
I'd rather be dead,
I'm knockin' 'em dead
Before you live, ya die, roll over play dead
I'm the B-Double O-G-I-D-M-A-D-M-A-N
Amen, another sin, here we go the fuck again
Takin' to the T-O-P, you don't wanna fuck with me
Cuz I'm the boogie man and I'm M-A-T-G
Now you wanna know, how we go a here we go
Unholy's my scenario, kickin' it in stereo
Style is sick, kickin' the ballistics
Kinda magnificent, but always stayin' distant
You don't understand, 'cause you can't and I can I got the whole world in my hand
Cuz I'm the boogieman
'Oh shit I'm scared, God damn boogie man'
I'd rather be dope, then prayin' and wishin' on a hope
That's all she wrote, so fuck John the Pope
And if I do that, I give a clue jack
I'm the unholy but you already knew that
I'm a black devil, black sheep
Black rhythm, black rhyme, black beat, yo
I never went pop with acid hip hop
With a 1, 2 and ya don't stop
I keep it goin' I, I know you're knowin' I
The way I'm goin' I'm showin' ya how I'm flowin'
I hold my black dick just like a pool stick
My cue balls in my corner pocket so watch it
But you don't understand cuz you can't and I can
I got the whole world in my hand, cuz I'm the boogieman
Call me the boogieman