

# Esham, Makin' More Music

(INTRO)

This is the season...  
To fear young black men, hell black men period.  
Espically while they kill themselves.  
It is contagous, this virus, this violence. (splatter his blood)  
Huh? What did (splatter his blood) you just say?  
Is he dead? (splatter his blood)  
I dont under(splatter his blood)stand this.  
Dont you know...

Esham's back with another wicket track  
Some old wicket shit and all that  
A new era, I'll bring the terror plus the funk  
You cant rock me so dont try to copy my format  
Like liquid drano but it's acid rap  
I'm a soloist so no one has to pass it back  
You wanna get rid of me, I'm the epitomy  
Suckaz dont consider me 'cause they aint shit to me  
See I get funky like dog shit  
And dont step to me raw 'cause I aint havin it  
And if I see a microphone I'm grabbin it  
And like a knife to your mind I'm stabbin it  
The U-N-H-O-L-Y f\*\*kin it up daily  
Now I'm in your system so how you gonna play me, PUNK  
I drop the funk like a bad habit  
You still chasin after tricks like a silly rabbit  
Show respect to the motherf\*\*kin man  
'cause I'm makin more music then your body can stand.

(CHORUS)

Makin more music then your body can stand  
Fell this, Music...  
Makin more music then your body can stand  
If...you...feel...good....I'm your maaan

I'm like a gypsy with a crystal ball  
And I've seen the future for all of ya'll  
And it state's that I got a life long faith  
To kick the wicket shit and I'll never get in heaven's gates  
Twelve inch plates like brimstone  
And dont play my jams alone  
'cause the devils in my microphone  
Musical madness finna self destruct  
The devil is my logo, but it's Reel Life Product  
Check mic one, two, then send a shout to  
All the brothaz down with the RLP crew  
Only real niggaz rock real shit  
But dont f\*\*ker 'cause you know how ill I can get  
I put bit after bit makin hit after hit  
And if your down with Esham then your sayin that's the shit  
Grab the microphone and blaze it like a gan  
'cause I'm makin more music then your body can stand

(CHORUS)

Makin more music then your body can stand  
Fell this, Music...  
Makin more music then your body can stand  
If...you...feel...good....I'm your maaan

The radio say I'm wild 'cause I flow freestyle  
So pop my tape in and f\*\*k the radio dial  
They wont play me 'cause I be the Unholy  
Now how dat sound?  
So I had to go underground

Now you got the ghetto devil  
On a different level  
Bass and Treble  
Now they tryin put my records on freeze  
But they cant touch these so nigga nigga please  
Get back fore I get my backpack  
Esham's gunnin down the whole wackpack  
You can run, but you cant hide  
The only way out is suicide  
Through the rythym, throat's I'm slittin em  
And if they ask me how I did em  
I'ma say I let the rythym hit em  
No rapper can f\*\*k with me  
'cause 24-7 days a week I be

(CHORUS)

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Fell this, Music...  
Makin more music then your body can stand  
If...you...feel...good....I'm your maaan