

# Esham, Out Cold

Now once upon a time, way back in the day  
There was an MC-killer by the name of E-S-H-A-M  
And he was known to murder them all  
Gun-clapper leave a rapper brains all on the wall  
Now, nobody coul fade him cause he was known to murder em  
And kill the wack DJ's who never heard of him  
The radio was scared, they wouldnt even listen to him  
But he's gettin payed, and the flash of pistols to em  
He lives underground in parts unknown  
He's known to take your cookies to boogie the bloody microphone  
Seven MC's, put them in a line  
Then add seven more niggas who think they can shine  
Well, it'll take seven more before I'll go for mine  
Then I'll "blocabloca" my nine rhymes at the same tizzime  
They say, "MC-killer, dont let him rhyme around you,  
He's bound to pull a nine and blow your mind all around you"  
Now they got a white chalk line all around you  
Hanging from a telephone pole's how they found you  
Psychopathic, automatic  
Weapons get drawn if you got some static 'cause

This is how the story goes  
People these days are really out cold  
x4

Great scott, a monsters high on top of the Penasca  
Bustin off shots with the twenty-five-shot glock  
This is back when the wizard was cutting shit up  
Plus ain't nobody saying nothing, so I'm shutting shit up  
Killed another MC, scoped him from high off the tower  
Radio stations blow out your power, sniffin powder  
How the fuck I killed another DJ?  
Special request: I serviced his ass with the AK  
P-P-P-P-Pow muthafucka, ain't no love in my mind  
Ain't no tarnishing my game, ain't no dulling my shine  
Still nine dead bodies real hard to find  
And if you want to kill some more times, press rewInD

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