

Esham, P-P-P-Pow!

Muther f**kers try to play us like we somethin more mysterious
But we be doin wicked shit and murderin these super heroes
P-P-P-POW with the wicked shit p-p-p-pow
Wicked wild wicked wicked wild p-p-p-pow no doubt
P-p-p-pow its the truest p-p-p-pow
Who in Soopa Villians illin p-p-p-pow
P-p-p-pow ima blow your mouth all the way out
So when somebody stand behind you they can look out your mouth
P-p-p-pow time to make another million
P-p-p-pow purple pushin bubble stealin
P-p-p-pow show me murder ima show thee the cause
That PCP be havin me im breakin laws in my drawers
P-p-p-pow boogie woogie bang bang dont stop
P-p-p-pow in sync when the glock go pop
P-p-p-pow dead body boys rollin along
I brings it home and my momma help me bury the bones
P-p-p-pow you cant stop me now im out on the prowl
P-p-p-pow to the judge if im ever on trial
P-p-p-pow ima snatch your f**kin kidney out your stomach
Make you vomit hit the tonic like sonic and get demonic baby
You cant play me
You cant play me bitch
You cant play me
You cant play me bitch
chorus
P-p-p-pow if you dress up like Osama Bin Laden
P-p-p-pow to them days when niggas was picken cotton
P-p-p-pow spittin voodoo on a roller coaster look at me now
Esham and J we thought you knew like you supposed to baby wow
P-p-p-pow make your body rottin p-p-p-pow
For plottin to put your ass out the gate forever forgotten
P-p-p-pow tongue black eyes red cause we walk with the dead
And if we hit your probly pissed we take a piece of your head
P-p-p-pow my styles big bad wolf blow your house down
P-p-p-pow Acid rain on the whole underground
P-p-p-pow Soopa Villians on the East Side im reppin the West
Im in the vest but i would push you with the couchins to bed
Blowin on the neighborhood goosh
Because its the best shit smoked by the whole damn crew
P-p-p-pow with Monoxide rollin around
We pickin Rudy up in Purple Prince and Pacy parkin P-p-p-p-pow
You cant play me
You cant play me bitch
You cant play me
You cant play me bitch
Now let me tell you this while the clock is still tickin
These niggas still trippin bitch still lickin dick in
I slipped another clip in you step to me im rippin
Bullets your flesh rippin your bloody body be trippin
See back in Detroit i be like always dippin
Sound with psychopathic and im still transistin
Im pullin to your cranium you non existent
My gat be on fire like the horse from Detroit Pistons
chorus