

# Esham, Skydive

[Talking]

You need me to peel ya banana? Rock the bandana?  
Scared to come to Detroit? Runnin', hidin' cracked out  
Witcha momma. While you play witcha baby dolls and  
Pajamas, don't letcha moms getcha brains blew out  
Wit' the cannon. I know you scared. Oh you scared  
You scared. I know you scared. Oh you scared, you  
Scared. Check this out...

It's about time you turned this off  
'Cuz I'ma go and get my sawed-off  
And drink some fuckin' Smirnoff  
And blow ya fuckin' head off  
So much blood can't get the red off  
You're better really dead off  
Say the wrong thing can set a war off  
Like Hitler, Adolf  
It's a thin line between showin' love and settin' hate off  
Pushin' powder for power, takin' cream from cowards  
I would hate to not clock every hour  
Something wicked comes this way-off  
So you better pray-off  
For another day, if not you might be shot  
Wit' the AK-off  
Die when the bullets spray off  
Jesus Christ, you begged for ya life twice  
When the mortician embalmed ya body he took ya ice  
In the coffin people often said you looked nice  
Witcha Royal Blue suit on, half ya face gone  
It's time to pay up when the bodies catch the spray up  
Evil that's still in these streets still won't allow me to put the K up  
When the dope don't weigh up, these bitches wanna lay up  
All in the D Spot and get the streets hot  
The narcos roll around here lookin' for the crooks  
The hatas live around here give me dirty looks  
I heard some hatas plottin' wanna kick my door in  
'Cuz I gots more ends then all of ya hoe-ass kins  
Oh no, can't trust nobody, this game is deadly  
And murder's on my mind inside my musical medley  
And I

(Chorus)

Skydive, just to stay alive  
Maximum overdrive, some don't survive  
I need some 'Therapy' but ain't nobody helpin' me  
These bitches think I'm crazy  
I'm fallin', I hear the demons callin' [2x]

Callin' my name, steady beggin' for change  
Don't blame me for Russian Roulette when you started the game  
Dead men don't sing, ain't no heroes in Hell  
So you walk the bloody trail, either dead or in jail  
I'ma bless you but you should pray for me  
'Cuz I be doin' wicked shit on the daily  
Suicidalist, the suicidal recital  
The U-N-H-O-L-Y be my muthafuckin' title  
Murder rappers and combat so homicidal  
I'm the center of the universe  
I burst worse, I shoot first  
When I do dirt you cursed  
Last ride in the hearse  
The preacher kicked the last verse  
He told everybody gather around  
If ya mind is lost, may your soul be found

If a bullet took away somebody you really loved  
I see ya blessin's comin' down from the Heavens above  
'Cuz I

(Chorus)