

Esham, Some Old Wicket Shit!!!

Some ol wicked shit
Some ol wicked shit
Some ol wicked shit
Some ol wicked shit

Midnight's the witches hour and you're outside
Somebody played the Reel Life Product tape and committed suicide
Tried to save a soul it can't be done
Unholy to the Son Of Satan, I ain't the one
Congradulations brothas and sistas who pray for me
Some slaved for me and still prayed for me
Some say my rhyme is Satanic, it'll make ya vomit, and I admit
I'm the shit when it comes down to it, just suin' it do it
Unholy poet
Ya mind I blow it
If ya ever heard me rhyme
For the first time
Hear, it's like a hurricane
Stunnin' like Novicane
Simple and plain
Reel Life Product is insane
Ya fuckin' with the wrong one
Listen to the song's done
Fuck around and be on the wrong end of a gun son
Ya listenin' to insanity
But that's just a man in me
I said I'm Esham and you said how can it be?
I'm a psychopathic automatic
Reel Life Product pro static, fuck it

Some ol wicked shit
Some ol wicked shit
Some ol wicked shit
Some ol wicked shit

Some ol wicked shit
Some ol wicked shit
Some ol wicked shit
Some ol wicked shit

I'm the U-N-H-O-L-Y better known as Esham
Champs or chumps
Step up and get some punk
Playin' around with me is like playin' with a rattlesnake
I shake and bake and break the fake
Reel Life Product's grim
A skitsofrantic muthafucka features lookin dim
R-E-A-L L-I-F-E
A P-R-O-D to the U-C-T
Reel Life Product's what I spit, I very seldom yell
The record sella's suckin' dope sell
I have the mind of the devil, the body of Lucifer
Gimme a mic and watch me get loose for ya
It's a muthafucka that suicide the way
Anotha homicide
I live anotha day I lied
I said I was the Unholy
Cause a preacha told me
The U-N-H-O-L-Y is a brotha with soul see
And sink down in the goddamn screechas
I'm not Satanic so fuck yall bitches

Some ol wicked shit
Some ol wicked shit

Some ol wicked shit
Some ol wicked shit

Some ol wicked shit
Some ol wicked shit
Some ol wicked shit
Some ol wicked shit