

Esham, Was It Sum'n I Said

Was it sum'n I said
That made me your idol
See I'd rather be dead
That's why I'm suicidal
And my head keeps spinnin like every day
But it's best to burn out then to fade away
See I am what I am and that's all that I am
But when I'm not high, a poor excuse for a man
I aint drinkin no forty, thinkin time with the nine
Cant you understand, I'm the tigger man
The drama's in life is so highly diluted
In time you will find wicket rhymes executed
From dawn to dusk you might hear me bust
Deep peep the wicket shit and your skull a crush
Exodus, Alpha, Omega come again
All the hate you create is comin from with in
Amen anotha sin once my mind is bled
When it's done and said I'm done as dead
Flatline...