

Puff Daddy F/ Jay-Z

"Don't Gimme No H.A.N"

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(All talking at once)

[Esham]

OK... Yo this is Detroit niggas... Highland Park

[Moebadis]

Man get that hoe ass nigga up out the studio, man!
He sound like a bitch!

[TNT]

Yeah get that bitch ass nigga up outta here, man.
Dick suckin ass nigga.

[Moebadis]

Hoe ass nigga!

[Esham]

That's right... we ain't fuckin wit no hoe ass niggas

[TNT]

Yeah, Moebadis, you tell them hoe ass niggas

[Moebadis]

I'll tell you like this muthafucka
I ain't want no hoe ass nigga around...

[Esham]

Bitch you wanna ride a niggas coat tails
know what I'm sayin all the way to the top

[TNT]

For real! None of this shit nigga! Gotham bitch!

[Moebadis]

Gothom...

[Esham]

Bitch you better do some work!
Know what I'm sayin, Gotham, all that

[Mastamind]

Youse a hoe ass nigga WHAT!

[Esham]

Youse a hoe ass nigga, don't gimme no HAN
Nigga fuck your bank, and ya breath stank
Youse a hoe ass nigga, all by yourself
If you're rich or you're poor, through your sickness and
health
Youse a hoe ass nigga, don't gimme no shit
You scurvy as hell, nigga suck the dick
Youse a hoe ass nigga yeah I said that
And plus my man Mastamind got my back

[Mastamind]

I got your card pulled, bitches you all about some
bullshit
Need to get yo ass beat like a stag, wit a bull whip
I don't need no hoes around me but to fuck em
Niggas been talkin bout me for havin my back and
never trust em
Then the bitch ass niggas wanna turn me in
Out of retaliation I ride on em, you turned, it's been a
Nation of killers is born, hoe ass niggas be gone
Come to Detroit, face the storm, and get rained on
You talk like you been drinkin for days
Been thinkin of ways to kill me
But they HANs and never feel me
My shit is too deep to tread
I need a, hoe ass nigga wit me like I need a hole in my
head

[Esham]

You a hoe ass nigga everybody know you (Gothom)
They hate your ways, and the things you do
Youse a hoe ass nigga, that perpatrated
You must be a playa to be playa hated
Youse a hoe ass nigga gettin suited and booted
You look like somebody So Dre recruited
Youse a hoe ass nigga from Osbourne High
youse a hoe ass nigga, and I can't lie

[Moebadis]

Youse a small change nigga, standin around
Youse a hoe ass nigga, who wants to be down
You get clowned like a titty bar hoe (Bitch!)
In case you didn't know you just a 304
'Cause youse a know nothin, never gonna be nothin,
hoe ass nigga
Always bluffin, penny pinchin, ass kissin, no hoe gettin
Think about it nigga, youse a ass nigga
Hoe ass nigga

You can suck my dick!
All these hoes all on my motherfuckin dick
Askin bout the superstars... motherfucker
Ridin these fine ghetto cars, you know how we layin
Gothom is motherfuckin life

[Esham]

And this is for the niggas who be real with they shit
Hoe ass niggas so illegit
Youse a hoe ass nigga you lived a hoe ass life
You got some hoe ass kids, and a hoe ass wife
My niggas thoroughbreds all dogs in my squad
We make the type of shit doubelievengod
If youse a real muthafucka nigga blaze the gans
And tell them hoe ass niggas
Don't gimme no HANs

[TNT]

Word came round there's a price on my head
Said these niggas on the city streets want me dead
But that's ok, player hation is a part of the game
I expect this type of shit from some mark ass lame
But for the situation at hand, I handle with ease
Rollin on these hoe ass niggas break em down to they
knees
Let these niggas know my status and I ain't no punk
Hit yo ass with some slugs, and knock off some chunks
And leave yo body in a puddle of blood, lights flashin
Gun blastin
I'm unmaskin my face to let you niggas know who did
this shit to you
And I don't give a fuck about you, or your crew
Now bring it on motherfuckers 'cause we strong as
steel
And you motherfuckin niggas know the fuckin deal
Bitch it's Reel Life product and Gothom too
Bitch it's comin at yo ass son, what you gone do?

[Esham]

Youse a hoe ass nigga, everybody know you
They hate your ways, and the things you do
Youse a hoe ass nigga, that perpatrared
You must be a playa to be playa hated
Youse a hoe ass nigga, gettin suited and booted
You look like a fool... that the scene recruited
RJ Watkins in here... Nat Morris

[TNT]

These hoe ass niggas

[Esham]

It's goin down like this

[TNT]

Hoe ass bitches
These hoe ass cops
The hoe ass IRS
The federellys
The bitches tryin to put me and my niggas in jail
FUCK them hoe ass niggas!
And you ain't stoppin us, bitch, for real
Gothom baby

[Mastamind]

This goes out to every one of y'all
None of y'all
Niggas can see me
Don't ask me bout no peace treaties, posters, eat your
Wheaties
I'll lock on all of y'all
Body count em till they fall
They arms too short to box wit me so thay can't brawl
Couldn't save your life
If you had to roll the dice
Can't survive the hit out on the head so pay the price
Nights are gettin colder
As the days are gettin shorter
Walkin round ready for war 'cause I'm a soldier
Bitch am I supposed to
Get rolled over?
I don't owe the world shit but the last words I told ya
FUCK THE WORLD let my nigga TNT tell it
If that's the way the shit is, then blaze the funkadelic
Legends, sedate me 'fore my mind goes crazy
Lately these niggas been actin shady tryin to play me
For a bitch!
Die me talk a neighborhood sucka
When you die they gone say you was a good
motherfucka...
Gotta put these niggas in they place!
Same damn thing... I just WISH... wish... wish...
I'd have all the money... I'd spend it quickly
Man I just wish!
Now I say fuck it! Fuck wishes!
I needs real things, REAL things

(Gothom, Gothom, Gothom, I wish, Gothom, Gothom,
Gothom, Gothom)

[Moebadis]

BOOM! You dead motherfucker! You dead!

(Please Stand By)

[Esham]

I got 'em

(Got 'em, Gotham, Got 'em, Got 'em)

[Esham]

I got 'em

I got 'em, got 'em, got 'em

I got 'em

I got 'em, got 'em, got 'em

I got 'em, got 'em, got 'em

Fuck a bitch on my dick!

Im all about real estate, and how much cash a nigga
can get

Nobody knows I'm insane

I be the U-N-H-O-L-Y, nigga blow out your brains

See I'm Gotham for life

The black devil suicidal mind snatcher

One day I'm gonna catch you

I sold my soul for real

That's why I'm rollin in the dough, nigga never had a
record deal

Bruce Wayne Esham, unholy nigga

Three souls trapped inside the homicide

In the lyric I wrote, I never lied I could lie

To the dead souls of all those who died, I tried

I don't want to die with my eyes closed

And when the .45 slug connect, I resurrect

Nigga Jesus

I never trust so bust

And ain't no love in this world only hate and lust and
uh...

When I'm rollin wit the sawed off

Imma blow your head off... bitch

When I'm rollin with the sawed off

Imma blow your head off

When I'm rollin with the sawed off

Imma blow your head off... no fuck that

When I'm rollin with the sawed off

Imma blow your head off... yeah

I got those killas on my team, plus a triple beam

A bloody ass pistol and a half 'scalene

I done seen

More then your eyes can dream

I'm the future

Won't hesitate to shoot ya

Pollute ya mind kidnapped, and rewind

Niggas been bitin my style since the beginning of time

I'm out of my mind, suicidal is my recital

Niggas listen to me when they want to be homicidal
Esham, the black devil, bitch I'm the man
All my niggas in Highland park smoke the gan
I'm a street politician on a mission to kill
Gasoline around your house this ain't no fire drill
Bitch I'll burn yo shit up like a cocktail to a crack house
It ain't nowhere to run from the gun that's
Held in the hand by the man called Satan
And when you want to die nigga I'll be waitin with the...
When I'm rollin with the sawed off
Imma blow your head off... That's right, just, pop
When I'm rollin with the sawed off
Imma blow your head off
When I'm rollin with the sawed off
Imma blow your head off
When I'm rollin with the sawed off
Imma blow your head off
Nigga don't ask me
Two keys in my chassis
Just hit the ditch in the damn Don Massey
I'm up in the back seat so I'm still lookin fo' ya
I told ya motherfuckin mama it was nice to know ya
Mental telepathy tellin me I need therapy
Got voices in my head don't need to take me out my
misery
I'm 2 1/2, but I wish it was a key
I wanna be the kingpin epitome
Niggas don't consider me number 1 contender
So I must whip out my glock and make em surrender
Poison your mind with the sickness in my rhyme
Designer of the flatline, walk through time and uh...
When I'm rollin with the sawed off
Imma blow your head off... yo
When I'm rollin with the sawed off
Imma blow your head off... I'm lookin for you
When I'm rollin with the sawed off
Imma blow your head off... uh
When I'm rollin with the sawed off
Imma blow your head off
Imma blow your head off
Imma blow your head off
Imma blow your head off
Imma blow your head off
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Imma blow your head off
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