

**Cervenka Exene****"Boom"**

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Detroit listeners out there  
you'd better be sure to stop by at the Galaxy Club  
where there's a freestyle, super fresh contest going on  
tonight  
If you got the skills you better get your hip-hop ass on  
down here  
We got DJ Clueless on the wheels of steel

[Esham]  
Mortification is my next demonstration  
I'd ask you for a lite pumpin' gas at the station  
Here's my situation  
I hate many people  
So I hear no see no say no evil  
Just like Knieval  
Leave you headless bloody mess  
Like you was ridin' a Ducati  
Ladidadi broke every bone in your body I'm not sorry  
I'd probely murder you  
Voices tellin' me do what he say  
Kill a DJ  
Fuck what he play  
Mayday Mayday  
BOOM! BOOM!  
Blood's all over the room  
I fucked yo bitch  
Like a witch with a broom  
Doom's  
Day  
Murderers say  
All y'all must pay when the buckshot's spray  
Who wants the challenge me  
Grab the mic and bust yo raps  
But then I'm just gonna grab my strap  
And just commence to bustin' caps  
Leaving bodies piled up  
In freestyle clubs(fuck)  
You better make room  
BOOM like what

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

WHAT! y'all ain't BOOM!  
When we show up  
BOOM BOOM BOOM  
WHAT!

[Violent J]

Killaz run up in this bitch  
Start bustin' off shots  
Hittin literballs, lazer lights and people on the top  
I'm looking for the dj  
Cuz he don't see it my way  
I'm bout 2 blow 'em out his head  
?????? some A.B.K  
I'm like a molotov cocktail  
Breakin' on your wall  
I'm setting shit off  
I blow your lid off  
Your body falls  
You don't need aluminoliam  
Leavin' blood everywhere  
And I'm aiming for the head n hair of everybody their  
I'm like a grasshopper  
Quick to jump I'm spreading my wings  
You say the wicked shit will die  
I say you faggots seeing things  
And all you bitches know I'm gangsta  
Don't ask me to dance  
I might straight panic pull the gat  
And blow your pussy out your pants  
It's the wicked shit It's E n J  
It's hotter than Hell  
And every Devil's Night we hunt them down  
And slaughter D-12  
I take the moosegun and shut your blood and blow it  
out your back  
Turning face to camera  
Where your hatchets at  
Throw 'em up y'all

[Chorus]

[Esham]

Make room  
Guess who comin in  
Grab my gun again  
They told me he was one of them  
So I done him in  
A killers on the hunt again  
Smoke my blunt again  
Fatality finished him I win again  
Repentance my vengeance

So I'm not sentenced a hundred years  
It's burning my ears and blood is mixed with my tears  
fears  
My styles get rid of theres  
Drive-bys in wheelchairs  
All you see is smoke in the air  
Cuz we don't care

[Chorus]

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