## Esham "7 Mile Road"

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## "7 Mile Road"

You don't know my fucking [stilo?]
I can't fuck with you punk if you can't cop a kilo
36 ozs, no [goldees?], hoes on their knees, bitch please
I owe the mob 4 million

They want their money or their dope or they're killing all my children

Fuck that I'm Bruce Wayne insane, if you see me in the rain I'm selling cocaine

You see I just joined the mob man

And see the run with the righteous or Batman and Robin

And I ain't with the stick up

For every nigga that you stick up

He's bound to call his clique up

I got to worry 'bout the police

And the F.B.I., wanna know why

'cause I'm a million dolla ball playa

And these minor league niggas would love to see me fall playa

I'm on craps like 2 dice

Fuck FM 98 and that bitch nothin' nice

I'm underground like P-Funk,

And I'll still put you're bloody body in the fucking trunk punk

I'm on 7 mile riding dirty

With a birdie in the trunk and a bag of funk

Nigga what?

I'm on 7 mile ridin' dirty

168 I hate to jump back

So now I must add and subtract to pay the stack

Ill automobiles, V12's and meals

A half a million dollar house out in he hills

My chrome plated .357's my tool

Nigga don't make me out a fuckin' fool

You's a hoe ass nigga, ain't got no loot

If basketball was a gun, you'd be scared to shoot

Fuck that rap that you saying, don't make no sense

My recital is vital once I commence

Got 36 oz, one kilo z

2 8th's is a half and 4 is a key

I'm a street politician so I politic
If the chicken ain't cookin' then the grease ain't clickin'
Get a bird mother fucker, fuck that a nine to five
Call me John Travlota 'cause I'm stayin' alive
7 mile ridin' dirty
To all my homies sellin' dope, don't be a snitch and don't go broke

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