

## **Esham**

# **"Cant Take That"**

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I know how it feels to wake up fucked up  
With pockets on E, and bad company.  
I wish I had a key too open all the locks  
I'd open all the blocks, flood em all with rocks.  
Keep clockin knots, cause it dont stop .  
Stay close to a chop, just in case you think not.  
Baking soda in the water till it bubble in the pot.  
When its dry it's hard like candy, butter cookies what  
you got.  
Break it down into some boulders, fifties look like  
butterscotch  
Now i'm on the streets, another plan, a money plot  
Buy a brand new Benz before you rolled it off the lot  
It really don't mean shit, if your ass get shot  
Why?

You can't take it with you  
All them things that money buy  
You won't need 'em when you die, baby

You can't take it with you  
Even when they hit you with 50 bullets  
Fifty times in your nugget, fuck it  
Love it or hate, like it or not  
I really gives a fuck what rabbit gets shot  
Sedidate me, baby, lately, I've been crazy,  
Caught up in the world of madness can't phase me  
Suicidal, fuck American Idol, rock my recital  
Esham is my title, vital, visions are homicidal  
But that don't matter, even when your blood gets  
splattered  
Caps going off like the Mad Hatter  
You can be poor or filthy rich  
Cause nobody can buy eternal life up in this bitch.

You can't take it with you  
All them things that money buy

You won't need 'em when you die, baby  
(Everything... Money, Cars, Jewelry... all of it...)

"Our dear brother right here was a good brother. He

had money and diamonds.  
He got diamonds all... all right now, but we gonna take  
all that..  
before we put him in the ground we gonna take all that  
off his body.  
But, anyway... He had a mansion... he had a mansion...  
But he don't need that where he goin. We gonna be  
livin it up...  
He had a purdy wife, he won't be needin her no more.  
The church gonna take care of her-"

You can't take it with you  
No lust, no love, no drugs, no slugs, no FBI bugs  
Put one right between your eyes in the center of your  
mug  
Brains all on the floor, blood skeetin' on the rug  
Fucked around with the underground, murdered like  
chud  
Get smoked like bud, body left in the hood  
Stripped naked, take off your jewels rapped in a  
blanket, kick it  
Cooked him, left in the bucket like a burnt piece of  
chicken  
Biten, went professional hittin'  
It's all about choppin' bodies up and throats slittin'  
So you can't take nothing with you but some hollow tips  
And then if you like the steel dick, swallow this.

You can't take it with you  
All them things that money buy  
You won't need 'em when you die, baby  
(Everything... Money, Cars, Jewelry... all of it...)

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