

## **Esham**

# **"Cross My Heart"**

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Son of a bitch, Jason wants to slit his wrists

But I'll tell you like this, should'nt take the risk  
Knowin the consequences well

The suicidal suckers end up in hell  
Some rather be dead then living in sin

'cause the planet is fucked up and misled

By fools like you

Runnin round tellin mother fuckers what they can and  
cant do

Butterflys in my stomach

Make me wanna vomit 'cause I know doomsday is  
coming  
Jasons facin life or death, it's do or die

And as he take a deep breath he wonders who will cry  
The only one who really cares is you and I

But your the only one who really knew why

Lifes a bitch from beginning to end and then you die

Living the life of sin and why

I can see it in your eyes I'm not suprised  
As you cross your heart and hope to die

Living your life on the edge of panic

But still you manic  
'cause you was born a schizophrenic

Never knew life was a bitch, but it is so hard

I'm living low in the graveyard

Take a trip to another side another place

Lying in a casket wit a dead mans face  
Who gives a fuck about you, nobody but you

But I didn't have to tell you take 'cause thats something  
you already knew

Just like a razor to the wrist I'm a cut you quick

Last dying words is I'm a son of a bitch

Son of a gun and Ive just begun to bleed  
As I scream Jesus christ and fall to my knees

And as everyone cries they wonder why  
I cross my heart and hope to die

My rhyme is a nine to the forehead

And once you push play you'll pull the trigga and now  
your dead

A suicidal homicidal homicidal suicidal recital

Is what I recite when I'm on the mic

At midnight I'll smother you like crib death

And find my record spinning

You'll never no I was grinnin when I did that  
This is the U-N-H-O-L-Y

Deadly, like pesticide  
So just step aside

Once I knew a little girl was playin my tape on Sunday

They found her in some headphones dead on Monday  
Hanging from a chandelier the only thing to fear is fear

When you get them butterflies you know the Unholy is  
near

Some disappear and never be found  
Some are smothered by the rhythm and then drown

And when I blow your mind your wont know why  
You'll soon cross your heart and hope to die

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