

# Esham

## "E-Mail"

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(Esham Talking)

Verse 1: Esham

Im a Detroit Playa like Biggie Smalls saids,  
So I never on tricks thats bald head,  
And the car you riding in, I know you loves Black,  
Im from Detroit baby, I been test drove back,  
And plus you dirty rat, you need a chineese slap,  
You say you wanta battle me, but you can't rap  
In the new millenium, I hope you all would die,  
Cause some of those styles yaw chouse is wild,

(Chrous)

Babby,D-E-T-R-O-I-T,  
3-1-3 (x4)

(Notorious B.I.G. Sample after chrous) "My Deroit Playas"

Verse 2: T.N.T.

From the East out-of-towner, where you find T.N.T.,  
With the smoke in my hand,in the fithy reme,  
Back 7 M.I.L.E., West to East (Westside)

Hit crashes,  
Swerving,  
100 spokes,  
Hataz wanta me to krash it,  
Pus I pack the plastic,  
The situation drastic,  
Still Political,  
Still Poetic Hoe,  
Yeah,

(Chorous x4)

Verse 3: Esham

You say you wanta get your gamble on,  
Get your bang on,

Slang on,  
Get your trick,  
And get Gone in the Wind like Ghandie,  
Out hunting for a fine little mommy,  
Might see "E" on 7 M.I.L.E.,  
Manhattan N-Y-C, East Coast,  
To Cali,  
I be running through this bitch like Barry Sanders,  
Detroit underground commander,  
Say you bust something,  
Discuss something,  
Smoke a little crush something,  
Plus ride a little plus on em,

(Chorus x4)

Song Fades

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