

## Esham

### "Everyone - 2001"

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Everyone's a killa now-a day  
Let me tell you about some killa shit  
Yo, everyone's a killa  
The first time killas made an attempt on my life  
It was all about some money, it was funny  
So I laughed, blood bathed it off  
Grab my pistol, I'm shootin' missiles  
Here's how you can be a super rap star and people try  
to kill you too  
It's funny like that when you rap about death  
The shit really follows you like every other breath  
Watch ya step, a thousand black crows fly through the  
sky  
I hear voices in my head, everyone must die  
Why? I dunno, shot another rapper wit' the .44  
Deep in my psychosis lives this ferocious monster  
That just wants to crush, grab guns, squeeze triggas,  
bullets bust  
Still can't get enough, what a rush  
Blood stains soak the plush  
Brain matter all over the room scattered  
Killas don't talk but stalk the streets  
I'm a complete cannibal, cookin' ya dead meat  
The Seventh Sign, walk da flatline  
Forever through time, eternally out my mind  
While you keep tryin' to save souls from dyin'  
And Hell is still hot and muthafuckas still fryin'  
And I ain't lyin' about abortion  
'Cuz you can 'KKKill the Fetus' and still hear ya baby  
cryin'  
Everyone... must... die (Everyone must die) [8x]  
Everyone must die, I have no excuses for mental  
abuses  
My uzi is useless without the clip in it  
Deep inside the darkness I slowly slip in it  
Murder by the minute, true confessions of a Smith and  
Wesson  
Livin' in Detroit all my life caused me to 'Mental Stress'  
and  
'Panic Attack' and manic depression  
Blastin' any assassin, askin' no questions

Murder for hire, my guns won't retire, you'll forever  
feel the fire  
Your desire to die collides with my obsession to just let  
slugs fly  
Why must I live like this?  
Blood stains on the floor from my slit wrists  
Suicidalist, mental poisoner, the flow grows slow into  
a dark Lotus  
'Dead Flowerz' in the 'Midnight Hour'  
All people kill for the powder of power  
Whichever comes first before the guns burst  
Life independent or the back of a hearse  
What's worse than a wicked rhyme I disperse?  
Shells from a gun as I yell and curse  
Shells from a gun as I yell and curse  
The shells from a gun as I yell and curse

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