

## **Esham**

### **"My 9 Rhymes"**

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Born beat up and always hungry  
Never thought I'd turn into a criminal if anything

Runnin from the cops like Al Capone

Goin Rambo on them mother fuckers like Sly Stallone

Got a gat in my pants like its part of my belt

Suckers scared like butter so they start to melt

I stand silent like concrete in Detroit's streets  
What a rich man throws away is what a poor man eats  
When i was 5 my mind start to blow

Told my teacher i want to be like Hitler when i grow up  
When i was 7 disregarded the laws of heaven

When i was 10 i started committing sin  
I went to church on Sunday and i cussed out the  
reverend

When i became an adolescent i never learned my  
lesson  
Witchcraft and voodoo with needles and pins

Puttin holes in mother fuckers with a fuckin smith and  
wesson

A homicidal vital recital Esham my title  
I know my shit is deaf and i know you want a bite oh

But no dont do it you'll be just a carbon copy

Esham is original and everyone else is sloppy  
Still i kill im sweet like Sugar Hill

Not your average everyday elementary run of the mill

Mother fucker get it strait i dont battle thats for suckers

You wish you was down with Reel Life Product aint that

right brothers  
I dont bullshit no need to bullshit

You pull some shit and you'll be pullin bullets n shit

Brother think im bluffin pull me bluff and get fucked up  
and

Its time for me to shut up cus i really said enough

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