

Esham**"No Singin' At My Funeral"**

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No singing at my funeral, I can't stand to see you break
down,
So when I die, place me in my coffin face down.
Don't wanna hear no preacher preachin' all that rafa
tazz,
Place me face down so you can walk and kiss my black
azz.
Leave me butt naked but don't make it a closed coffin,
Cuz if you do, I'll come back and haunt you kinda often.
But tell that bitch singin',
We Shall Overcome, to drop it,
I make faces out of place so you oughta stop it.
Well as I look up at the people lookin' down on me,
It's kinda sad to see, so take me out my misery.
I hear some hummin' and some people singin' sad
songs,
Where did I go wrong, sad songs last long.
I can hear the preacher sayin' good things about me,
(Esham!)
People cryin' as they readin' my obituary.
Hush little baby, don't say a word,
Sometimes it's best to be seen and not heard.
For those of you who don't know,
For those of you who don't know,
For those of you who don't know,
I hate sad songs, so no singing at my funeral.

He was so.. he was a good child.
He was a good child.
Why did he have to go?

Well it's the same ole sad song,
I sing that mad song,
I say it won't last long, tellin' y'all be strong.
Layin' on my back
I can see all the misery,
Thus accompany,
I can hear you but I'm dead so don't sing to me.
Now you wanna sing me a lullaby but you make another
cry,
And I'm just another guy who wanna die

Please believe, so don't sing to me,
Just let me be and I'll rest in peace.
It's like a one way ticket to hell and I bought one,
Nothing for sale but a cold and I caught one.
For those of you who don't know,
I hate sad songs so no singing at my funeral.

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