

Esham

"No Singing at My Funeral - 1994"

Visit "[No Singing at My Funeral - 1994](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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,
'cause 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 at 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.
He was a good boy,
Why he gotta play the game of death.
He gettin' up!
Oh shit, he gettin' up!
Up's a daisy, time for me to get up,

Niggas get lit up, when I test shit up.
Ain't no singin' so get that shit straight,
Bitches go think about me so they masturbate.
No singing at my funeral, to let you know,
Esham's dope hoe and never so so.
The black devil get's funky in the joint,
And fuck the police at east point.
Young mutha fuckin' ass rebel,
Call me unholy or the black devil.
Esham's ain't nothing to fuck with,
And if you talkin' some shit, you betta duck quick.
'cause niggas still dyin' to be down,
With a furobred, they can't fuck around.
It get hectic enough to make your heart sick,
I light 'em up quick just like a candle stick,
I'm not a convict so fuck politics,
I'm not Catalic, but a lunatic.
But I'ma set all that shit aside,
I'm not blond hair or blue eyed like Bonnie & Clyde.
I'ma take you for a joy ride,
And if you slip-n-slide, you'll get cock eyed.
Blood stains all on the rhythm for you punk,
Nigga die, when I drop the funk.
Suckas always tellin' me,
To put a gun to they head and take them out they
misery.
It ain't no sweat off my back,
You'll get done whether white or black.
I try but I hesitate,
'cause if I do a chump like you,
I'll be up state.
Kill or not to kill is only like I know,
But if you gotta go you gotta go.
Ain't no time for all that,
Play dead and take two to the forehead.
Nobody knows when they gonna go,
So if you gotta go, I guess you betta not know.
I think you better listen to me,
We all get something out of life and that's a guarantee.
Whether poor or rich, you wanna know why,
Life's a bitch, because we guaranted to die.

Visit [Esham](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.