

## **Esham**

# **"Old Wicketshit!!!"**

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(CHORUS)

Some old wicket shit  
Some old wicket shit (for you)  
Some old wicket shit (for you)

Midnight's the witches hour  
And your outside  
Somebody played a Reel Life Product tape  
And committed suicide  
Tryin to save ya soul it cant be done  
Unholy to the son of satan, I aint the one  
Congratulations brothaz and sistaz who prayed for me  
Some slayed for me and still pray for me  
They say my rhyme's satanic it'll make ya vomit  
And I think I'm the shit when it comes down to it  
You knew it and know it, unholy poet, your mind I'll blow  
it  
If you ever heard me rhyme for the first time  
It is like a hurricane, stun you like novicane  
Simple and plain, Reel Life Product is insane  
Your fuckin with the wrong one  
Listen till the song's done  
Fuck around and be on the wrong end of a gun son  
Your listenin to insanity, but that's just demandin me  
I say I'm Esham and you said how can it be  
I'ma psycho-pathic, auto-matic  
Reel Life Product, pro-static, fuck it.

(CHORUS)

Some old wicket shit  
Some old wicket shit (for you)  
Some old wicket shit  
Some old wicket shit (for you)  
Some old wicket shit  
Some old wicket shit

I'm the U-N-H-O-L-Y better known as Esham  
Champs and chumps step up and get some punk  
Playin around with me is like playin with a rattlesnake  
I shake and bake and break the fake  
E-S-H-A-M I'm him not one of them  
Reel Life Product's grim

A psychofrantic motherfuckaz future's lookin dim  
A R-E-A-L a L-I-F-E a P-R-O-D to the U-C-T  
Reel Life Product's what I spelled our very seldom  
yelled

\_\_\_\_\_dope we sell  
I have the mind of the devil, the body of lucifer  
Gimme a mic and watch me get loose for ya  
Convince a motherfucker that suicide's the way  
Another homicide, I'll live another day I lied  
I said I was the unholy, 'cause a preacher told me  
The U-N-H-O-L-Y is a brotha with soul see  
It's written down in the god damn scriptures  
Im not satanic, so fuck yall bitches.

(CHORUS)

Some old wicket shit  
Some old wicket shit (for you)  
Some old wicket shit  
Some old wicket shit (for you)  
Some old wicket shit  
Some old wicket shit (for you)

Holy god, fuck the joy's  
Here come Reel Life Production and the devil's groove  
You cant move, you might as well tape it  
And listen, and listen untill it's your favorite  
The speakers are smokin, niggaz chokin  
I'm provokin, no jokin, motherfuckers hopin  
That I get off the mic and shut up forever  
But that's a dream that'll never come true, never  
I'm insane, it's hard to maintain my mentality  
If you keep listenin you'll have a wicket personality  
Fuck it.

(CHORUS)

Some old wicket shit (for you)  
Some old wicket shit (for you)  
Some old wicket shit (for you)

This is my song (for you)  
This is my song (for you)  
This is my song (for you)  
This is my song (for you)

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