

## **Esham**

### **"So Selfish"**

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You so selfish  
(I don't really care what the say about me)  
(Symptoms of Insanity' no 'Therapy')

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H U S T L E R, hustla  
Up in Detroit, yeah, we all hustlas  
Pushin' the product, connected by the narcotics  
Hella melodic when NATAS drop it, I got it

30,000 feet out in the air, I parachute on ya streets  
I'm greetin' bustas wit' the heat  
And you can see me clearly like a DVD  
When I beat on your ass like a MPC

I'm twistin' bitches up like the dreads on a Rasta  
I'm gunnin' atchu rappers 'cause you just an imposta  
Switch this, bitch this, nigga out right fast  
Then I hit his hoe ass wit' the mini mac blast

I don't give a fuck about a 'Record Deal'  
I'm still through these streets like a kill, kill, kill  
The fetus, believe dis when I bust atcha Jesus  
I'll take you to the dark side wit' the quickness

Sickness to ya health, take all of ya wealth  
I'm comin' undetected like a muthafuckin' Stealth  
Bomba, I'ma harda rhyma, pushin' the dime-a, Chrysla  
100,000 was the price-a

While you still crappin' out on the Dice-a  
My style gets nice-a and nice-a  
The blood riser, open ya eyes, sir  
And realize you don't wanna be in my'sa

You so selfish  
You out here breakin' all the rules like Ebenezer

Scrooge

'Cause, you so selfish  
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(?Symptoms of Insanity' no 'Therapy')

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Gotta roll, gotta hold ya own stack, gotta watch ya own  
back  
And if ya runnin' up on me homey, bound to get blown  
back  
I'm in ya zone wit' the chrome gat but you shoulda  
known that  
I'm from the east side where all the birds have homes

And for self, after years I got no help  
Tremendous, the bad times, they seemed endless  
I spin this bottle, I mash this throttle  
I don't give a fuck, still that's my motto

I keep this ammo to burn like a candle  
'Cause I'm too cold to hold, too hot to be handled  
I dismantled every mic I touch  
So realize why I don't give a fuck

I'll open ya up, watch me, can't stop me, wanna' pop  
me 'cause he copy  
And I'm killin' all you wack ass rappers that's sloppy  
And bitin', rewritin', refightin' 'Clash of the Titans'  
When I see you I'm strikin', you feelin' lightning

No remorse of course for the Pale White Horse  
Make 'em all feel the force when I come for yours  
Kickin' down ya doors, world hood wars  
To even the score, make all devils pray to the Lord

To scheme like a demon, you can't really afford  
When the police lights come on, the cameras record  
All this time ya thinkin', ya shoulda detoured  
But ya at the sea shore witch a man overboard

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