

Esham

"The Wicketshit Will Never Die"

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1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 6, 6

Here comes the voodoo what'cha gone do when my crew

Back from the dead once more again

Fuckin' up the flow again, fuck it here we go again

Oh, not me again, last time I wrecked shit

Burned down the church comin' through like the exorcist

Next to this, you get put on my shit list

Throw lifers get dissed you can't fuck with this

Wicked wild, wicked style, I don't give a fuck I'll get buck wild

I'm psycho just like Michael

And I might go a little something like this, suicidalist

Dangerous minds bust when I bust

Digging up dust now I must, in God you trust

If I add just then I add just this

No justice, no peace, bloody body police

Belly of da pig got me fiendin' for a cracker

Jack be nimble make your body tremble

Cardiac arrest for the one in the chest

Then I K-I-double L T-H-E-F-E-T-U-S

Yes, I'm down with N-A-T-A-S, I suggest

You try but don't cry, 'cause the wicked shit'll never die

Once again I ressurected niggaz unexpected

A closed casket when I leaped out and blasted a basket

Case brother of insanity I'm not alone

Havin' fatal thoughts of puttin' a chrome to my dome

Now what kinda wicked shit? This some ol' wicked shit

Not so many niggaz all over devil diggin' shit

Stay up off my dick, my style's sick, but I'm so sick of this

Helter skelter bite my shit, it's so ridiculous

I know my shit's phatter than Luther Vandross

Psychic connection wanna hit me with the holy ghost

Overdose, diagnose, niggaz in a comotose

Once I buck, buck ya, nigga motherfuck ya

Voodoo wicked child born a bastard

Visions of bloody bodies bein' blasted

Thinkin' of excuses, voices in my head mental abuses

Loses my mind, thought the flatline refuses
To answer, you can fess shit as you question
Me and myself verses Smith and Wesson
I'm that nigga with the wicked ass flow
Bitch you better act like you know
'Cause the wicked shit will never die

The wicked shit will never 187
Never go to heaven and fuck that reverend
All day whenever and
Feel like givin' up, mind starts blowin' up
Some old wicked shit, once again I'm throwin' up
A fit, I'm never gonna get into heaven
That's why I bought me a three 57
Fuck a reverend, and God I can't trust is true
So when I go to hell, better me and not you
I'ma walk the bloody trail and you can follow if you want
If you truly understand but my man I think you don't
I'm a suicidal revival, my title's homicidal
So many niggaz will die when I write my recital
They don't understand that I gotta plan for the klan
The area nation, white caucasian
I'm sick of all the bullshit I'd rather be dead
But first I better put a bullet in your head instead
They said that everything I said was a lie
But if you go and kill the fetus you cry
But the wicked shit will never die

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