## Esham "Velveeta"

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I feel sorry for your mother Bruce Wayne, down the way East W

I be the dude that can't get up in vails with the Rockports I'm outside with th pipe and the ride The big 5-O the pimp and the yo Pumpin' with Master P and not DeAngelo

The radio disc jock, Sarakhana Goin' off wet and marijuana The unholy, yo yeah it's me Straight from the D, so who wants a ki?

I'll split the wig of a dirty pig Made a deal with the devil and I won't renig When in Cleveland I'm in the valley down the way Hustlin' everyday drinkin' Tanger-A

You might see me with Paul Paul or my dude Day-Day How's about some remmie, don't be rude bay-bay From Detroit to Cleveland, my 75 I was beamin' Yoca Cola shoppin' OZ choppin'

This is for the hustlers who be real with they grind Makin' more cheese than rats see in a lifetime I just want to clock cash and rock the mic I walked on water in Cleveland and then I shine like sunlight

I bust in Atlanta didn't let 'cha slide Underground, Bruce Wayne, known nationwide See I tell ya some of these rappers in the game ain't it Some of these nappy head clowns can't afford an outfit What you sayin' boy, you wanna get with me? Big cheddar, melt little cheese

Still ain't velveeta to me I be the microphone master, crashin' your party Clownin' up in veils, drunk with Bacardi You better get your girl because I'm thristy about it And if you think I hit that, yo don't doubt it

I steal all them bigs in your hood on the regular Million dollar playa we get money, I keep tellin' ya I don't give a hoot if your girl don't dance I always wear Adidas screamin' fuck your man

Yo it's E, Bruce Wayne, unholy, it's E I'm down with Mobide and Masta M-I-N-D Coppin' the corner ki, from the dealin' Cleveland I flee Bustin' shots at my enemy, but you brothers ain't it to me

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