

## **Esham** **"What"**

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It's the inventor, the wicked ice cold as the winter  
As niggaz enter  
The dragon, the 44 got my pants saggin'  
For all the whucka bring the paddy wagon  
The terminator, the bitch ass nigga eliminator  
The suicide contemplator  
For your dillusions I bring wicked, that's illusions  
To cause mass confusion  
I be the nigga bucka, the hood-rat and tittie bar bitch  
fucka  
Got niggaz screamin' what the fuck, see when  
I'm down with Lord Majai and we both yellin' die  
Die nigga, we comin' for ya  
You wanna fresh style lemme show ya  
Bitch, verbally ya never hearda the  
U-N-H-O-L-Y 'cause I'm hellified

I insist, real life suicidalist  
And for this I'm a white man's terrorist

I never miss when I squeeze the chrome in my fist  
My style will make your ass drink a glass of piss  
High roller, money folder  
Underground rap radio controller  
The bone breaker, the thug shaker  
From here to Cleveland, nigga run run  
To catch the dum-dums  
Dumb-ditty dum, do-wa-ditty  
Esham, I'm from Detroit city  
I flip more tactics than acrobatics  
Do hat tricks with propolactics  
Unholy, that's what my momma told me  
Now I do all my dirt by my lonely  
And most niggaz wanna kill you while you slangin' ki's  
I clock dollars while they catch Z's  
Nigga what

This one right here, this one goes out to.....

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