

## **Esham** "Wicket Shit"

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Some ol wicked shit

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Midnight's the witches hour and you're outside

Somebody played the Reel Life Product tape and

committed suicide

Tried to save a soul it can't be done

Unholy to the Son Of Satan, I ain't the one

Congradulations brothas and sistas who pray for me

Some slaved for me and still prayed for me

Some say my rhyme is Satanic, it'll make ya vomit, and

**I** admit

I'm the shit when it comes down to it, just suin' it do it

Unholy poet

Ya mind I blow it

If ya ever heard me rhyme

For the first time

Hear, it's like a hurricane

Stunnin' like Novicane

Simple and plain

Reel Life Product is insane

Ya fuckin' with the wrong one

Listen to the song's done

Fuck around and be on the wrong end of a gun son

Ya listenin' to insanity

But that's just a man in me

I said I'm Esham and you said how can it be?

I'm a psychopathic automatic

Reel Life Product pro static, fuck it

Some ol wicked shit

I'm the U-N-H-O-L-Y better known as Esham

Champs or 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

Reel Life Product's grim

A skitsofrantic muthafucka features lookin dim

R-E-A-L L-I-F-E

A P-R-O-D to the U-C-T

Reel Life Product's what I spit, I very seldom yell

The record sella's suckin' dope sell

I have the mind of the devil, the body of Lucifer

Gimme a mic and watch me get loose for ya

It's a muthafucka that suicide the way

Anotha homocide

I live anotha day I lied

I said I was the Unholy

Cause a preacha told me

The U-N-H-O-L-Y is a brotha with soul see

And sink down in the goddamn screechas

I'm not Satanic so fuck yall bitches

Some ol wicked shit

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