

**Natas****"Don't Gimme No H.A.N"**

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[All talking at once]

[Esham]

OK... Yo this is Detroit niggas... Highland Park

[Moebadis]

Man get that hoe ass nigga up out the studio, man!  
He sound like a bitch!

[TNT]

Yeah get that bitch ass nigga up outta here, man.  
Dick suckin ass nigga.

[Moebadis]

Hoe ass nigga!

[Esham]

That's right... we ain't fuckin wit no hoe ass niggas

[TNT]

Yeah, Moebadis, you tell them hoe ass niggas

[Moebadis]

I'll tell you like this muthafucka  
I ain't want no hoe ass nigga around...

[Esham]

Bitch you wanna ride a niggas coat tails  
know what I'm sayin all the way to the top

[TNT]

For real! None of this shit nigga! Gotham bitch!

[Moebadis]

Gothom...

[Esham]

Bitch you better do some work!  
Know what I'm sayin, Gotham, all that

[Mastamind]

Youse a hoe ass nigga WHAT!

[Esham]

Youse a hoe ass nigga, don't gimme no HAN  
Nigga fuck your bank, and ya breath stank  
Youse a hoe ass nigga, all by yourself  
If you're rich or you're poor, through your sickness and  
health  
Youse a hoe ass nigga, don't gimme no shit  
You scurvy as hell, nigga suck the dick  
Youse a hoe ass nigga yeah I said that  
And plus my man Mastamind got my back

[Mastamind]

I got your card pulled, bitches you all about some  
bullshit  
Need to get yo ass beat like a stag, wit a bull whip  
I don't need no hoes around me but to fuck em  
Niggas been talkin bout me for havin my back and  
never trust em  
Then the bitch ass niggas wanna turn me in  
Out of retaliation I ride on em, you turned, it's been a  
Nation of killers is born, hoe ass niggas be gone  
Come to Detroit, face the storm, and get rained on  
You talk like you been drinkin for days  
Been thinkin of ways to kill me  
But they HANs and never feel me  
My shit is too deep to tread  
I need a, hoe ass nigga wit me like I need a hole in my  
head

[Esham]

You a hoe ass nigga everybody know you (Gothom)  
They hate your ways, and the things you do  
Youse a hoe ass nigga, that perpatrated  
You must be a playa to be playa hated  
Youse a hoe ass nigga gettin suited and booted  
You look like somebody So Dre recruited  
Youse a hoe ass nigga from Osbourne High  
youse a hoe ass nigga, and I can't lie

[Moebadis]

Youse a small change nigga, standin around  
Youse a hoe ass nigga, who wants to be down  
You get clowned like a titty bar hoe (Bitch!)  
In case you didn't know you just a 304  
'Cause youse a know nothin, never gonna be nothin,  
hoe ass nigga  
Always bluffin, penny pinchin, ass kissin, no hoe gettin  
Think about it nigga, youse a ass nigga  
Hoe ass nigga

You can suck my dick!  
All these hoes all on my motherfuckin dick  
Askin bout the superstars... motherfucker  
Ridin these fine ghetto cars, you know how we layin  
Gothom is motherfuckin life

[Esham]

And this is for the niggas who be real with they shit  
Hoe ass niggas so illegit  
Youse a hoe ass nigga you lived a hoe ass life  
You got some hoe ass kids, and a hoe ass wife  
My niggas thoroughbreds all dogs in my squad  
We make the type of shit doubelievengod  
If youse a real muthafucka nigga blaze the gans  
And tell them hoe ass niggas  
Don't gimme no HANs

[TNT]

Word came round there's a price on my head  
Said these niggas on the city streets want me dead  
But that's ok, player hation is a part of the game  
I expect this type of shit from some mark ass lame  
But for the situation at hand, I handle with ease  
Rollin on these hoe ass niggas break em down to they  
knees  
Let these niggas know my status and I ain't no punk  
Hit yo ass with some slugs, and knock off some chunks  
And leave yo body in a puddle of blood, lights flashin  
Gun blastin  
I'm unmaskin my face to let you niggas know who did  
this shit to you  
And I don't give a fuck about you, or your crew  
Now bring it on motherfuckers 'cause we strong as  
steel  
And you motherfuckin niggas know the fuckin deal  
Bitch it's Reel Life product and Gothom too  
Bitch it's comin at yo ass son, what you gone do?

[Esham]

Youse a hoe ass nigga, everybody know you  
They hate your ways, and the things you do  
Youse a hoe ass nigga, that perpatrated  
You must be a playa to be playa hated  
Youse a hoe ass nigga, gettin suited and booted  
You look like a fool... that the scene recruited  
RJ Watkins in here... Nat Morris

[TNT]

These hoe ass niggas

[Esham]

It's goin down like this

[TNT]

Hoe ass bitches  
These hoe ass cops  
The hoe ass IRS  
The federellys  
The bitches tryin to put me and my niggas in jail  
FUCK them hoe ass niggas!  
And you ain't stoppin us, bitch, for real  
Gothom baby

[Mastamind]

This goes out to every one of y'all  
None of y'all  
Niggas can see me  
Don't ask me bout no peace treaties, posters, eat your  
Wheaties  
I'll lock on all of y'all  
Body count em till they fall  
They arms too short to box wit me so thay can't brawl  
Couldn't save your life  
If you had to roll the dice  
Can't survive the hit out on the head so pay the price  
Nights are gettin colder  
As the days are gettin shorter  
Walkin round ready for war 'cause I'm a soldier  
Bitch am I supposed to  
Get rolled over?  
I don't owe the world shit but the last words I told ya  
FUCK THE WORLD let my nigga TNT tell it  
If that's the way the shit is, then blaze the funkadelic  
Legends, sedate me 'fore my mind goes crazy  
Lately these niggas been actin shady tryin to play me  
For a bitch!  
Die me talk a neighborhood sucka  
When you die they gone say you was a good  
motherfucka...  
Gotta put these niggas in they place!  
Same damn thing... I just WISH... wish... wish...  
I'd have all the money... I'd spend it quickly  
Man I just wish!  
Now I say fuck it! Fuck wishes!  
I needs real things, REAL things

(Gothom, Gothom, Gothom, I wish, Gothom, Gothom,  
Gothom, Gothom)

[Moebadis]

BOOM! You dead motherfucker! You dead!

(Please Stand By)

[Esham]

I got 'em

(Got 'em, Gotham, Got 'em, Got 'em)

[Esham]

I got 'em

I got 'em, got 'em, got 'em

I got 'em

I got 'em, got 'em, got 'em

I got 'em, got 'em, got 'em

Fuck a bitch on my dick!

Im all about real estate, and how much cash a nigga  
can get

Nobody knows I'm insane

I be the U-N-H-O-L-Y, nigga blow out your brains

See I'm Gotham for life

The black devil suicidal mind snatcher

One day I'm gonna catch you

I sold my soul for real

That's why I'm rollin in the dough, nigga never had a  
record deal

Bruce Wayne Esham, unholy nigga

Three souls trapped inside the homicide

In the lyric I wrote, I never lied I could lie

To the dead souls of all those who died, I tried

I don't want to die with my eyes closed

And when the .45 slug connect, I resurrect

Nigga Jesus

I never trust so bust

And ain't no love in this world only hate and lust and  
uh...

When I'm rollin wit the sawed off

Imma blow your head off... bitch

When I'm rollin with the sawed off

Imma blow your head off

When I'm rollin with the sawed off

Imma blow your head off... no fuck that

When I'm rollin with the sawed off

Imma blow your head off... yeah

I got those killas on my team, plus a triple beam

A bloody ass pistol and a half 'scalene

I done seen

More then your eyes can dream

I'm the future

Won't hesitate to shoot ya

Pollute ya mind kidnapped, and rewind

Niggas been bitin my style since the beginning of time

I'm out of my mind, suicidal is my recital

Niggas listen to me when they want to be homicidal  
Esham, the black devil, bitch I'm the man  
All my niggas in Highland park smoke the gan  
I'm a street politician on a mission to kill  
Gasoline around your house this ain't no fire drill  
Bitch I'll burn yo shit up like a cocktail to a crack house  
It ain't nowhere to run from the gun that's  
Held in the hand by the man called Satan  
And when you want to die nigga I'll be waitin with the...  
When I'm rollin with the sawed off  
Imma blow your head off... That's right, just, pop  
When I'm rollin with the sawed off  
Imma blow your head off  
When I'm rollin with the sawed off  
Imma blow your head off  
When I'm rollin with the sawed off  
Imma blow your head off  
Nigga don't ask me  
Two keys in my chassis  
Just hit the ditch in the damn Don Massey  
I'm up in the back seat so I'm still lookin fo' ya  
I told ya motherfuckin mama it was nice to know ya  
Mental telepathy tellin me I need therapy  
Got voices in my head don't need to take me out my  
misery  
I'm 2 1/2, but I wish it was a key  
I wanna be the kingpin epitome  
Niggas don't consider me number 1 contender  
So I must whip out my glock and make em surrender  
Poison your mind with the sickness in my rhyme  
Designer of the flatline, walk through time and uh...  
When I'm rollin with the sawed off  
Imma blow your head off... yo  
When I'm rollin with the sawed off  
Imma blow your head off... I'm lookin for you  
When I'm rollin with the sawed off  
Imma blow your head off... uh  
When I'm rollin with the sawed off  
Imma blow your head off  
Imma blow your head off  
Imma blow your head off  
Imma blow your head off  
Imma blow your head off  
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