

## **Stereophonics**

### **"Thinking to Myself"**

Visit "[Thinking to Myself](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Esham]

Well I was thinkin to myself, how could I get mental  
And drop a wicked track over a funky instrumental  
I rhyme for the mind then in time you will find  
The seven sign of death, and I am the seventh sign  
The crew is like a devil, but the devil is the crew  
It's not what you know, it's only what you proof  
Some ask me many questions and wonder my religion  
I'm losin my religion, that answer's your decision  
Blacks killin blacks, seems to be the new tray  
Thought shall not diss Esham, that's a sin  
My favorite number 666, so guess again  
And if you feel the need to pray, say amen  
The drum is wicked, I think I heard him kick it  
This beat is like a pussy to me, so I'mma dick it  
I'm some like Dr. Jeckyl, but more like Mr. Hyde  
Some people heard my rap, now they commitin suicide  
Now tell me is that crazy, like Rosemary's baby  
I don't give a fuck, so your death didn't phase me  
Some call me a psychotic, I'm more like a narcotic  
My poetry's a riot, and I'm down wit mill like product  
The answer's to your questions, might off to make ya  
vomit  
So therefore when you ask me, I'm supposed to say 'no  
comment'  
I'm feelin rather splendin, some people I've offended  
But you bought my record, it wasn't recommended  
I'm in the top ten, amen, Esham the Unholy, so here we  
go again  
No bleeps, no bleeps, no blunders, no blurs  
My style is unisex, for his and hers  
Someone to ride my topics, unholy like I drop it  
For suckers like you, I keep my pistol in my pocket  
So please no disruptions, or rude interruptions  
There will be a penalty for bitin what I'm bustin  
So please understand, that I'm the fuckin man  
Some people hear my music and they think I should be  
banned

[various talk and samples]

[Esham]

One for the treble, two for the devil  
Three for your grave that I dug wit the shovel  
I'm runnin down the line and say a funky rhyme  
Some more wicket shit for the very last time  
I'm not the from old school and new school grade  
I dropped outta school, sixteen and got paid  
I'm glockin crazy dollars while ya fly girlie hollas  
I got much game, don't need no rope around my collar  
I treat a bitch like a ho, a ho like a freak  
Then I daze, in amaze, by the way I speak  
I'mma say what I wanna say in any fuckin kinda way  
Half you fuckas out there, don't even know the time or  
day

Visit [Stereophonics](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.