

## 7 Mile Rd.

Esham

You don't know my fucking I can't fuck with you punk if you can  
't cop a kilo  
36 ozs, no, hoes on their knees, bitch please  
I owe the mob 4 million  
They want their money or their dope or they're killing all my c  
hildren  
Fuck that I'm Bruce Wayne insane, if you see me in the rain I'm  
selling cocaine  
You see I just joined the mob man  
And see the run with the righteous or Batman and Robin  
And I ain't with the stick up  
For every nigga that you stick up  
He's bound to call his clique up  
I got to worry 'bout the police  
And the F.B.I., wanna know why  
'cause I'm a million dolla ball playa  
And these minor league niggas would love to see me fall playa  
I'm on craps like 2 dice  
Fuck FM 98 and that bitch nothin' nice  
I'm underground like P-Funk,  
And I'll still put you're bloody body in the fucking trunk punk  
I'm on 7 mile riding dirty  
With a birdie in the trunk and a bag of funk  
Nigga what?  
I'm on 7 mile ridin' dirty  
168 I hate to jump back  
So now I must add and subtract to pay the stack  
Ill automobiles, V12's and meals  
A half a million dollar house out in he hills  
My chrome plated .357's my tool  
Nigga don't make me out a fuckin' fool  
You's a hoe ass nigga, ain't got no loot  
If basketball was a gun, you'd be scared to shoot  
Fuck that rap that you saying, don't make no sense  
My recital is vital once I commence  
Got 36 oz, one kilo z  
2 8th's is a half and 4 is a key  
I'm a street politician so I politic  
If the chicken ain't cookin' then the grease ain't clickin'  
Get a bird mother fucker, fuck that a nine to five  
Call me John Travlota 'cause I'm stayin' alive  
7 mile ridin' dirty  
To all my homies sellin' dope, don't be a snitch and don't go b  
roke