

# Dead By Day

Esham

They say I'm gonna be dead by day  
From the words I say, so hey  
If I get a little wicked it's ok  
But I gotta get paid fuckin' ay  
I'm not bitin' my tongue and I did not stutter  
I'm that brotha, word to the motherfucker  
And if you don't know me, I feel you should know  
I add a little rock and roll and clock the dough  
I sell my soul to the preacher's church  
I ain't with the bullshit, you get your preachin' ass hurt  
You wanna judge me, when I don't judge you  
I tell the ho true be nothin' but the truth soooooo  
You want me dead now, so go ahead now  
But I'd rather be dead, so how you like me now?  
You can't kill me, but I'm bound to die  
When the devil gets inside you you wonder why  
It ain't a new thang, it ain't old seed  
The truth is always new, but never told see  
It's that the devil's the preacher and God's the president  
And hell's the ghetto and I'm a resident  
They lockin' up brothers for petty crimes and petty theft  
The government's the leadin' cause of death  
Then they tell me I don't know how to act  
When the mayor sells ki's on Spillum and Mack  
God damn, it ain't no where to go  
'Cause they still look at us as niggaz and hoes  
So yo, they got me trapped inside a circle  
360 degrees that I don't believe in  
Fuck that shit I wanna bankroll  
And if I gotta sell my soul, then I'll do so  
Sometimes I care sometimes I won't  
But then I can't afford to care so I don't  
You may thinks this way so when I say  
You better push play 'cause I'll be dead by day

I'm dead fool  
How you gonna kill a dead man  
I'll be dead by day

They don't care about you or me  
The white man tells the black man's history  
The KKK looks after me  
And up to this day niggaz still ain't free  
I ain't no racist  
Because we all got red blood, just different faces  
Blacks kill blacks, and whites kill themselves  
Either way you look at it we all dyin' young  
So fuck it