

Makin' More Music

Esham

This is the season...
To fear young black men, hell black men period.
Espically while they kill themselves.
It is contagious, this virus, this violence. (splatter his blood)
Huh? What did (splatter his blood) you just say?
Is he dead? (splatter his blood)
I dont under(splatter his blood)stand this.
Dont you know...

Esham's back with another wicket track
Some old wicket shit and all that
A new era, I'll bring the terror plus the funk
You cant rock me so dont try to copy my format
Like liquid drano but it's acid rap
I'm a soloist so no one has to pass it back
You wanna get rid of me, I'm the epitomy
Suckaz dont consider me 'cause they aint shit to me
See I get funky like dog shit
And dont step to me raw 'cause I aint havin it
And if I see a microphone I'm grabbin it
And like a knife to your mind I'm stabbin it
The U-N-H-O-L-Y fuckin it up daily
Now I'm in your system so how you gonna play me, PUNK
I drop the funk like a bad habit
You still chasin after tricks like a silly rabbit
Show respect to the motherfuckin man
'cause I'm makin more music then your body can stand.

Makin more music then your body can stand
Fell this, Music...
Makin more music then your body can stand
If...you...feel...good....I'm your maaan

I'm like a gypsy with a crystal ball
And I've seen the future for all of ya'll
And it state's that I got a life long faith
To kick the wicket shit and I'll never get in heaven's gates
Twelve inch plates like brimstone
And dont play my jams alone
'cause the devils in my microphone
Musical madness finna self destruct
The devil is my logo, but it's Reel Life Product
Check mic one, two, then send a shout to
All the brothaz down with the RLP crew
Only real niggaz rock real shit
But dont fucker 'cause you know how ill I can get
I put bit after bit makin hit after hit
And if your down with Esham then your sayin that's the shit
Grab the microphone and blaze it like a gan
'cause I'm makin more music then your body can stand

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The radio say I'm wild 'cause I flow freestyle

So pop my tape in and fuck the radio dial
They wont play me 'cause I be the Unholy
Now how dat sound?
So I had to go underground
Now you got the ghetto devil
On a different level
Bass and Treble
Now they tryin put my records on freeze
But they cant touch these so nigga nigga please
Get back fore I get my backpack
Esham's gunnin down the whole wackpack
You can run, but you cant hide
The only way out is suicide
Through the rythm, throat's I'm slittin em
And if they ask me how I did em
I'ma say I let the rythm hit em
No rapper can fuck with me
'cause 24-7 days a week I be

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