

Thinking To Myself

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

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