

1987

Esham

Ain't go to tell me, partner, 'cause I know
It's getting paid in '87, boy
Straight up
Nigga, what's happening?
Nigga, you know me
NATAS in this bitch

The momentum of this party will only increase
If you turn this shit up and say fuck the police
Fresh out the ninth precinct, just released
Never witness a slug I'm about to release
I go hard on these motherfuckers, anti sucker machine
Street sweeping these streets clean
Seems you player haters [?] to kill me
Now feel me in the worst way
I'm first to lay, the first to say NATAS ain't making pay
I be at the titty bars fuckin' with hoes
Fuck all those hoes who chose to oppose
My man and me, two hoes and Hennessy
I'm still fuckin' hoes from here to Tennessee
I got the mind of a '87 hood nigga
[?] NATAS we never thought that you would figure
The trigger would spit at you the color red
My mother said by '99 I'll be dead

1987 (1987) (That's right)
1987 (The year 1987)

For suckers like you, I keep my pistol in my pocket
'Cause you don't wanna see a million dollar profit
On top of shit like the FBI, let me ride
And you'll see why I'm high, if I can't blaze, let me die
All my niggas runnin' wild from here to Belle Isle (That's right)
If you wanna get at me, I'm at Tiger's off Seven Mile
And if I ain't fuckin' with your baby mama
I be gettin' shit made in Tijuana
Can you rock it up like this, ship it with the quickness
Who the witness? You the witness, it's '87 bitch strictly business
I die for the green, kill like the routine
And do things, I scream Reel Life, fuck a dream
I'm the number one ganster, pass me the J
'Cause my niggas smoke on weed all day
Come on everybody, let me hear you say
Nineteen (Nineteen) eighty-seven (Eighty-seven)

1987 (Uh huh, 1987, the year was)
1987 (1987, uh huh) (Yo)

You might see me on a corner smokin' some herb (That's me)
But I live like a nigga movin' twenty birds
Ain't no palm trees, no movie stars
And niggas out here don't care who you are
And one times no friend of mine (Fuck 'em)
They be grabbin' on your nuts and feelin' on your behind
And with my nigga Mastamind, I'ma rock the mic (That's right)
And I could give a fuck less what your mama like
Just two emcees and no DJ

All I gotta say is don't fuck with me
And don't fuck with me, 'cause Mastamind slangs rocks
And I graduated from the school of hard knocks
(Buck buck buck) I carry me a mag and it's always cocked
They knockin' on my door, had to bust two cops
Did you know somebody gettin' money for crack
Back in 1987

1987 (1987, uh, it was the year) (That's right)
1987 (1987, uh, it was the year, uh)

1987

Yeah, 1987

Uh, surrounded by ghetto heaven

It all went down in Detroit

Mastamind, Esham, NATAS, in [?] like that, nigga

Check it in, nigga

Nigga