

2 A Funky Azz Beat

Esham

Now I'm a true mack motherfucker smackin' wack motherfuckers
Esham's in the house, suckers - you thought I fell off, thought my rhyme went stale
But it took me so long to come back 'cause I was in jail
For doin' some old wicket shit, kinda caught with possession and intent to deliver a dope rhyme
Crime is life and life is crime
Tryna give a nigga time
I said one for the treble, two for the devil, three for your grave that I dug with a shovel
Rollin' up suckers like Pillsbury dough
Two plus four sixty-six, I'll let you know
I'm OG in the place to be
My right-hand man is my homie TNT G
Got my back and [?]
I had to make my beats funkier than last year
So I dropped the funk on point to make it sweet
And lay shit down to a funky ass beat

I gotta pull up my pants 'cause they saggin'
You'll never catch me without my mag and on stage my grim reaper be draggin'
And after the show they throw my ass in the paddy wagon
You see I [?] one time off-beat - couldn't have it 'cause my shit's too sweet
Feel the force of your membrane, bust ya leak, bloodstains
Got more rhymes than [?] got cocaine
Ten kilos equals Esham solo
Ya know I'm dope, hoe - so what ya run for
I'll grab my nuts at the speed of light
Call your girlfriend a bitch while I rock the mic
Tell you all to suck my dick if you didn't like the show
Then break the microphone, 'cause Esham's dope, hoe
And brothers think I use special effects to make my voice sound sweet
It's just the way I rock rhymes to a funky ass beat

This beat breaks down and leaves ya broke
Just to let ya hoes know I ain't no joke
I said fuck the police, I'm still packin' a piece
Got a sack in my pocket worth a grand at least
On stage I'm rappin' with my dick in my hand
Sayin' fuck racism and the Ku Klux Klan
Motherfuckers wanna ban me 'cause they can't stand me
But I made this funky beat for you and me
Dope dealers love my beats so they [?]
Keep my shit underground and close to the streets
Love to rock my basslines slow so I can flow
Just in case ya didn't know Esham's dope, hoe
Acid Rap just wouldn't be complete
Without a funky ass rhyme to a funky ass beat

I've got my pistol in my pocket on stage with me - some old wicket shit I get paid to be
Just the type of beat ya can't fade, ya see
And the unholy MC I was to be
You wanna get 'em up - we'll go toe to toe
Once I hit your jaw you're gonna hit the floor
Punks shoulda knew I had a knockout flow

But when my nine rhymes hit 'em I consider 'em a hoe
To a funky beat I break down now - how that sound
And if ya didn't know, well now ya know that Esham's down
I got the old school beat for the new school fool
Esham's in the house and I'm way too cool
I got the basslines strummin' along, I'm hummin' along wit it
And if you want my funky beat then come and get it
I funk on it smooth - that's how I likes to groove
And if you're bitin' my beat then what you tryin' to prove
Esham's in the house, so watch your freak
While I'm rappin' you're tappin' your feet to a funky ass beat