

All Pro

Esham

I got much love for the gangsters and the thugs
And all my little pretty bitches givin' me hugs
Make it do what it do then I did what it does
The stereo was bumpin', playin' Was Not Was
But I'm ready for the world, but this ain't "Oh Sheila"
I stumble to my whip 'cause was drunk off the tequila
Man you don't want to see us gettin' dough like pizzerias
If that's the case, I got to burn your ass like gonorrhoea
Be a man, take a stand, take your losses, ain't the plan
I'm connected with the bosses all across this fuckin' land
Grand slam, not the breakfast, a iced-out necklace
And get your head chopped off in Detroit for being reckless
Like what they done to me, these niggas hungry
Only fashion you'll see is Dickies or some Dungarees
Maybe army fatigues 'cause my city's under siege
By the CIA, the FBI and crooked police

I rock shows, I get hoes
Sellin' out my logo, I'm all pro
I rock shows, I get hoes
Sellin' out my logo, I'm all pro