

Back 2 Detroit

Esham

Here's a little story 'bout a killer like me never should've picked up the M-I-C

Esham and I would like to say I'm known for doggin' bitches and every dog has his day

If I ever shoot my shot at your girl you'd be dead leave you in a puddle of Sexyy Red

If I told you I could smash your Moms you'd think I'm lying 'til you woke up in the morning and saw me and start crying (ahh no!)

Too fresh to be driving I'm flying if you got what I like it's for sale then I'm buying

Got a fat ass sittin' on ya I'm eyein'

I'm straight living over here and they dying

Here is something you can't understand 30 years later how I'm still making bands

World domination is the mother fuckin' plan

Clear to run [?] my black liar jet land

Only thing stopping me from making me wanna bust is when I look in your eyes and see you one of us

Hopping out the hover coupe UFO-

UAV clones gotta leave me alone drones can't follow me

Blood, Sex, Gore murder rappers galore kinda strange how I blew ya brains all on the floor

Meet and Greet with the elite but it started in the street

The block is really hot you feel the fire on your feet

They got cameras everywhere everybody taking pictures

So they can identify ya when they come to get ya

I'm the man from the future I'm not here to shoot ya

I'm here to educate before execute ya (word up!)

Once I grab the mic boy, I get hype

Your style's like a shitty ass you'll get wiped

I don't need your girl cause she ain't my type

So I hit her upside the head with my pipe

Plugging holes in ya broke bitch I don't do dykes

Fuck a big mouth bass fish from Northern pikes

Catch me on stage with the chains and spikes

Backstage smoking on some Northern Lights

I might be high as a kite but you know I ain't trippin'

Year 3000 I'ma still be dippin'

Cosmic slop is what I'm sippin'

Fucking with my cash great way to catch an ass whippin'

If you don't wanna feel that terror so much you gotta stop looking in the mirror so much

Life is hard and I know it sucks it's the end of the world and nobody gives a fuck

You the type to feel rich around a bunch of poor folks

Think you in the fast lane but you driving slow poke

No I'm not a Canadian I ain't no joke bustin' rhymes to get paid so I can't go broke

Boy don't get smoked like your favorite loud pack from the East side of Detroit 7 mile Jack-Jack

Jack be nimble, Jack be quick try to jack me and I'ma bust like a dick

I'm too sick sick sick to get lit like a candle stick

If you cross me then I'ma bring you crucifix

Keep asking God for favors I'ma answer your prayers

Esham The Unholy wicked rhyme sayer

I keep the heavy metal like motherfuckin' Slayer

Sneak peek datas all my Detroit playas
Wave your guns in the motherfuckin' air
All roads lead back 2 Detroit now how I get there

Back-Back 2 Detroit (GET THAT!)
(Take him to Detroit!)
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Back-Back 2 Detroit (GET THAT!)
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NO! NOT DETROIT! NO NO PLEASE! ANYTHING BUT THAT! NO!