

## 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

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(Take him to Detroit!)  
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NO! NOT DETROIT! NO NO PLEASE! ANYTHING BUT THAT! NO!