

Black Sheep

Esham

Don't nobody love me, I'm from 7 M-I-L-E
Niggas from Detroit wear Adidas and Pelle
Say I remind them of the one with "Thug Life" on his belly
The new 2Pac, outlaw, Makaveli
I'm in a brand new DB9, see me shine
Err rapper you know be like, "That's Esham!"
Way past my prime, but there ain't no age on grind
Boomin' every second, clockin' all the time

Dump, dump on the police if they trying to hunt me
With a loaded .45 but I'm only forty-three
I ain't tell her do nothing, that's the way that shorty be
I be naughty by nature, she be naughty like me

I'm E-S-H-A-M-S-M-I-T-H
Looking like I won the hood sweepstakes
But I didn't, still out here spittin'
That Wicketshit just in case you forgettin'
Got my murder gloves on, I'm from the Murder Mitten
One to your dome, tell the world, "Good riddance!"
It was written in the scriptures, I was spittin' sacrilegious
Now I'm in this world a witness, these rituals of wicketness
One time for them ones who be locked down
In these streets man he can't put the Glock down
Fuck the police 'cause they can get shot down
No lives matter, even you can catch a hot round
I support the underground, it's not just a hashtag
I'll put you six feet underground, in the trash bag
Fuck you and your money, don't need your cash
I'm from Detroit, Beirut, Baghdad

'Cause your touch, your touch has grown cold
As if someone else controls your very soul

Target in sight, keep my focus
Load another clip, bust the four fifth (Pow, pow)
Sprayin' all these dirty cockroaches
Sayin' good-night and buenas noches
Who's the black sheep? Where's the black sheep?
Run and crack on the backstreet like an athelete
No need to insult your fam, I'm ultra man
I don't eat chicken, I eat vultures, ma'am
And I spray all cockroaches and
My flow's ferocious, cautious when you approach us
Huh, no buenas noches
I don't free-style, homie, I just wrote this this

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I'm G-O-D-L-I-K-E
Never said I was the best and never wanted to be
Niggas still fight each other, not the real enemy
The same ones killed J. F. Kennedy
While everybody caught up in the hypocrisy

Y'all still part of the whole conspiracy
So [?] based off of this theory
You'll be swindled with debt, Edgar Hoover in Lake Eerie

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Why the cops wanna profile? I got no smile
Wanna pull a [?], bitch I'm 'bout to go wild
He turns his lights on, at least I got my Nikes on
It's midnight, and I'm runnin' for my life, home
That might've been an ordinary traffic stop for you
But I'm a nigga, gotta do what I gotta do
Niggas gettin' hunted, black man wanted
Dead or alive, man, I survived
The east side of Detroit couldn't tell me
So I could never let the police break me
Free thinkin' from your mental slavery
Somebody pray to God to save me

That's why we're here, to check it out
Okay, there's no fugitives
Okay, we're all neighbors here
We need to knock on everybody's door
Okay, not if they said they came here
Okay, no, they didn't come here
Why would we knock on everybody's door?
Okay, why would she say he came here?
I don't know! He told us!
He didn't come here, I don't know why
We're all neighbors
Okay, so you guys just saw him walk away?
He walked away, to the back, straight to the back
I don't know what's going on in the back
There's another-
Keep your hands down
Can you keep your hands down?
Okay
I just told you what I seen, that's it
Can we check your house?
Get a warrant
Would you allow us to check your house?
Get a warrant
Okay, thank you
Thank you
Close the door