Bob Ritchie

Esham

Now here's a little story I got to tell
About Esham's Boomin' Words From Hell
It started way back in the D
With Kid Rock, ICP, and me, Homey
Invented wicked rap 'cause they all were queer
Just me and my brother, and we had no fear
Ridin' 'cross the land, kickin' up sand
Spittin' wicked shit, gettin' paid, I'm in demand
One lonely Homey I be
All about myself without nobody
The sun is beatin' down on my baseball hat
My paint flip flop, my screens fall flat
Lookin' for the roof, I look up at the sky
Make the girls say "howdy" 'cause we just so high

"Aah! I'm Kid Rock! I like 'caine and pills
I ain't fuckin' with no niggas, and I'm fuckin' up deals
Now what do we have here, out in your rap career
I run this land, you understand, I make myself clear"
He stepped into the wind, he had a gun and a grin
You think this story's over, but it's ready to begin

Now, I got the gun, you got the proof
You got two choices of what you can do
It's not a deposition as you can see
I could blow you away or you could ride with me
I said I'll ride with you if you can get me to the border
The sheriff's after me with his homeboy two quarters
I'm smokin' that piff, they smokin' that crack
They stole all my styles and raps

Attention, please, the kid said, get ready, this ain't funny
My name's Shady, I'm about to get money
[?] said hold up, hands in the sky
Y'all stick 'em up and let two fly
Hands went up when people hit the floor
He wasted one more kid that ran for the door thought he was horrorcore (Shady)
I'm Violent J and I get respect
Your cash and your jewelry is what I expect
If you fuck with Homey the Clown, I'll break your neck
Laughin' all your way to the bank, cashin' these checks

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