

But No Thanx

Esham

Dear fan, you don't even understand
Even though you not a part of the Illuminati
You still a part of the plan
Tell me when the last time you been to the record store
Shit, you haven't, 'cause you don't even buy records no more, yo
You not the same fan I had ten years ago
Day 1-ers listening to Wicketshit 'til their ears was sore
They like the old E, and not the new me
Well shit I like the old fans who used to cop the new CD
So fuck a new fan, you not a true fan
Another motherfucker with a negative opinion
Saying my name is all in the game
The fans ain't the same, you should be ashamed
Bet you feel real smart in a room full of dummies
Since I King Tut, the game's been wrapped like a mummy
We ain't gotta be chummy, you ain't gotta love me
This ain't about a freestyle, it's about the money
What you want me to say to you? I'll play for you
The Wicketshit will never die, but I'ma pray for you
Cause you sit back and comment on me
About all the music I put out that you getting for free
Now ain't that a bitch?
Tell me how you gonna hit a home run
When they're scared to pitch

Foul ball, foul ball, foul ball, foul ball
Foul ball, foul ball, foul ball, foul ball

You just a foul nigga, and you know it
I'm just a motherfucking poet
A killer, but I very rarely show it
The microphone a hand grenade, pull a pin and throw it
You not the same fan, hip hop supporter
Napster conspiracy, New World Order
I think my patience is growing shorter
75% of my life put on a tape recorder
The day 1-ers respect it, fake fans dissect it
Talk shit, internet connected
Dear fan, you finicky like Felix the Cat
With the Mickey Mouse raps, 'cause you just a rat
But it's sort of comedic so I laugh, son
Opinions are like assholes, everybody has one
Like the last few, don't make me blast you
I gives a fuck what you think, nigga, who asked you

Foul ball, foul ball, foul ball, foul ball
Foul ball, foul ball, foul ball, foul ball

For the fake fan that's so opinionated
Woo woo, outdated, Wicketshit I created
So shut the fuck up and shut the fuck up
And when you finished shutting the fuck up
Shut the fuck up again, the perfect blend, amen, another sin
Superstition, new edition, I set another trend
On a one way street headed down a dead end
I can drive you to suicide, come on, get in
Dear fan, you need to play this on repeat

And never comment about my album if you ain't got a receipt
'Cause you just sound like you talking deep
But really the fact of the matter is your ass cheap

Foul ball, foul ball, foul ball, foul ball
Foul ball, foul ball, foul ball, foul ball

Yeah, definitely not the same fans that it was
True Suicidalists, niggas buy records
Something's gotta change, you know what I'm saying
Foul ball to all the fake fans downloading music
Stealing, you know, you're not the same
You used to be the shit, you used to be dope, nigga
I used to see you riding down the street bumpin' that shit
A real motherfucker, yeah, that's what I'm talking about, real fans
Not these fake-ass internet wack-ass journalists
Hip Hop Horrorcore, fake-ass whatever the fuck ya'll trying to be
Foul ball