

Carcinogens

Esham

Yeah, wicket shit
Yeah, yeah

It's a travesty of justice, watch me bust this
Kush broke down in vanilla Dutches
I spit wicked shit, such is
Play me too close, get put on crutches
Lost a lot of friends over ends and revenge
Burnt a lot of bridges for the fire from the singe
Police kickin' in your door right up off the hinge
[?] homie's name will make you cringe
Sittin' in the dope spot tryin' to get your fetty
If you stay ready, you ain't gotta get ready
Last time the jack boys popped up Eddie
Caught him slippin' made his brains look like a bowl of spaghetti
Ready, set, go, let the tech blow
Every day you wake up, that's a reality show
The reality of this is suicidal vicious
So maliciously from sleepin' with the fishes
Reel Life Product show environment, man
When you the dope man ain't no retirement plan
Get in, get out, get all the money you can
'Cause the narcos comin' with the raid van
The K-9 unit smelled the evidence
They book you downtown, took your fingerprints
Now you behind bars with the electric fence
Wasn't even makin' dollars, didn't make no sense

It's always a nigga that you thought was real
Be the same motherfucker you be dyin' to kill
Said it's always a nigga that you thought was real
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It's a shame ain't no love in the game, it's no honor
Your man'll raise his hand on the stand like "yo honor"
Take you from your wife, your kids, and yo mama
Fresh out of jail, long bail and mo' drama
Funny how the tables turn so karma
Place you out in front of the rat who alarmed
The police and got the beast on your tail
So you shot him with like twenty-five shells
Now everybody talkin' 'bout, oh no
They done shot so-and-so like little Joe Joe
He was too young to die, he was just a kid
Y'all don't know what the fuck he did
These streets a wild beast that can't be caged
America eats its young at any age
The dope game suicidal road rage
Add another name to the obituary page
Don't play the grown man game like a kid
That's the fastest way to get a hole in your wig
You know what [?] is? That's a pig
That don't fly straight, not in my state
Move weight, scrape plates like frosty flakes
They're great! I'm Tony the Tiger
I'll set you on fire
I'm a killer for hire

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You old enough to talk shit, you old enough to get ya ass kicked
Or even worse, get put off in a casket
My advice to you, don't end up like the last kid
I'm from murder city, you ain't even gotta ask it
Cops gettin' shot on the job's a trend still
Blew his brains all on the squad car windshield
Bullets had him breakin' and doin' the windmill
The purge in America, purgatory is real
Walk a tightrope, the game sharp as a knife
If you get out, you lucky you survived with your life
Some be trippin', I ain't never slippin'
Both of my feet on the floor, straight stickin'
Bullets rang out, you made the six o' clock news
Niggas be dyin' in the streets for breakin' rules
Fuck the police 'cause they could die too
They be killin' me 'cause I be killin' you
They shot your son, he was only twenty-two
They ain't give a fuck, they shot him with a 22
Stay up out them streets, it's some dog doo doo
You could lose your life runnin' with the wrong crew

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Uh, we were asleep, and I don't sleep too sound. I heard all this shootin' a
nd everything, so I woke up, and I couldn't see the fire from the front of t
he house. I had to get up and kinda go to the bathroom, and then I seen the
flames, so I, you know, slipped on my clothes and then ran [?] and woke up m
y husband, and woke up, got the kids, I woke up my brother, he stayed with u
s too.