Circle of Sloth

Esham

Grew up on the boulevard, scarred, life is hard
Broke down abandoned Dodge in the middle of the yard
Stay next door to a vacant house
Got the armor gate to keep the baseheads out
Lot of homies ain't here, they was taken out
But hope that one day we would make it out
Kind sad, grew up in Hell without a dad
The only thing I ever had was a pen and pad
But I ain't mad, taught me how to go for self
Do for self, know yourself, it's all for you and no one else
You're the only person who can help yourself, so help yourself
You wanna stop smoking and drinking and always overthinking
It's easy for me to say but hard to do, but it's killing you
True, the worst is yet to come, you always feeling numb
You got them voices in your head, screaming "red rum"
The whole world's a ghetto, and love is a devil
Kissed by a rose decomposed in her petals
I pull her strings, puppet master Geppetto
Dance on a stage in her six inch stilettos
Swing on a pole, she sold her soul a long time ago
That's why I'm easy, it ain't easy to a G
Man, I'm Eazy like E, but it ain't ever been easy to me
I can't tell you how many times I cried
All the tears I shed for all my partners that died
Constantly living in a state of shock
Until you done playing the game of life
Then all your pieces go back in the box

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