

COBBLESTONE

Esham

Ooh, yeah yeah, huh, hold up, hold up
Yuh, huh, ooh ooh, let's go

Whoa, fillin' my neck with gold, fillin' my lungs with dough
Everything movin' slow, cut this body off the soul
On that cobblestone, I can't wait to flow
'Cause no matter where I go, Chapter 17
Dead homies whisper in my ear at the liquor store
Shangri-La been callin' for me, don't know if I get to go
Livin' in sin, feelin' indifferent now (Indifferent now)
But what do I know? I'm a Juggalo

Corpse boy throwin' Devil sets, busters hit the deck
Sin City killers at your neck in your kitchenette
Dead bitch pop it 'til it's wet, see that river spit
Yeah, karma like the pack, you can get it back

Do what I can, I cannot stand the wait in the end, I don't pretend

But I'm a man, blood on my hands, all of my sins callin' again
I know better than to question the direction I've been headed in

Love the only medicine, but even that can do me in
Have me with them pychos never comin' out the loony bin
Yeah like what that medication they prescribin' do to him (What they doin'?)

He a hooligan, ain't nothin' gettin' through to him
Haunted by some things hope I never have to do again

Karma like the pack how it all come back
I don't matter where you at when that sky turn black
Karma like the pack how it all come back
I don't matter where you at when that sky turn black (Run it)

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3 Head, 3 Head, 3 Head
3 Headed Monster
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3 Headed Monster
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