$cribble

Esham

For all y'all niggas want me go to Hell, you go to Hell first
For all y'all niggas wanna murder me, I'm bustin' shells first
I be your funeral director, Uber your hearse
Spit one wicked rhyme about you, a wicked curse
Then you notice me, dog, in reverse
[?] hard like
Suicide dogs on the web squad like
Hands up, bands up
Got slugs for them killers when they ran up
Esham's dope, ho
Hands still low-la for the po-po
What up doe, yo, you can't nibble my scribble
Get you a bib for all of your dribble
Still comin' down kinda crooked like a cripple
Do the Fred Sanford, I'm gone off Ripple
You big dummy, you big dummy
Don't make a move, I got the [?] on me
I'm blam blammin', I'm blam blammin'
Comin' through the door like Yosemite Sam and
I make the bacon, roast the pig a ham sammich
The Detroit way, I came to do damage
Blood, sweat, and tears, throughout the years
Still rockin' it for those that ain't here

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