

## Dem Boyz

Esham

This ones for them boys with the drugs in they house  
This ones for them boys with the slugs in they mouth  
This ones for them boys with the taps on they phone  
They know the halves on they zone, and peelin caps with the chrome

This one's for them boys! (Dirty hoodlums!)  
This one's for them boys! (Hustlin!)

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This one's for the ones that making cheddar, that fetty, all about they huss  
le  
Make a def jam out in the streets, without Russel  
What's so strange is that I came in this game  
With the ones who "Bang Bang", make your brains hang, and it is a thang  
Bitch, better have my muthafuckin fetty  
Before I put this mm-mm to your head and make your shit look like spaghetti  
Y'all ain't ready  
The hatchet slit you like a machete  
Left hand bust the roscoe, right hand hold the whip steady

This ones for the boys from the darkest corners  
To the streets of Hell. These boys ain't no foreigners  
And warrin' is every day, and the cost ain't soft  
Even when they miss, you still get a shoulder blown off  
This ones for the boys who chew hollow tips like gum  
And wash it down with everclear cause the care ain't there  
And these boys be the bad guys, and cant switch  
They put a bullet clean through your head and into your bitch

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This is for them boys up all night, stuffing wax packs with heroin  
Up on the block straight doing the Aero Flyn  
Gettin money, everything you wear brand new  
Pockets stay lumpy like grandma's stew  
When you true to the game, the game will be true to you  
What up though, you're ghost if I say so  
Guns and ammo - I buy em buy the caseload  
Then I get you hit for fifty pesos

This ones for this boy  
A killjoy, chick toy  
Shit boy, I'm sick, boy  
Click-bang go the foe foe, off go the shell  
There go the poe poe off into Hell  
Oh well, I'm in motel, Hotel Six

And I got your chick on the tip of this dick  
Now she taking it in, sinking it in, her titties I'm shakin them, and  
I don't know when I'm be done

Then I'm a be busting my gun  
This ones for the boys saying fuck the "5-0"  
Fuck the 5-0 when it's all about survival  
Talkin to my pistol don't help  
My shotgun said "blasphemy" until I shot on myself  
This one's for the money figures  
The go-getters, ice-rockers  
Twenty-four seven non-stoppers  
This ones for the pill poppers  
Eh yo fuck that, this ones for the head-choppers

This one's for the people livin down in them sewer pipes  
Makin a living off of all that aint right  
And this is for them witches that was tied to stakes  
And for the killers that have seen me after death shakes  
And them peddlers on the corner when it's ice-cold  
And dead bobies on the side of the road  
This is for that part of the city that everybody warns about  
Where throats get torn out

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