

Earning My \$

Esham

Riding on the waves like a surfer on a surfboard
Drug lords, I'm from Detroit

I be riding on the waves like a surfer on a surfboard
I'm from Detroit, and all my homies be them drug lords
I'm from the ghetto boys, we play with heavy metal toys
In Reel Life I went through Heel like the Devil, boy
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Esham's dope, ho, take a sniff or
Shoot it in your veins, dead body stiff, boy
I only spit the wicket shit 'cause it's a gift, boy
Smell me, take a whiff, boy, I'm Esham Smith, boy
I'm from Seven Mile, no scaring me
I know I'm sick, I need therapy
My shotgun still screaming Blaz4me
Like the Sundance Kid and Butch Cassidy
Blow-pow-pow-pow, how you like me now?
Umpire of the underground calling foul
On all you style stealing nigga killin' ready and willin' to pill 'em
These rappers faker than a silicone titty, don't feel 'em
I'm still king of the ring like the royal rumble
And I will take a swing even if I stumble
Hit your team with the football, watch you fumble
Come through, get you for your blue cheese crumbles
I'm humble, but my rap I don't mumble
And bang was the sound that you heard when my gun go
Bullets in the drums sound just like a bongo
I'm just another lion, and Detroit is a jungle
Drug lords, crack wars, kickin' in the back doors
Raid van on your block, open up the black doors
At the door, I was like, "Who is it?"
They was like, "[?] Rick" (Man, I heard he was slick)
Grabbed the 12 gauge, shot Rick in the face
Now the police, they're surrounding my place
Gotta do something quick or I'm catching a case
So I kicked out a window, and on was the chase

Sittin' down in a crack house
Sittin' down in a crack house
Sittin' down in a crack house
Sittin' down in a crack house earnin' my pay