

## Esham's Boomin

Esham

Yo man, let me get one of them big motherfuckers and shit in here  
All right man, here ya go man, give me the money man  
give me the money. Hey fuck that you aint get no damn choice.  
Get the rock and get the fuck on.  
Sittin down in a crack house earning my pay  
If some base head jump crazy, I'll just blow him away  
'cause I'm fully wrapped, I ain't taken crap  
I got a mini .14 with a shoulder strap  
Base heads knocked on the door, they just knocked and knocked  
My crack quickly disappeared one rock by rock  
I had a couple more to go but oh no  
Here comes the big ho bustin down the do'  
So I kicked out a window, jumped the roof next door  
Took the money, left the crack but i'll get more  
Jumped down off the roof, cops start poppin'  
All yellin' freeze, who they thought was stoppin'  
Cops on my tail tryin' to put me in jail  
I slipped and I fell, got up and ran like hell  
I was runnin' and runnin', runnin' fast as I can  
If you would a seen me you'd a said that was the bionic man  
Yeah I was born, this brother had got away  
Just up the block at my homeboy's hide away  
Bang on the door, he let me into his crib  
Then I told him about the police and what they did  
He gave the keys to his ride and I was back on the move  
Jumped into his set and kicked the groove  
You see crime is life and life is crime  
But what would life be without a Reel Life rhyme  
Not real life  
Cruising around town and the bass is up  
Running big time lights, I don't give a fuck  
Seen the police, put the peddle to the metal  
The pig was on my tail because the speakers rock the ghetto  
I knew they wasn't bitches 'cause the traffics movin' fast  
Not gonna let them get me unless they pop my ass  
Burned big time rubber on 7 Mile  
I was driving like a drunk cold acting wild  
Slammed on the breaks, pressed on the gas  
Dipped around a corner come off they ass  
Bust a move to my crib to change my clothes  
And since I got away from the cops I'm screamin' fuck them hoes  
And I stepped outside, Jumped into my ride  
Seen a couple base heads hanging out at the bar  
Pulled over and parked, Throw em a sample rock  
Had all the base heads on my jock  
A crack fiend, god damn tried to snatch my caine  
Whipped out my mag and blew out his brains  
See crime is life and life is crime  
But what would life be without a Reel Life rhyme  
Not real life  
All the base heads on the corner ran  
Then a lady shouted out "That guy killed a man, he killed somebody"  
Oh shit, God damn I got a witness  
2 to her head and I said bitch mind your business  
Jumped into my car, left the scene of the crime  
2 murders uncalled for, doing no time  
Im a gangster on the run my solutions a gun

And I'll beat up your momma just for fun  
One day I was chillin' on the East Side of town  
Not a base head in site and none to be found  
So my fila's kickin' to the sidewalk beat  
And my jam is kind of warm 'cause im packin' heat  
You might think im a statistic to work this beat  
But if I don't sell drugs then I don't eat  
Some think that I am dumb, I don't care what they think  
But I'm a keep getting paid until I'm locked in the click  
Or uzi's be poppin' at my body like thunder  
I'm dead like a doorknob, six feet under  
That's the consequences , rich man in business  
I'll blow up your momma in military defenses  
Unemployed with a beard, make the school playa hate  
The hoes on the side so you know its drug related  
Ten G's in my pocket with the style and profile  
Born in New York and grew up in Long Island  
Raised in the Motown a brother throw down  
Beefin' with the G and believe me you will go down  
Don't start none, boy wont be none  
Brothers want some then you got to get some  
Crime is life and life is crime  
But what would life be without a Reel Life rhyme  
Not real life  
Kicked in the face with the dope man reality  
The brothers hard with a criminal personality  
No one scares me, no one dares me  
Shoot a brother in the back for crack 'cause no one cares, see  
I'm not 18 so I can be wild  
Cause in the courts eyes I'm still a juvenile  
A Reel Life product, it's a rock a rock  
The neighborhood smoking for blocks and blocks  
And y'all fools be slippin' puffin dicks, be chokin'  
Two weeks later your arm would be broken  
Wake up to reality  
I don't have a negative personality  
But everyone have to do what they have to do to get by  
Even sell crack