

Gimmy My

Esham

I don't care how many MCs wanna rock the mic
Do you wanna rock the mic
Or do you just wanna sound like the first wicked rapper that you heard it rockin' it
Esham is his name, and his style you still jockin' it
Ain't no stoppin' it
Pull the pistol, and I'm poppin' it
For stacks of greenbacks, my hustle, I'm on top of it
Steady droppin' shit
And you know that kid who on my dick, tell him stay off before I bust the AK off
Fuck the FBI and the CIA, ya see
I ain't kiddin', once the automatic starts spittin', your head, them slugs be still in there
I'm the Multikilllionaire, the way I get this money, rappers cryin' it ain't fair, it ain't fair
I'm comin' straight the fuck up out of nowhere
In Detroit I hustle there, so don't even go there
I want some money or some pussy, bitch, and don't be pushy, bitch, because I'm never pussy-whipped
Dickin' hoes, why would she trip
I dip in a 760, Sunday church reverends miss me
Hoes, they see a pimp and kiss me
Sippin' Chrissy 'til I'm pissy
This be the one you shouldn't remix
Man, your style is like a mini bike, and mine is like a Helix
Baby, feel it when I kill it, I'ma stick it when it's [?]
I go around fat bitches smellin' like chicken, 'cause my style is finger-lickin'
And I make a singer sick
And might catch me at the Wimbledon with Serena, trippin' 'cause I'm hittin' hoes like tennis rackets
So watch me spin this hatchet
I be the soldier in the camoflaug jacket, pushin' package in this bitch
I got a semi-
auto, bitch, load the fully clip, and I be like gimme all your shit
I gotta get mine, so I'ma take yours
Your whole record label need a round of applause
What's really good, bitch
You know that I'ma keep it hood
Goin' like I'm flowin', knowin' you wish you could, bitch, please
Keep it hot like four hundred degrees, or the Glock when it squeeze on these po-L-I-C-E-S
To the hustlers, get your money, mane, it ain't funny, mane
Slap [reversed] bitch that try to play you like a dummy, mane
All dick-
ridin' MCs, don't tempt me to squeeze the semi until it's empty
This game'll never pimp, simply 'cause I'm the best to ever rock the M-I-C
You know, hear it Godlike, all in my lyrics, type of shit to make ya go to church and catch the holy spirit

All rappers [?], license suspended, drivin' with no insurance and no
sample clearance
No [?] appearance
High performance describes my endurance
Killin' this mic, blood spill on this mic, rip on this mic
If this mic was a gun, fully clip in this mic, killin' you tonight
When you spit on this mic
If this mic was a gun, fully clip in this mic, killin' you tonight
When you spit on this mic, bitch