

# Gluttony

Esham

Look at me, fuck with me  
Money be stuck to me  
If you ever, luckily  
Spot the god, what cha see?  
A young G, turning up  
Boomin' words from Hell, burning up  
My pockets be over stuffed  
But still I feel I ain't earned enough  
Still I grind, over time  
Over lord, over lines  
No this ain't no Hova rhyme  
It's Esham! I'll blow ya mind  
With the 9, ill design  
Crime is life and life is crime  
Redrum murder's how they dying  
Left somebody's momma crying  
Death defying, electrifying  
Never on the stand testifying  
Ill soul in KILL mode  
I'll stretch yo ass out just for trying  
That dumb shit, you punk bitch  
Greedy glutton crumb shit  
Why my pockets over stuffed  
And no, no, no!

Gluttony!  
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Gluttony!

I wanna chop off ya head, no  
I want you all to be dead, no  
I wanna to stab you thirty-six times  
And pain the whole town bloody red, no  
They tell me you fresh man, no  
I say no, you yes man, no  
I'm professor of this murder  
'Bout to teach some lessons? No  
Do I know who robbed you? No  
Did I hear they shot you? No  
If there's money on yo head  
You dead, I'm the one that popped you  
No, no, no, no, I'm not greedy  
I guess I'm not gonna kill you  
Don't take that work if you can't pay

Gluttony!  
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I wanna kill you instead  
I don't want your pussy, I just want your head, no  
You should be back on your meds  
You falling asleep you piss in the bed, no  
He work with the Feds  
I seen him before, the one with the dreads, no  
Please don't push me right now, no  
'Cause I'm too close to the edge, no

They gon' blow yo lid off, no  
I can't call that hit off  
No, no, oh no, what you said  
Right before the, 9 milli spit off  
Look at me, fuck with me  
Money be stuck to me  
Living in the lap of luxury

Gluttony!  
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