

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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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

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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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