

Grotesque

Esham

I do the most yes, I'm gross
I'm grotesque, I gross
Bring the piggy to the slaughter for the roast
Toast to another officer's ghost
Three little pigs in the blanket
Blow they house down, brains on [?] crank it
Big bad wolf sniffin' that white
Howlin' at the moon when the clock struck midnight
Seven little dwarfs posted up in the dope spot
Snow White started to bubble in the crock pot
All of a sudden at the door was a knock knock
It was Rob Bass talkin' 'bout I wanna rock
But this ain't 1986, they tryin' to play these tricks
I got the 9 on my lap like I babysit
Guns I spark those right at the [?]
Who's kickin' in my door? The big fool
69 seconds 'fore they start tellin'
So I grabbed all the money, left the dope I was sellin'
Ran down the alley, hopped in the Malley
Stepped on the gas, didn't dilly dally
Cops on my dick 'cause I got away
So I raced up the block to my homegirl's hideaway
She let me smash, she helped me count the stash
It was six in the morning, she didn't even fucking axe
Back on the block the very next day
Sittin' in the spot, rockin' up yay
Detroit Lions and Tigers play
Got the raider truck with the ragtop sway
With the Gucci interior
Crusin' like I'm on Lake Superior
Young boy incorporated
Graduated from the streets, most suckers hate it
You eat it, I chef it and played it
They bit it, we did it, we made it
What would you do? Style so boogaloo
Straight off that 'fro, what we should do
What would Detroit, the whole East Side hood do?
We know who is who. It's all good, too
Gator shoes and Cartier frames
Can't ride on nobody else man coat tail, make your own name
I got dick for dames, never party with lames
Come at me the wrong way, say goodbye to your brains