

# Heavy Mental

Esham

This ain't another story 'bout hittin' your missus  
'Cause I get more money than I get bitches  
And for years I been runnin' plays, get money a hundred ways  
And I know a hundred slugs go in the AK  
I learned to pay homage to the ones before me  
So when I came through the door, they wouldn't ignore me  
Steady payin' my dues, blood stains on my shoes  
And only because I had to spray some wack crews  
I don't know where to start, don't know where to begin  
God, forgive me for my sins, I was makin' my ends  
I was keepin' control, they was sellin' they souls  
I was on that road, everything that glitters ain't gold  
See the game's to be sold, not told in kill mode  
The money still spend no matter how old  
Gotta know when to hold 'em, gotta know when to fold  
Gotta know the G code, gotta know when to explode  
Gotta know how to walk, talk, live like that  
Gotta know how to give love to get it like that  
Gotta know how to fall off and bounce right back  
My name's Esham, you pronounce it like that  
If you spit the wicket shit, then I taught you how to rap  
You was dead, I tough your head, then I brought you right back  
If you come to my hood, I'ma front you a sack  
When I'm in your hood, my Cadillac be Detroit black  
Let's keep it all connected, 'round the world, respected  
And always spit the truth so they don't reject it  
Man, they said I'm a skeptic, paranoid, I'm a kleptic  
Murder music on my mind, always countin' my blessin's  
Never stressin' to the lessons life be dealin' to me  
Murder's always on my mind, it's just a feelin' to me  
You tryin' to get this money, you must be willin' to be  
But you'd rather see me dead, you ain't feelin' a G  
They be killin' me softly, but nigga, get off me  
I wake up in the mornin' to that fresh brewed coffee  
Then I cause a ruckus, I'm a known neck cutter  
I smother motherfuckers, got that bread and that butter  
What a tangled web, [?] practice to deceive  
This practice goes back all the way to Adam and Eve  
Heavy mental with the pencil nervous coincidental  
I was pervin' hella swervin' pulled to the curb in the rental  
Parental advisory advising these suicidalists inside of me  
I spit the wicket shit for all them motherfuckers who lied to me  
So take a murder ride with me, don't be surprised to see  
That I'd die for you, 'cause you would die for me