

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
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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