

Hello Satan

Esham

Yo, Detroit, yeah, go a little something like this
Make a lot of noise when I'm rollin' with them boys
I be on the gang gang from Detroit to Illinoise
I ain't got a choice, gotta use my fuckin' voice
'Til I pull up on the block in the new Rolls-Royce
Gang gang, make your brains hang if a snitch saying
The only time I ever switched up is the switch lanes
No dress code, but you dress like a bitch, mane
Sissy soft suckers get found in a ditch, mane
I don't care if you poor or you a rich mane
Never know who [?] when you throw the pitch, mane
Take the rock and run to play, but never run away
Some hustlers die, some live to see another day
Game cold, lot of hustlers fold
On that lonely Hell road, watch 'em sell they soul
Everything that glitters, you know it ain't gold
The game's sold and not told
It ain't what you do but how you doin' life
We've been hustlin' a lifetime and you wanna ruin it
Get a life, get some goals, start pursuin' it
Only one rule in this game, stay true in it
I'ma keep winnin' and keep Errol Flynn'in
On all y'all niggas that's out here sinnin'
I'm grinnin' to the bank, mane, smokin' on dank, man
Gas, I got a full tank, mane
Bet it all, never stall, I'm like a wrecking ball
I got your girl down on her knees and my beck and call
Kill these niggas, notify they next of kin
Walked up and shot 'em, call that a pedestrian
Mean mug less grin when you see my hat
If I ain't a D boy, then what do you call that?
Now it's time for you mumblin' niggas to face facts
Fall back, y'all just wick wick wack

Early this mornin', when you knocked upon my door
And I said, "Hello, Satan, I believe it's time to go"

Knock, knock, time to wake up the block
Heard a few shots, heard they murdered two cops
Pop, pop, put one off in his top
Wipe the blood stains up with this Clorox
Don't forget they uniforms, and this mop
Is soaked with gasoline, put it in a squad car and blow the spot
Grabbed the package, put it back up in the pot
Waitin' 'til the water starts to bubble, tell me what you got
Thirty-six O's on a triple beam scale
Tell me where you weigh in, either Heaven or Hell
Made a deal with the Devil, how much soul you sell
Crucified on the cross, Jesus hangin' by a nail
But some never learn 'til they soul start to burn
It's a hell of a game, and you can't wait to get a turn
So you made the deal, you really wasn't concerned
Until they cremated your body, ashes put in the urn
[?] six feet deep with the maggots and worms
Have your body decomposin' bacteria germs
So now, who the nigga? I guess you the nigga

Fuck the police, they so quick to shoot a nigga
No power, no privilege, now your soul gettin' pillaged
You shouldn't have been a dirt cop, I know you can feel it
The flames in Hell, burnin' yo ass crack
You won't survive in Hell's kitchen, only get laughed at

Early this mornin', when you knocked upon my door
And I said, "Hello, Satan, I believe it's time to go"