

# Homey Don't Play

Esham

Born broke, beat up, and always honked at  
Gimme an uzi and you suckas get the fuck back  
I'll bust your mind like a watermelon  
And as you listen you'll find your brain swellin'  
I'll go Oo so, solo who so  
Deads compare themselves with death die  
Don't ask why my styles uncopiable  
Some try, but they just too sloppy so  
Thou shall not come closer  
'Cause all the suckas who bite'll blow up like an explosive  
I'll stamp a pentagram dead on your forehead  
And as soon as ya say a lyric your dead  
X marks the spot where your body falls  
Then I'll grab your soul and roll, 'cause my duty calls  
So all you suckas get the fuck out my way  
When I drop the mic you'll say, homie don't play

The U-N-H-O-L-Y, hell of a helly  
I'm like the devil in your body writin' bite me on your belly  
Like the exorcist, the devil's groove keeps flowin'  
Turn out the lights and my body starts glowin'  
In neon, that's 'cause I'ma pee on reality  
The U-N-H-O-L-Y  
There's a lotta evil minds but only one devil  
Of the dog turnin' back on what 'cha get, but don't forget  
I hit like no other  
You see my rhyme is like a pillow it's made to smother  
Try to diss me I'ma murder ya, I never hearda ya  
A son of a gunner and I'ma kill a everyone a ya  
Somethin' you've never seen, put you in a guillotine  
The psycho labelled me as a killer teen  
When I drop the mic your parents pray  
Get the fuck out my way, 'cause homey don't play

Break out the Holy Water, as I slaughter  
Better change your last name 'cause I'm goin' in alphabetical order  
And it won't stop 'cause I won't stop  
With the tick, tick, a tick, tick, a tick, tock , a tick tock  
Can't you get it through your head  
That it can't get no defer 'cause my lyrics already dead  
Hopin', wishin', prayin', someday I'll stop what I'm sayin'  
But I can't, it seems like I'm possessed with somethin'  
The U-N-H-O-L-Y, keep my mind jumpin'  
Get up, get down to the rhythm of death  
Suckas thinkin' I'm takin' a break  
Them suckas fallin' every time I lose my a breath  
But still I don't stop to the beat  
One time, one rhyme, and I still blew your mind  
Everytime I drop the mic I bet everybody say  
Homie don't fuckin' play

Everytime I kick shit, it's labelled as wicked shit  
Don't try to bullshit 'cause I'll fill you with bullets and shit  
Rappin' with my red head, some say my brains dead  
Mockin' what I'm rockin' then your sayin' what insane said  
Suckas are suicidal, unholy is homicidal  
I'm comin' inside your mind and I'm takin' your title

You wanna be me, but suckas can't see me  
Cause I'm a ghostwriter, funky funky fresh  
Not unless I get my point across  
My illin' and illin's what I have to do  
If you bite my lyrics I'm coming after you  
Not physically, but mentally, rockin' instrumentally  
If you listen too hard it might kill instantsistantly  
I can get in doubobly, until I see your mind work  
Your thinkin' so hard your fake me cause your mind hurt  
When you pass out you'll have to say  
"Get outta that nigga way man" cause homie don't play