

How Come

Esham

They don't wanna see Detroit get on
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I can't tell you how many mics I done spit on
Seems like they don't wanna see a real nigga from Detroit get on
They mad 'cause what I said in my sick sid-ons
Bitches I done been on, rappers I done shit on
But I just go wild on 'em
They mad 'cause I just style on 'em
Still cruise 7 Mile on 'em
Kill 'em, leave 'em dead wit' a smile on 'em
Hate me 'cause I let the money pile on 'em
Judgement Day—took the shit to trial on 'em
Nigga get out of line, grab the AK
Squeeze the trigger, p-p-p-pow on 'em
Yeah, maybe that's the prob'
Niggas scared they gon' get robbed by the organized mob
Rappers losin' they jobs
I can't tell you why they want me to die
Holmes up in my Nike airs, all in a no-fly zone
My home, eyes on, eastside hoes despise on
Blow the smoke out my mouth like a fire breathin' dragon
Body bag 'em, toe tag 'em
Shots from the .44 magnum
It's just one question in my mind I gotta ask 'em
It's "How come?" (how come, how come)

They don't wanna see Detroit get on (how come, how come, how come)
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When I put out the album, what's the outcome?
Don't want me to blow—how come?
Tryna X me up out the game like my name was Malcolm
But yet these boa constrictors can just get richer
And you don't wanna see my face nowhere in the picture
My name up in lights—how come?
Radio payola, they play the same thing every single day over and over
But still you gotta pay to play it
Gotta be a better way
Or should I just go to the radio station and spray the K?
Gonna be a lot of casualties
Lot of dead radio personalities
Show biz or reality, a small technicality
Got the poor nigga blues, but it's gonna take a pro to be in my shoes
You can't be number three tryna get to one steppin' on two
I'm a son of a gun, so you better run
Pull the weapon on you—so true
Just for reppin' your crew
Now you're screamin' out, "Please don't shoot, don't shoot!"
I can't tell you why all these things just happen
When life's a bitch, fuck this shit, I'ma just quit rappin' 'cause—

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She said she want a new car (so I bought her a Cadillac)
Took her to a fancy restaurant (she said it was just a snack)
I moved her in my big house (she called it a shack)
I gave her four children—now she wanna give 'em back
I got the blues