

I Can't Believe

Esham

I can't believe

I can't believe you believe all that
I don't care how many streams you got, you still wack
In fact, you couldn't write a rhyme to save your life
That's how most rappers paid the price
Remember nights like this Eddie King was saying
Are these the nightmares referred to by Dana Dane?
You sell out chasing after more fame
Looking like I'm gon' get you sucker in them gold chains
I don't care if they diamond encrusted
One look at your face and I was disgusted
You really ain't got nothing to say, let's discuss it
Your head look like a balloon, I almost bust it
Got no time to play, life is short like a Newport
Game on a new court running a new sport
Catch me out in traffic, getting money is a habit
If I want it then I grab it, getting carrots like a rabbit
Feels good, feels good, feels good
I got old recipes that I cook still good
No push, no shove, all love
Everybody getting in when I show up

Keep the vibes high, raise your glasses up
Hands in the sky, wave 'em side to side
(There's not a problem that I can't fix)
Raise your glasses up
Keep the vibes high ('Cause I can do it)
Hands in the sky (Don't let it trouble your brain)
Keep the vibes high (Are you ready?)
Hands in the sky, wave 'em side to side

I don't need security, got Glock on me with the beam
I can coach the game, don't need to be on no team
I be having them funds, you be having some fun
Don't understand my old school game, then you too young
Keep that fire, make your city hot, still I ditty bop
Super models suck me like a baby bottle, call that pretty top
Whoa, let me get back to my flow
I need something in my cup, what you want from the store
Twizzler licorice, they so sick of this
[?] flow sickness dripping this
Always down to ride, slide for my side
My glass in the sky 'cause I'm going worldwide
Gotta give 'em what they want, upper echelon
Rap savant, but I'm never rapping just to front
Dead presidents in my pocket, and they like to haunt
Benjamin Franklin passing me the blunt

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