

Intermittent Fasting

Esham

I fucked a lot of porno hoes like B. Pumper
My name known around the world 'cause I'm a jumper
Don't wanna throw my sideways, I got the dumper
My pockets stay all fat like a ba-dunka-dunka
The truck I rolled in kind of looked like a Tonka
I toke the Chocolate Thai then I smoke Willa Wonka
I never liked the way you flowed, you should be sunken
I'm diabetic, you niggas sweet, I call you pumpkin
You wack rap niggas be chokin' like Tim Duncan
I'm out here on the come up for real and I'm tryin' to function
The big wicked witch, and you niggas is just the munchkins
I'll send something hot your way and have you croakin'

I was born with it, you niggas just bought style
Esham the Unholy wicked rough child
How you like me now? Still rock 7 Mile
Watch my money pile, hip hop dead 'cause he livin' fowl
Mama was a junkie, Daddy was a dope dealer
The two of them fuckin' around birthed a killer
Man, I'm sick, man I'm fuckin' sick, son of a bitch
I'm a sun of a gun, load the clip and stay off my dick
Ever since I came out, you was on my penis
My jimmy so long that it stretch from Earth to Venus
Flytrap with the fly rappin' I'm a genius
Hoes take off their clothes 'cause I'm looking like the cleaners
Man, it's hard to come from nothin' and have somethin' plus to keep it
What I got up in my pocket ain't no motherfuckin' secret
You reap what you sow, and you sowin' what you reapin'
I try to wake the dead, but these niggas keep on sleepin'
The meek shape inherit the earth, but they ain't speakin'
The cat must got they tongue, I feel like a wicked deacon
All these R&B singers sing about is freakin'
I wanna put a hole in they head and leave 'em leakin'

(Die!) Niggas dying in dirty rooms
(Die! Die, die, die, die, die!)

Even learned how to die in mansions now
Big office buildings, fancy dying
Niggas love dying
(Die! Die, die, die, die, die!)

Build big funeral homes so dead nigga undertakers
Get rich burying dying niggas
Die, nigga! Niggas always tryin' to die, niggas get shot
(Die! Die, die, die, die, die!)

Die, nigga! Niggas get hung
Die, nigga! Niggas get lynched
(Die! Die, die, die, die, die!)

Die, nigga!

I was all about Ferraris, Lamborghinis as a teeny bopper
Now I'm in the leer jets, private planes and helicopters
Hundred round choppers, write prescriptions like a doctor
You know I'm coming through with the cannons like Chewbacca
My home in Bermuda, my little homie is the shooter
I run Bolivia game, I pull up with a cougar
I still live a trill life, ill in my real life
I'm ill in my real life