

Kill Meow

Esham

Don't stop, body rock, steppin' hard in my gators
I'm from Detroit, I'm a player, all I know is get that paper
Wakin' up, bakin' up, cookin' up, and cakin' up
I'm real as fuck, you fake as fuck, I had enough, we breakin' up
Shake it up, shake it down, systematic break down
You gon' throw your back out, my family never cracked out
You say yo down, I failed too, yeah I been to Hell too
I got a soul to sell too, Jesus died on the cross He was nailed to
So this might start a revolution [?] evolution
Wicketshit I'm introducing. Suicide is no solution
Give me death or retribution. I've come to this conclusion
All your corrupt collusion, the whole world's an illusion

Don't stop, keep it poppin', steppin' hard in her stilettos
Heavy [?] heavy metal, and she straight about the ghetto
She do it 'til it fuckin' hurts. Girl, you're too sexy for that shirt
What you doin' after work? Let's get into some dirt
It's happy hour, pussy power, she came here to straight devour
Alcohol and golden showers, she don't want no flowers

It's gushy, I like sushi. She wet like a jacuzzi
Got a body on my Uzi, still they choose to be like who's he
But that's okay, though, hey ho, come blow me like tornado
It's all up in my nasal, and still the flow is fatal
Mistakes, I can't afford it. I think it, then I thought it
My microphone's distorted, but still I just record it
You [?]. I clapped you, they applauded
I sell it 'cause you bought it. I piss, and you just caught it
I threw up in the toilet, 'cause I'm an alcoholic
Don't wanna spoil it, but the wicketshit is what I call it
Don't stop, keep it wicked, suicidal's how I kick it
Acid rap got you addicted, pain inside is self-inflicted

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