

# 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' u  
p  
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

All the pain inside is self-inflicted  
All the pain inside is self-inflicted  
All the pain inside is self-inflicted  
All the pain inside is self-inflicted