

Killagram

Esham

It's the Mr. Unholy sinister
Man I murdered your minister
Murder mo' niggas talkin' jive than Jeff Fenster
Witness the prime minister
Grand dragon, body baggin'
The 44 mag still got my pants saggin'
Niggas on the bandwagon
Say they suicide driven
For the unforgiven
These dead flowers ain't livin'
Pyscho, like no
Other muthafucka so
Go upside your cranium dome
With the chrome
I'm sick of all these suckas
My mind spinning in swirls
Impregnate your body with slugs
And murdered the world
Therapeutic they connected from bullets ejected
They concluded wasn't expected for my ass to shoot it
I'm a son of a gun
I swallow bullets for fun
My daddy with the gun powder
Shit, call me hollow tip
Little slug hate life
Living ain't love giving
Fool, ya paranoid
So I'm suicide driven, man

I know you hate this suicidalist
The animal, rhyme cannibalistic
Realistic
Bad luck, ain't no heart in my body
So I'm quick to pull the shotty
John Gotti and murder ya body
Foul, stack a body pile
Momma I murdered ya child
In the midnight hour
Smoking on dead flowerz
My Glock stay so hot, it spit fire
Infrared beam
Make ya scream like Michael Myers
Retire, your life just expired
I'm repossession'
Got caught with the intent to deliver a drug possession
No question
I'm playing true confession
I'm ill with the steel
I showed the chrome to let them know I'm gone
Psychotic, Reel Life product
We play for keeps
Symptoms I'm insane
Murder yo ass in yo sleep
No therapy so I'm out to murder all of y'all
Mental migraine
Still gone off Tylenol
So now I'm out to destroy

Any nigga who wanna annoy me
Cuz I'm down with Dead Boy

Carbon-copy ass muthafuckin' ass niggas
Back the fuck up, bitches!
Comin' through this bitch
Ye, what up, niggas
Got this muthafuckin' steel dick for yo ass
Put it in yo muthafuckin mouth, bitch!
Bite this

I don't really wanna feel like I feel
But the steel be calling my name
And it's a shame
Bloody butcher knife
Still buried in my backyard
Mental flashbacks of how my knuckles got scarred
Niggas be smiling in my face and back stabbin'
Even though they know
I'm bullet bussin' and gun grabbin'
Die, die, die U-N-H-O-L-Y
Toe tag to body bag
Your mama cry
Born into this life
No escape from playa hates
Down to stack papes
Going psycho like Norman Bates
Ill like Reel Life
Yelling, police rebellin'
Still talking broke English and drug sellin'
O Z choppin, hip-hoppin'
Nigga with a death wish
Money and the power
Pissin' on dead flowerz