

Rap Science

Esham

I grew up on the B-side, Detroit east side
I roll through my hood with no police guide
I ain't been the same since Maurice died
It's cold in the D, that's why I keep my fleece tied
I've been cruisin' Seven Mile for like thirty years
This a dirty game, I shed dirty tears
And even though I know don't nobody love me here
I did pretty good even though it's ugly here
The spirit of Detroit, you can hear it in my voice
I had no help, I had no choice
I've been knocked down and blackballed
Went toe to toe with 'em all
When my back was up against the wall
They still prayin' on my downfall
My middle finger's in the air, still like fuck all of y'all
Inside my mind I'm levatatin'
Still havin' conversations with God and Satan
To murder you we been debatin'
Niggas been plottin' to kill me for years, I'm still waitin'
I flap my wings just like a raven
I looked him in his eyes, I knew he was gonna die
'Cause I can't save him
Please, don't get in this game, it's a trap
You selling your soul, that's why they say it's a rap
Your life is on the line with every rhyme you spit
Number one with a bullet, and you got hit
The game's not real, it's counterfeit
All smoke and mirrors, play at your own risk
Broke motherfuckers always wanna act rich
You was actin' real, now you actin' like a bitch
I smell a dirty rap actin' like a snitch
But he ain't actin', he tryin' to fuck up my practice
So I gotta stick up like a cactus
And get back to this mathematics

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