

# Red Rum

Esham

Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah.  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah.  
Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Time to get ill, my mic starts to kill  
Your head is falling apart, and I start to rebuild  
Your mind, your outta time, I'm out ya mind  
Like a '74 the heavy metal hardcore  
Back to the groove line  
Suckers tried to move mine  
The seventh sign of death, and death to the peace sign  
I start to release mine  
Now you gotta cease mine  
Shot another brother for holding up the peace sign.  
I got style, I got class  
Try to diss me, and I'll beat your ass  
I don't say, I spray niggaz olay  
Like a '74, homey don't play  
Down on the east side, my name is Esham  
Rollin' through your hood, and I'm ticking like a time bomb  
Ready to blow up, ready to go up side  
Another nigga's head, for some shit, he done said  
A homicidal killer, with a nine in my hands  
Now you get to ride in the ambulance  
Cuz it's murder

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Redrum!!

Dig this, a crazy brother, on a crazy, crazy tip  
Mother fuckers claiming raw, boy you'll get pistol whipped  
Whipping out my mini-mag, fucking niggaz up  
Bullet proof vest on my chest, now what's up?  
Doing it, like a renegade  
Sticks and stones is played  
Who's gone get fucked up, I got a gun, you got a blade  
I'm taking no shit, Reel Life product is legit  
Your fiendin' for my tape, like a junkie wants a hit  
Death is at your doorstep waiting on the one  
The devil is in the shell, and he comin' out a gun  
Going off on niggaz, like I just based the pipe  
Take a nigga's life, cuz I'm just the type  
It's a doggie dog world, and I'm the pit bull  
And a nigga jump crazy, bite his ass in a minute  
I'm partners with the devil, taking nigga's on a hell raise  
Brothers thinking, I've been dead for days  
Beat your ass up, and leave you bleeding in the gutter  
You said I was a sucker, your mother  
Now your dead, with a busted head  
No one seen or even heard of ya

Talking that trash, you get a busted ass  
No one fucks with a murderer.

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Homicide is my alias  
Niggaz don't diss, cuz they scared of us  
I'm that nigga that make your nightmares come true  
I'm not dead, but I'm death can still haunt you  
More like Jason, but it's you I'm chasin'  
And once I catch ya, I'm micin' and acein'  
Runnin' through your mind like Loki  
And the reason you don't see me, cuz I'm low key  
I'm the Saturday shocker, horror flick routine  
Showin' you shit, that you never seen  
Michael Myers, the crucifiers  
My verse gets cursed, when worse gets worse  
Comin' to get ya, when I hit ya done  
Die, and go to hell, and come back as my son  
Down on wax, with the killer tracks  
Get so dope, I'm like a pound of crack  
Homicide is on my side, suicide  
Tried to get to this side, and died  
My def jam plays like a boom, boom, boom  
Sending out disses, to whom it may concern  
Brothas will learn, I take no time to burn  
I'll Murder

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