

Saints & Sinners

Esham

I got this feeling I'm going to heaven
I know what you thinkin' how you a wicked reverend?
I've come to bless them and play some true confessions
I school them with lessons aggression's my secret weapon
I fly on magic carpet off lemon kush I spark it
No camo rides for me I fourwheel ATV
Kick up sand like I did handbuilt my own pyramid
Transcending no pretending ascending still attending
A higher consciousness suicidalist
You wanna slit your wrists? I don't advise this
When life is pointless but what's the point of life? Does life
have a point
When all you know is gettin' money fresh out the joint?
Don't nobody move this the Devil's Groove
Wicked Esham unholy interlude
Watch me blow the fuck up like a inner tube
Ain't no way to be a saint around sinnin' dudes

This ain't a democracy I'm a dictator
Just 'cause I don't like your shit don't mean I'm a hater
I just don't like your shit and that's how life could get
Instincts dealin' with real life not a [?] or make-believe
Systematic psychopaths steady stakin' me
Instead of lettin' a giant sleep they've awakened me
Now they gotta face me and deal with the penalty
Death is all that you buy so I put it on sale and can't wait 't
il you die
I got an endless supply of shit I shouldn't say, but I say it a
nyway why?
It's not accepted
I'm just a skeptic in America, I'm American so I just reflect i
t

Suicidalist it's way too late for me, the edge right there and
I'm way past crazy
They try to get in my head X-
Ray, I'm all about [?] in the trenches daily
Like I'm back from Iraq still in kill mode
Don't talk sideways or I will explode
And take everybody with me I'm a martyr
Hellraiser headhunter shit-starter
A demon with it can't free him or fix it
Hellbound ain't no other way to twist it
Hell is just a change in the temperature
Spreadin' my gospel sinister minister
All my life I've penalized, a nigga like me you'll be glad when
he dies
For now I terrorize Mastamind gon' have to be buried alive