

Servin'

Esham

He knows he's go to (Servin')
Don't ask him not to
Oh my, oh my (Servin')

I'ma rock this one for the people with no jobs
And the welfare mamas who be sellin' debit cards
Go to church next Sunday 'cause you stressin' kinda hard
Make you throw up both your hands and scream out loud
"Oh my God"
Lord, have mercy, let the preacher bless and pray for me
And I refute you, Satan, please stay away from me
Get your paper up, cake it up, and save it up
I can't give it up until I get a billion bucks
As the sun goes down and my top still dropped
But it really don't matter 'cause my Glock stay cocked
You can say what you want, and I still won't stop
I'ma keep on going 'til I get to the top

Jesus, (Servin') Jesus, save me ('Tis the season to be servin')
Jesus, save me, tsunami tidal waves
And the world going crazy, we living in the last days

You got me working day and night just to try to get it right
It don't even matter in darkness when you see the light
Slanging the white with the heavenly insight
Serpents quick to fill you with they venom with one bite
It could all come to an end in one night
You could die in a plane flight or a gunfight
Flap my wings and fly away 'cause I don't wanna die today
Angels falling from above, the whole sky is gray
As the sun goes down and a new day begins
I'ma keep getting paper 'til my last days when
I can't get no more, I just keep swervin'
It's the season to be servin'

Jesus, (Servin') Jesus, save me ('Tis the season to be servin')
Jesus, save me, tsunami tidal waves
And the world going crazy, we living in the last days

I'ma rock this one for the people of Iraq
And the soldiers from America that's never coming back
And the little coke babies who be born and hooked on crack
All the ghettos of America is struggling with that
Lord have mercy let the angels come and take me home
If you forgot to say goodbye, then it's too late, I'm gone
So if you wanna go to Heaven, what you waitin' on?
Close your eyes and pray to God and keep your faith as strong
As the sun starts setting, countdown to Armageddon
When the flames start rising from Hell, I won't be sweatin'
You can say what you want, but I know you'rebettin'
That you got a seat right next to God up in Heaven

Jesus-

[?] has taken more food from the mouths of children
More clothing from their bodies has produced more [?]
[?] fornication

Raw sex and lesbianism, living with women

Fucked up in the head, fucked up in the head
Fucked up in the head, all fucked up in the head
Fucked up in the head, fucked up in the head
Fucked up in the head, all fucked up in the head

Sittin' all alone, murder's on my mind again
Countin' paper so long, my hands green like a Heineken
A knock at the door, I heard the shots from a forty-four
They blasted my homie as they ran with guns up in that [?]
Kicked out the window in the back, man, you don't know me
Ran down the alley like
"Who the fuck? That could've been the police"
They would've been yellin' "Freeze!"
Instead they tryin' to jack my G's
But then again, the city streets full of crooked police
I start to panic, I'm headed for my vehicle
They want me dead, but I can't really see it though
They say the Reaper's comin' for me, nothin' I can do about it
You wanna ease my pain, brain damage, then I doubt it
I swallow some more of that sizzurp
Now I'm feelin' crazy, think my brain's gone berserk
Suicidal thoughts, keep 'em locked in my lost vaults
Not commended for children and most adults
The smell alone will kill you, poisonous toxic fumes
Pretty soon I'ma pop your balloon
They tell me don't go to sleep, I'm into deep thought
I murder motherfuckers at midnight when I sleepwalk
U-N-H-O, I can't spell that out
'Cause you don't want me to go there, nigga, flat out
Now get your ass out, before you pass out
You shouldn't throw rocks if you live in a glass house
Wicket shit I spit, the shit I spit is wicket
My dick is in my pants, when I pulled it out, your mama licked it
(Ooh)