

So Selfish

Esham

You so selfish
I don't really care what they say about me
'Symptoms of Insanity' no 'Therapy'
H-U-S-T-L-E-R, Hustla
Up in Detroit, yeah we all hustlas
Pushin' the product, connected by the narcotics
Hella melodic when NATAS drop it, I got it
30,000 feet out in the air, I parachute on ya streets
I'm greetin' bustas wit' the heat
And you can see me clearly like a DVD
When I beat on your ass like a MPC
I'm twistin' bitches up like the dreads on a Rasta
I'm gunnin' atchu rappers 'cuz you just an imposter
Switch this, bitch this, nigga out right fast
Then I hit his hoe ass wit' the mini mac blast
I don't give a fuck about a 'Record Deal'
I'm still through these streets like-a Kill, Kill, Kill
The fetus, believe dis when I bust atcha Jesus
I'll take you to the dark side wit' the quickness
Sickness to ya health, take all of ya wealth
I'm comin' undetected like a muthafuckin' Stealth
Bomba, I'ma harda rhyma
Pushin' the dime-a, Chrysla
100,000 was the price-a
While you still crappin' out on the Dice-a
My style gets nice-a and nice-a
The blood riser, open ya eyes Sir
And realize you don't wanna be in my'sa

You so selfish
You out here breakin' all the rules like Ebenezer Scrooge
'Cuz a - You so selfish
(I don't really care what they say about me
'Symptoms of Insanity' no 'Therapy')

Gotta roll, gotta hold ya own stack
Gotta watch ya own back
And if ya runnin' up on me homey, bound to get blown back
I'm in ya zone wit' the chrome gat but you shoulda known that
I'm from the east side where all the birds have homes
And for self, after years I got no help
Tremendous, the bad times, they seemed endless
I spin this bottle, I mash this throttle
I don't give a fuck, still that's my motto
I keep this ammo to burn like a candle
'Cuz I'm too cold to hold, too hot to be handled
I dismantled every mic I touch, so realize why I don't give a fuck
I'll open ya up, watch me, can't stop me
Wanna' pop me 'cuz he copy
And I'm killin' all you wack ass rappers that's sloppy
And bitin', rewritin', refightin' 'Clash of the Titans'
When I see you I'm strikin', you feelin' lightning
No remorse of course for the Pale White Horse
Make 'em all feel the force when I come for yours
Kickin' down ya doors, world hood wars
To even the score, make all devils pray to the Lord
To scheme like a demon, you can't really afford

When the police lights come on, the cameras record
All this time ya thinkin' ya shoulda detoured
But ya at the sea shore witcha man overboard
And a...

You.. so.. selfish..