

The Dedication

Esham

What up, doe
Detroit
The new home of the greatest

I'm in my D hat, D hat, D hat, D hat
I'm in my D hat
And it's a blue fitted
You gettin' money
But you don't know what to do with it
I know I'm gettin'
Don't know if you with it
This is dedicated to the few
Who be like, "Who did it?"

You took a step forward
You need to step back
'Cause in a puddle of blood
Is where you're left at
You see, Detroit is Beirut
Chicago's Iraq
America is a war zone
I'm just statin' the facts
People wanna hold hands
And lines and protest
Niggas still gettin' shot in the street
With no vest
Donald Trump is the President
Now you're so stressed
But I'm high for the next four years
Like, "Oh yes!"
Who gives a fuck less
About a tax write-off
Won't stop Edison from cuttin' my lights off
Won't stop terrorists
Or their suicide bombin'
We don't wanna die
I think we all got that in common
To be silent in these times is a crime
And you got a voice
But when you open up your mouth
You sound ignorant by choice
Do you believe in God
And God did not believe in
My religion is reality
The Garden of Eden
If you a celebrity up to bat
You know you struck out
Said you was movin' out of America
Get the fuck out
We don't need your coward ass around here
'Cause this the Home of the Brave
No fear
I swear
This'll be my year
So I need you to lend me your ear
I got a little somethin' that you all should hear
Love trumps hate

Let's get things clear
You can hate me because my skin color
But you just hatin' yourself
Because we still brothers
And the Statue of Liberty's freedoms real mother
She taught us all empathy
So we could feel others
I was inspired to write this when the polls closed
It's like your soul's closed
God left us, and the store's closed
I'm from Detroit
Don't know if you get it
We be like, "What up, doe?"
We chasin' after new digits
Industry haters
And we know only a few with it
But we gonna keep puttin' it down
Until you do get it
I'm on my D shit
3-1-3 shit
That's how it be shit
Godlike, so you know I love that G shit
I wish it was different on the streets
But it's not
So stay out your political feelings
'Fore you get shot
We all know we're livin' in Hell
'Cause it's hot
The wicked gettin' arrested
Wicketshit will never stop

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Who did it better
Who did it worse
Who did it first
Who did it the best
And put the game in a hearse
Who did it for the Rap God
And lifted the curse
Now lets take hip hop back to the birth
Back to the Earth
Back to your lessons
I think it's time for true confessions
Fraudulent, phony fools fear the fatal freestyle
This goes out to every man, woman, and child
And I'm straight off 7 Mile
Boomin' Words From Hell
But it's a Heaven style