

The Deity

Esham

I don't care what these people say about you
You're okay in my magazine
Now I just have a little thing for you from me
It's a sentimental thing because I think a lot of you
You've had fame, you've had fortune, and you've had girls galore
But I know when you reach your final hours, you'll still be yelling
"Get me more! Get me more! Get me more!" Thank you
American pervert
American pervert
American pervert
American pervert

So pervert-ish, yeah I murder shit
Word after word, you ain't heard of shit
Audi R8 sport, I converted it
Pulled off top down skeet skirted it
I know I'm deep six, and I'm six feet
I got a sixth sense, I know talk cheap
I'm a Detroit Lion, and I stalk sheep
You a pussy willow, I hang you from a tree
Peel your skin off, skin you alive like the Predator
Bloodstains on the stage from my competitors
My girlfriend, tell her that I'm scared of her
She feeling better deader that I chopped the head off her
I smoke weed with angels and God tell me not to
It's probably why one of Hell's angels shot you
So it's impossible for me to be an apostle
It's probably why my nuts are so colossal

Moolah, moolah, bank, cash money, scrilla
Stacks, fat stacks, mad stacks, wallet fat
Bankroll, clams, simolians, frog skins
Foliage, dollar, dollar bills, money

Cruisin' down Seven Mile 313
Back in the day, me and T-N-T
Went to the park in a fresh-ass coupe
Mastamind was in the back seat countin' some loot
Countin' some loot, countin' some loot
I don't shoot no hoops, but niggas I shoot
Used to drink Faygo, eat Better Made chips
Slow down on Seven Mile watch out for the dip
Watch out for the hook, watch out for the fuzz
Do it how we do it, man, we do it what it does
Man, fuck the police 'cause they locked up cuz
And anybody else that ain't down with us
What up doe

Mattress meat, cushion
A billion dollars you didn't know you had
Get your billion back, America