

? (Track 16)

Esham

If it's too hot, then drop it, if it's pistols, then pop it
If it's money, then clock it, and never ever stop it
If it's A-1 Yola, you know I gotta rock it
And that's the reason why colossal knots in my pocket
If it's Glocks, then cock it, if it's game then lock it
If it's enemies with beef, you have 'em sleep with Davy Crocket
Doing dues are better on your way but ain't no need to jock it
If it's truly 'bout your hustle, hustler, ain't no need to knock it

My name's Esham, I'm into sick things
I make 'em all scared when I say my nickname
I [?] gun and it make a big bang
Peace to all the drug dealers slangin' cocaine
A-1 Yola, no talkin' on my Motorola
It's hard to hold it in your mouth like Coca-Cola

A-1, A-1, A-1, A-1
A-1, A-1, A-1, A-1

Situations getting frantic, the murder mechanic
You tiny to a gigantic, plus I'm manic
Depressed and stressed, I could give a fuck less
I carve E-S-H-A-M in the center of your chest
With a rusty razor blade until my paper was made
Now I'm swinging with a hatchet steady choppin' like blades
[?] in my system, shit beat like a gorilla
I know mama love her baby, but I still might kill her
Saw some powder on my nose, man that wasn't a mistake
Frosty Flake, even Tony the Tiger say my yola great
Straight I'm cool like that, plus I'm a fool like that
I aim my two like that and bust at you like that
Shawty lookin' at me wanna get naughty
I fuck that hoes that look like Sade, all day, off [?]

A-1, A-1, A-1, A-1
A-1, A-1, A-1, A-1

All I think about is money, Rolls Royce Corniches
Gorilla beats bumpin' as the volume increases
I make platinum pieces, my paper never decreases
A-1 Yola on the streets, hold back polices
Junkie money against the boogie, I be shakin' up palm trees
You like the way it smell, but it's making your lungs freeze
My paper never stop, so my pockets stay lumpy
Ball 'til I fall off the wall like Humpty Dumpty