

Transmission Fluid

Esham

Yeah let me get right to it
Pimpin' ain't easy but somebody gotta do it
Candy paint dripping transmission like fluid
Esham's dope bro you already knew it
Your bubble gum rap can't spit it or chew it
Your quarterback pass intercepted when he threw it
I kept the murder weapon that I hit your crew with
The charges won't stick to me even if you glue it
Yo, You know I Woo Woo Woo it
I be the kid I got that stick I hit your boo with
Ain't no car I can't drive name a plane I ain't flew it
That's on you, boy, this ain't no Buick
I got candy paint drippin' transmission like fluids
Too much motions for the ocean ain't no stopping me I'm moving
If you clueless then you foolish let me show you how to do this
Pull up to the curb Convertible light blueish
And the sunshine dancing off the candy paint glisten
If you hear me whispering the police might be listening
Jack boys see me but they never see the Nene
'Til I'm slumped down eyes is low covered by beanie
Boomin' words from Hell I ain't never been to jail
I got money to make for the records I sell, can't you tell?
That's why these venues keep calling
Saw me falling out the sky but I was flying not falling
I been ballin' U-hauling the game y'all in
Moving mad units from Detroit to New Orleans
East side made it out the Detroit Zoo
Making music changed my life and it can change yours too
And that's real life (real life, real life, real life, real life)

(Uh, what up E?)

Yeah let me get back to it
Mackin' ain't easy but somebody gotta do it
Candy paint drippin' transmission like fluid
Stretch money's dope but you already knew it
Yo bubble gum raps can't spit it or chew it
Could never knock the hustle but you niggas look stupid
I ditched the murder weapon that I hit your crew with
The charges won't stick to me even if they glue it
Yo, you know I woo woo woo it
East side baby how we do, do, do it
Put it on the floor for me come put on a show for me
D-E-T-3-1-3 is all in this poetry
Everywhere they notice me
Shooters they on go for me
Lately I been getting in my bag I got groceries
Looking like it's dinner time suckers I don't intertwine
I just sold a cutie to my white boy out in Center Line
Center of attention topic of discussion
It's hysterical how I got these *iggas fussin'
Let me get that mic you talking rap then I be busting
I'm really in the street I gotta stack cause I be hustling
Kicking Boomin words from Hell can't believe I went to jail
I was loaded had two commissary bags in my cell
Bottom bunk *** and I stayed on the dance floor
I grew up on [?] cable watching a new dance show
Never been a trick so what you holding out your hands for

Ask me how I'm feeling I'ma tell you with my hands
Eastside nigga out that Detroit Zoo
My baby, rapping changed my life and it could change yours too
And that's real...