

# Unholy Rock & Roll

Esham

The U-N-H-O-L-Y rock and roll, he's in the house to sell your soul  
The U-N-H-O-L-Y rock and roll, he's in the house to sell your soul

Just 'cause I'm black they say I don't know how to act  
If I was white they'd be sayin' the shit's alright  
See I was born a baptist, so now I gotta rap this rap - the acid rap  
They sayin' I'm an atheist  
When they spot us they're screamin' out Natas  
The devil's in the mic and he's wearin' a [?]  
When I was born I found it hard to be black  
But I picked up the mic and said fuck that  
Acid rap hero, less than zero  
The U-N-H-O-L-Y S-O-L-O  
I'm kinda solo  
Fuck that man with the bible in his hand makin' profit off the poor man  
Know what I'm sayin'  
They sayin' sacrilegious just because they don't dig this  
You don't understand because you're mindless  
Time will tell just who'll go to Hell  
Sell my soul and my soul I must sell  
See what I'm sayin' 'cause I'm sayin' what I see - the U-N-H-O-L-Y's who I be  
I'm goin' straight to a lyrical spiritual miracle  
Some don't hear me though - but when they do they gonna fear me  
My [?] of weapon is a nine automatic  
My microphone's had it, time for me to trash it  
Picked up another mic and rocked the world  
'Cause I'm a nigga with an attitude minus the Jheri curl  
Platinum voice, the people's choice is me  
The unholy poet who melts the M-I-C  
I'm that guy who made the doves cry  
Esham and my title

Is the U-N-H-O-L-Y rock and roll, he's in the house to sell your soul  
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Bring in verse two, gettin' funky for you  
Esham's dope, hoe - I thought you knew  
But back to my hellafied rhythm and overdose  
Puttin' suckers' heads to bed now in a comatose  
Dead bodies start stinkin', the funk of a dead man  
The rhythm's like a rotten body, so nod your head man  
Grabbin' my nuts sayin' what's up  
Bitches don't like me 'cause I dog 'em like sluts  
But fuck that, I'm a real one  
If you lost your Esham tape man go steal one  
'Cause it's the funkiest shit ya ever heard of  
I keep flowin' word after word of funky fresh shit that you just can't fuck with  
Tastes so good all the suckers wanna bite it  
Rock and roll and I'm rockin' your whole block  
Esham is the fuckin' king of rock  
I got a lyric like an uncooked steak - just raw  
My rhyme makes you get writer's block and lockjaw  
But never forget I'm the nigga behind the trigger  
And when you see me you'll say hey, there go that devil nigga  
You're damn right, you better take a couple steps back

Before I crack your fuckin' skull with an axe, jack  
And then your whole fuckin' family'll cry  
'Cause you just got hit

By the U-N-H-O-L-Y rock and roll, he's in the house to sell your soul  
The U-N-H-O-L-Y rock and roll, he's in the house to sell your soul