

Unholy Rock & Roll

Esham

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