

We Got Some Nonbelievers

Esham

Look up in the sky,
It's a crow!
It's a bat!
No, it's super nigger!
Confused, some say I can't lose,
All a brotha ever hear is bad point of views,
Try to hold me back jack, breaking the chain of pain,
'cause the rhythm be bumpin' like a migraine.
Never knew I really had a clue about fiction or fact,
But I got it like that.
From dawn till dusk, you might see me bust,
A brain or two, I make it entertainin' you.
Commercial, universal, don't matter,
Every one dies when my shotgun scatters.
When my heavy metal boot drops, the floor shakes,
I'm comin' through like an earthquake.
You can't take or make or break me,
Can't shake me, don't try to fake me.
Many don't believe, I will achieve,
Like Ali Baba and the forty thieves.
I'ma get mine, you must be out ya mind,
'cause in the ninties, acid rap is about time.
We got some nonbelievers out there [2x]
Buck wild, and out on my island,
In your Alpine, I'm free stlyin'.
But I'm wicket, I'm wicket, I'm wicket so why don't you kick it?
To feel the force of a new breed, you might bleed.
Knockin' niggas out like forty thieves,
Forty thieves in the tiempo, I go loco,
Nine milimeter point blank or a solo.
Devilish, but still hell of this,
Make you wanna not want to go the week you go home.
I'm mystified, I won't lie,
Some can't handle it so they die.
Boils and bubbles of trouble brewin' what you doing?
Microphone massacre, MC's screwing around,
I don't waste time, for all the suckas,
I'll see you at the finish line.
Kick that shit!
From Lucifer, I give juice to ya,
Been rockin' all my life so I'm used to ya.
I got wanna be carbon copies that bite,
Of pop rock suckas who dog the lime light.
But now you've been a witness,
The unholy strictly business.
For all the fools who test me, don't stress me,
Or the cops will have to come and arrest me,
For murder one, but I've just begun,
Grab a mic cord 'round your neck and scream Red Rum,
You'll be headless like Max Headdrom,
And I'm here to cause a little bedlam.
Magical, still tragical.
It all started out about a year ago.
Many try to stop me, and drop me,
Now they all wanna jock me.
The radios won't play me,
It don't faze me,

I'm no sell out baby!
And we still got some nonbelievers.