

Wit Out a Band

Esham

My favorite color's purple, but I fuck with blue and red
I turn Incredible Hulk green, make you wish you was dead
Only R-N-B singer I like is Chris Brown, not 'cause his lyrics,
because he'll beat a bitch down
I rock it hardly, [?] pocket [?], then I put away the profit
The strawberry kiwi twisted with the chocolate, the candy paint
's spotless, so [?]

No rockin' wit out a band, rockin' wit out a band
No rockin' wit out a band, rockin' wit out a band

You came through the party so clean, I had on dirty jeans
I just got finished playin' football, the grass is green, and I
made a touchdown
You can check my highlights, shoppin' at the Sky Mall, back on
the night flights

No rockin' wit out a band, rockin' wit out a band
No rockin' wit out a band, rockin' wit out a band

[?] in the game, and they still wanna blitz me
I'm gettin' more green than my man Bill Bixby
I'm only where the chicks, I like my chicken crispy
Ridin' 'round with the work, man, too risky
I'll never do that, but I'll chop and screw that
They be like, "You remember me?" I be like, "Who that?"
Where I know you from? Nah, I'll play dumb 'cause I don't even
know where you got that from