

I don't have to tell you things are bad  
Everybody knows things are bad  
The dollar buys a nickel's worth  
Banks are going bust  
Shopkeepers keep a gun under the counter  
Punks are running wild in the street  
There's nobody anywhere that seems to know what to do  
And there's no end to it  
We know the air is unfit to breathe  
And our food is unfit to eat  
And we sit watching our TV's  
While some local newscaster tells us  
That today we had fifteen homicides  
And sixty-three violent crimes  
As if that's the way it's supposed to be  
We know things are bad  
Worse than bad, they're crazy  
It's like everything everywhere is going crazy  
So we don't go out anymore  
We sit in the house  
And slowly the world we're living in is getting smaller  
And all we say is  
Please, at least leave us alone in our living room  
Let me have my toaster and my TV  
And my steel-belted radials, and I won't say anything  
Just leave us alone  
Well, I'm not gonna leave you alone  
I want you to get mad  
And I don't want you to protest  
I don't want you to riot  
I don't want you to write to your congress members  
I wouldn't know what to tell you to write  
I don't know what to do about the depression  
And the inflation and the Russians  
And the crime in the street  
All I know is that first you got to get mad  
You got to say  
I'm a human being, God damn it  
My life has value

Wi-wi-wi-wi-wi-wi-wicked shit  
Wi-wi-wi-wi-wi-wi-wicked shit  
Wi-wi-wi-wi-wi-wi-wicked shit  
Wi-wi-wi-wi-wi-wi-wicked shit

Back in this bitch  
So you motherfuckers better know what time it is  
You all know my name, so you know what kind of rhyme it is  
I don't give a fuck about your favorite rapper, he can die next  
Shit gets complex when I start to dissect  
I'ma chop off your fingers, chop off your toes  
Watch your bloody body shake until your fuckin' eyes close  
Bitch, you die slow, bitch, you die slow  
Suicide bomber finger on the button ready to explode

America has been suckered in one more time

Heavy metal rap rockin', hip hop cops is watchin'  
But I don't give a buck  
I'll still buck if you try to stop my dollar clockin'  
FBI come knockin', I'ma be Glock poppin'  
Catch me somewhere down in south beach floorin' car shoppin'

Wi-wi-wi-wi-wi-wi-wicked shit  
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Wi-wi-wi-wi-wi-wi-wicked shit

Super large twin turbo charge parked up in my garage  
Your girl a Minaj, full body massage  
Cold like the blizzard snow, reality show  
Day in the life of Esham, what you mad at me for?  
'Cause I get that dough straight from high school to the pros  
And I'm better than the best rapper alive, everybody knows  
Wicked shit!  
Bang her like a blood crip would, Bush couldn't do it this good  
Drop bombs, Esham, Taliban come from my hood  
Wicked shit!  
Tryin' to stop the insurgency, state of emergency  
This is an Amber Alert, show some urgency  
Suicide tendencies cause me to kill emcees  
So I just sit back and collect the royalties  
Wicked shit!  
'Cause I'm sick in the head, redrum redrum cause bedlam  
I've came a long from small time dope pedalin'  
And I will kill for that number one spot  
[?] at K-Mart buying machine guns in the parking lot