

Zeitgeist

Esham

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-wicked shit
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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