

Esham, Bang

"Who's there?"
"Forgive me father for I have sinned."
"Yes my son You have a confession to make?"
"They want me to do it again."
"Those who repent shall recieve salvation."
"I gotta go back..."

...I bang on everything, boy

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!
Up jump the boogie
And you're just a rookie
So I take your cookies boy
BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!
I'm getting money, I push the seven-sixty
Got green like Bill Bixby baby
BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!
No, you shouldna missed me
Cause I'm gonna toss 'em back at ya, like hot frisbees fucka
BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!
It's all I know, it's all I do
Countin cash in stacks, grind all night through

I'm pushin' packages bitch
I got a automatic
I ran down your block and popped a crack addict
Speakin' in tounques since I was young. I tote a uzi
Professional hitman, pop you and your floozie
Who's he? Esham, I do no interviews
Blood's on my tennishoes, win or lose
I'm finda smoke a ounce of kush
Fuck George Bush
Still on the block where it's hot murders be overlooked
Dreams and nightmares
Everythings right there
In the city that don't care
Somehow we profit off welfare - Hell yeah
Pistols be popping
Coppers is dropping
No time for no bitches, keep my riches
'Less it's coke shoppin'

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!
No, you don't know me
I roll with my homie
It's Jesus, not unholy, ya heard me?
BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!
I send hollows threw you , I scream "Hallelujah"
I do ya, cause you don't know me baby
BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!
This is for my Crips and my Bloods
And all my gangstas and thugs that show slug love
BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!
Guns up in the club, holding a lot of drugs
Whats really good, what?

Power and paper stacked up like skyscrapers
I'm getting my money right
I'm keeping my game tight
Oh no
I'm comin up on a bubble
Bitches in trouble
Breakin boulders like Barney Rubble
Makin' my pockets double (whoody)

Slug from a forty-five, I live and die
Like the gangstas before me
'Till they forty-four me
Or outlaw me
They never saw no one raw as me
The general in this war is me
Hilter
Young wigspliter
Kill any rapper out there, nuclear warfare
Spit napalm, Esham
Wicket like Taliban
Pushin denally from Detroit to Cali, mon
Wicket
Wicket
Wicket
It's so wicket
Wicket
The way I kick shit

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!
I'm poppin' pistols
So duck if the bullets whistle
You're hopin that they don't hit you, homie
BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!
I'm down to buck'em all, fuck'em all
Till they bodys in the ground where the maggots crawl
BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!
This is not a game
Say "hello" to my little friend.. Bang Bang Bang
BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!
Blow out your brains
Ain't no friends in this game
Fuck a five-0 and the fame

Prelude to all this evil,
Some people might say it's money whether they believe you.
Judgement day is still a'comin people, never leave me.
It will be with me forever only time i need you's
When your fuckin head is severed stackin'up my green books.
At night I'm playin' with black magic. Tell me, have you seen crooks
Busting off they automatics deep into the darkness?
Some might even say i'm heartless
Even if tha cops is around, I bang your ass regardless.