

7 Mile Rd.

Esham

You don't know my fucking I can't fuck with you punk if you can
't cop a kilo
36 ozs, no, hoes on their knees, bitch please
I owe the mob 4 million
They want their money or their dope or they're killing all my c
hildren
Fuck that I'm Bruce Wayne insane, if you see me in the rain I'm
selling cocaine
You see I just joined the mob man
And see the run with the righteous or Batman and Robin
And I ain't with the stick up
For every nigga that you stick up
He's bound to call his clique up
I got to worry 'bout the police
And the F.B.I., wanna know why
'cause I'm a million dolla ball playa
And these minor league niggas would love to see me fall playa
I'm on craps like 2 dice
Fuck FM 98 and that bitch nothin' nice
I'm underground like P-Funk,
And I'll still put you're bloody body in the fucking trunk punk
I'm on 7 mile riding dirty
With a birdie in the trunk and a bag of funk
Nigga what?
I'm on 7 mile ridin' dirty
168 I hate to jump back
So now I must add and subtract to pay the stack
Ill automobiles, V12's and meals
A half a million dollar house out in he hills
My chrome plated .357's my tool
Nigga don't make me out a fuckin' fool
You's a hoe ass nigga, ain't got no loot
If basketball was a gun, you'd be scared to shoot
Fuck that rap that you saying, don't make no sense
My recital is vital once I commence
Got 36 oz, one kilo z
2 8th's is a half and 4 is a key
I'm a street politician so I politic
If the chicken ain't cookin' then the grease ain't clickin'
Get a bird mother fucker, fuck that a nine to five
Call me John Travlota 'cause I'm stayin' alive
7 mile ridin' dirty
To all my homies sellin' dope, don't be a snitch and don't go b
roke