

# Cross My Heart

Esham

Son of a bitch, Jason wants to slit his wrists  
But I'll tell you like this, should'nt take the risk  
Knowin the consequences well  
The suicidal suckers end up in hell  
Some rather be dead then living in sin  
'Cause the planet is fucked up and misled  
By fools like you  
Runnin round tellin mother fuckers what they can and can't do  
Butterflies in my stomach  
Make me want to vomit 'cause I know doomsday is coming  
Jason's facin' life or death, it's do or die  
And as he take a deep breath he wonders who will cry  
The only one who really cares is you and I  
But your the only one who really knew why  
Life's a bitch from beginning to end and then you die  
Living the life of sin and why  
I can see it in your eyes I'm not surprised  
As you cross your heart and hope to die  
Living your life on the edge of panic  
But still you manic  
'Cause you was born a schizophrenic  
Never knew life was a bitch, but it is so hard  
I'm living low in the graveyard  
Take a trip to another side another place  
Lying in a casket wit a dead man's face  
Who gives a fuck about you, nobody but you  
But I didn't have to tell you take 'cause that's something you already knew  
Just like a razor to the wrist I'm a cut you quick  
Last dying words is I'm a son of a bitch  
Son of a gun and I've just begun to bleed  
As I scream Jesus christ and fall to my knees  
And as everyone cries they wonder why  
I cross my heart and hope to die  
My rhyme is a nine to the forehead  
And once you push play you'll pull the trigga and now your dead  
A suicidal, homicidal, homicidal, suicidal recital  
Is what I recite when I'm on the mic  
At midnight I'll smother you like crib death  
And find my record spinning  
You'll never no I was grinnin when I did that  
This is the you-N-H-O-L-why  
Deadly, like pesticide  
So just step aside  
Once I knew a little girl was playin my tape on Sunday  
They found her in some headphones dead on Monday  
Hanging from a chandelier the only thing to fear is fear  
When you get them butterflies you know the Unholy is near  
Some disappear and never be found  
Some are smothered by the rhythm and then drown  
And when I blow your mind your won't know why  
You'll soon cross your heart and hope to die