

Homey Don't Play

Esham

Born broke, beat up, and always honked at
Gimme an uzi and you suckas get the fuck back
I'll bust your mind like a watermelon
And as you listen you'll find your brain swellin'
I'll go Oo so, solo who so
Deads compare themselves with death die
Don't ask why my styles uncopiable
Some try, but they just too sloppy so
Thou shall not come closer
'Cause all the suckas who bite'll blow up like an explosive
I'll stamp a pentagram dead on your forehead
And as soon as ya say a lyric your dead
X marks the spot where your body falls
Then I'll grab your soul and roll, 'cause my duty calls
So all you suckas get the fuck out my way
When I drop the mic you'll say, homie don't play

The U-N-H-O-L-Y, hell of a helly
I'm like the devil in your body writin' bite me on your belly
Like the exorcist, the devil's groove keeps flowin'
Turn out the lights and my body starts glowin'
In neon, that's 'cause I'ma pee on reality
The U-N-H-O-L-Y
There's a lotta evil minds but only one devil
Of the dog turnin' back on what 'cha get, but don't forget
I hit like no other
You see my rhyme is like a pillow it's made to smother
Try to diss me I'ma murder ya, I never hearda ya
A son of a gunner and I'ma kill a everyone a ya
Somethin' you've never seen, put you in a guillotine
The psycho labelled me as a killer teen
When I drop the mic your parents pray
Get the fuck out my way, 'cause homey don't play

Break out the Holy Water, as I slaughter
Better change your last name 'cause I'm goin' in alphabetical order
And it won't stop 'cause I won't stop
With the tick, tick, a tick, tick, a tick, tock , a tick tock
Can't you get it through your head
That it can't get no defer 'cause my lyrics already dead
Hopin', wishin', prayin', someday I'll stop what I'm sayin'
But I can't, it seems like I'm possessed with somethin'
The U-N-H-O-L-Y, keep my mind jumpin'
Get up, get down to the rhythm of death
Suckas thinkin' I'm takin' a break
Them suckas fallin' every time I lose my a breath
But still I don't stop to the beat
One time, one rhyme, and I still blew your mind
Everytime I drop the mic I bet everybody say
Homie don't fuckin' play

Everytime I kick shit, it's labelled as wicked shit
Don't try to bullshit 'cause I'll fill you with bullets and shit
Rappin' with my red head, some say my brains dead
Mockin' what I'm rockin' then your sayin' what insane said
Suckas are suicidal, unholy is homicidal
I'm comin' inside your mind and I'm takin' your title

You wanna be me, but suckas can't see me
Cause I'm a ghostwriter, funky funky fresh
Not unless I get my point across
My illin' and illin's what I have to do
If you bite my lyrics I'm coming after you
Not physically, but mentally, rockin' instrumentally
If you listen too hard it might kill instantly
I can get in doubtably, until I see your mind work
Your thinkin' so hard your fake me cause your mind hurt
When you pass out you'll have to say
"Get outta that nigga way man" cause homie don't play