

# Make Me Wanna Holla

Esham

The wicketshit continues  
After I told these niggaz to stay off my dick  
They still on my dick trying to bite the wicketshit  
Niggaz still wanna know what Esham mean  
Esham stands for East Side Hoes And Money  
That's what I'm all about  
But for all y'all niggaz bitin the wicketshit  
And tryin to bite the style  
I want you to think about one thing  
Remember me? The one you gotcha idea from

Back in this bitch... yo for the 9-4  
I gotta let these niggaz know once again  
That I'm comin like this  
They said the wicketshit was dead (dead)  
Some ol' wicketshit ain't never dead  
I gotta let y'all hoes know I'm comin back on yo ass

I stopped believing in god about a year ago  
In god I can't trust but uh you don't hear me though  
Cause my life in the sunshine ain't sunny  
A suicidalist  
My memory's on the bliss  
But can you really dig what I dug if I drug  
The life of a thug caught a .45 slug  
I wish I was dead  
But I'm fucked up in the head  
Cause I'm kinda hesitant to kill myself  
But I hate life  
Life ain't nothin but money  
And it ain't funny when your honey gets runny  
I wish I was down but my mind spins round and around  
And how many times can dead bodies be found  
But you don't understand the tales of a madman  
Unholy comin at your ass once again  
Amen, and I don't give a fuck though  
Sometimes I feel like giving up yo  
It makes me wanna holla

(I feel like givin up)  
(Make make me wanna make make me wanna holla)  
(Make me wanna holla cause my dollas come in ozones)

It makes me wanna holla  
Life comes in dollas  
Doin dirt like ring around the collar  
I'll a  
Can't get paid if I ain't got a trade  
I dropped outta school, now who got played  
A fool, I'm just tryna get mine  
I'm sick a seein my moms in the welfare line  
A nigga, I grew up in the ghetto  
I live in the ghetto  
I'm never gonna get out the ghetto  
The place where black folks die  
And slangin them cracks is a way to get by  
There's nothin else a nigga can do

And fuck the police because they only protect you  
You wouldn't understand unless you was a black man  
God damn  
It makes me wanna holla

I'm still feelin funny ways  
On them sunny days when my honey plays  
The money stays  
Days go by and things seem to get no better  
Now the bitch wanna leave, I let her  
I don't sweat her  
Cause it ain't in my nature  
Bringing out the worst in me, I think I hate ya  
I can't deal with it hoe  
I gotta stay real with it though  
Swo yo  
My minds spinnin cause I'm drinkin that gin and juice  
Tryna forget about you, bitch  
You can call me crazy  
When every other nigga in the hood is a crack baby  
Maybe one day I'll be dead  
Bleedin in the sunshine hole in my head  
That's all a nigga need  
Fuck a bitch stankin ass pussy always wanna bleed  
I don't need that hoe  
Not in my life  
Not now  
Yo no  
It makes me wanna holla

It makes me wanna holla  
Cause life ain't nothin but a joke  
Down in the ghetto  
Smellin the gunsmoke  
When every other bitch is on this dick  
I'm trying not to be a statistic  
It's hard, I can't get a job  
Mo niggaz robbin  
I'm steady mobbin  
They tell a nigga to look on the bright side  
It ain't the black side, must be the white side  
I gotta watch my back in case cops wanna act up  
Get ya punk ass smacked up  
Cause I know you wanna kill me  
Cause I know yo ass feel me  
It makes me wanna holla