

## My 9 Rhymes

Esham

Born beat up and always hungry  
Never thought I'd turn into a criminal if anything  
Runnin from the cops like Al Capone  
Goin Rambo on them mother fuckers like Sly Stallone  
Got a gat in my pants like its part of my belt  
Suckers scared like butter so they start to melt  
I stand silent like concrete in Detroit's streets  
What a rich man throws away is what a poor man eats  
When i was 5 my mind start to blow  
Told my teacher i want to be like Hitler when i grow up  
When i was 7 disregarded the laws of heaven  
When i was 10 i started committing sin  
I went to church on Sunday and i cussed out the reverend  
When i became an adolescent i never learned my lesson  
Witchcraft and voodoo with needles and pins  
Puttin holes in mother fuckers with a fuckin smith and wesson  
A homicidal vital recital Esham my title  
I know my shit is deaf and i know you want a bite oh  
But no dont do it you'll be just a carbon copy  
Esham is original and everyone else is sloppy  
Still i kill im sweet like Sugar Hill  
Not your average everyday elementary run of the mill  
Mother fucker get it straight i dont battle thats for suckers  
You wish you was down with Reel Life Product aint that right br  
others  
I dont bullshit no need to bullshit  
You pull some shit and you'll be pullin bullets n shit  
Brother think im bluffin pull me bluff and get fucked up and  
Its time for me to shut up cus i really said enough