

Red Rum

Esham

Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Time to get ill, my mic starts to kill
Your head is falling apart, and I start to rebuild
Your mind, your outta time, I'm out ya mind
Like a '74 the heavy metal hardcore
Back to the groove line
Suckers tried to move mine
The seventh sign of death, and death to the peace sign
I start to release mine
Now you gotta cease mine
Shot another brother for holding up the peace sign.
I got style, I got class
Try to diss me, and I'll beat your ass
I don't say, I spray niggaz olay
Like a '74, homey don't play
Down on the east side, my name is Esham
Rollin' through your hood, and I'm ticking like a time bomb
Ready to blow up, ready to go up side
Another nigga's head, for some shit, he done said
A homicidal killer, with a nine in my hands
Now you get to ride in the ambulance
Cuz it's murder

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Dig this, a crazy brother, on a crazy, crazy tip
Mother fuckers claiming raw, boy you'll get pistol whipped
Whipping out my mini-mag, fucking niggaz up
Bullet proof vest on my chest, now what's up?
Doing it, like a renegade
Sticks and stones is played
Who's gone get fucked up, I got a gun, you got a blade
I'm taking no shit, Reel Life product is legit
Your fiendin' for my tape, like a junkie wants a hit
Death is at your doorstep waiting on the one
The devil is in the shell, and he comin' out a gun
Going off on niggaz, like I just based the pipe
Take a nigga's life, cuz I'm just the type
It's a doggie dog world, and I'm the pit bull
And a nigga jump crazy, bite his ass in a minute
I'm partners with the devil, taking nigga's on a hell raise
Brothers thinking, I've been dead for days
Beat your ass up, and leave you bleeding in the gutter
You said I was a sucker, your mother
Now your dead, with a busted head
No one seen or even heard of ya

Talking that trash, you get a busted ass
No one fucks with a murderer.

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Homicide is my alias
Niggaz don't diss, cuz they scared of us
I'm that nigga that make your nightmares come true
I'm not dead, but I'm death can still haunt you
More like Jason, but it's you I'm chasin'
And once I catch ya, I'm micin' and acein'
Runnin' through your mind like Loki
And the reason you don't see me, cuz I'm low key
I'm the Saturday shocker, horror flick routine
Showin' you shit, that you never seen
Michael Myers, the crucifiers
My verse gets cursed, when worse gets worse
Comin' to get ya, when I hit ya done
Die, and go to hell, and come back as my son
Down on wax, with the killer tracks
Get so dope, I'm like a pound of crack
Homicide is on my side, suicide
Tried to get to this side, and died
My def jam plays like a boom, boom, boom
Sending out disses, to whom it may concern
Brothas will learn, I take no time to burn
I'll Murder

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