

Slippin Out Amerikkka

Esham

I'm slippin' out America, mass hysteria
Caught with possession and intent to write and deliver murder
Get blessed off every word I spit
From the underground streets of Detroit, this is as grimy as it gets
If the slugs fit, wear it. If ya got riches share it
Whatchu cant take witchu let ya seeds inherit
But this roscoe, I'ma flare it
And snatch up the freedom with my masked mandinos, Mujahid

All praises due to Allah, Lord of the Worlds
Most compassionate, most merciful master of
The Day of Judgment. Thy do we worship in thine
Aide do we seek. Show us the straight path, the path
Of those whom you have shown your mercy and
Not those who incure your wrath or those who go astray
Amin...

I'm slippin' out America 'cuz there's too many jails
Pretending to be friends while they be sellin' you sins

And they be tryin' to take like every breath
While I sit back and peep the spectacles of death

All praises to the prophet and the knots in my pocket
America been tryin' to kill all our babies for dollars
But many moons have passed and we gonna holla at that ass
From the future to the past, from the future to the past

I seen it all from Pharaoh to Nimrod
These niggaz tryin' to play us like they God
I peep the whole scenery, the same greenery
But really though, what does it mean to me?