

U Wanna Know Something

Esham

You wanna know somethin' that makes me sick
When people be constantly talkin' 'bout stupid shit
Shit like who made rap up
I don't give a fuck as long as I get my cut
I'm sendin' out no special thanks
And bitches wonder why I diss 'em 'cause they motherfuckin' pussy stanks
I'm goin' straight to the bank
And if I ever busta cap, it won't be no blank
So you can thank, or you can think
Singin' these lyrics might get you in the clink
I rock a beat like this or like that
Either way you look at it it's still acid rap
But from my pants I might pull my dick
And if you ever thought you'd get some you'd feel dumb
I'll snatch your tongue out 'cha mouth and you'll have ta hum
The over Lord master of disaster beat blaster
Niggaz try to do like me and they has ta
Step back, or get jack slapped
I see your bitch all on my dick 'cause the way I rap
When I slip on the lip the tip of my jimmy
Then I'll take the pussy like gimme
We gotta a lotta fake ass wanna be's followin' my footsteps
Always four steps ahead so you slept
I don't sleep, and still I manage to keep a beat
Niggaz don't wanna gimme my props but they know it's sweet
So I'ma give you enough time to hit the rewind
And for the punks who don't like me, I'm throwin' up the fuck you sign