

Esham, Charlie Manson

I be the nigga with the 357 chrome plated,
America's most player hated and frustrated,
Suicide's still on my mind, I comeplated,
Murder more niggas, dead bodies, premeditated.
Born and brought up in Detroit street educated,
Everything I do in this life is still drug related.
Do my dirt by my lonely, so nigga I'm isolated,
Many motha fuckas wanna see me incarcerated.
Check the condition, stiff body in position,
Body bag bloody from my murder composition.
Nigga's on suspension, get 'em broke like New Edition.
Peep the transmission, from the street politician.
Pop, pop, pop, to the dome,
I fill my chrome,
Chrome still shinin' and I'm grinnin' cuz my mind gone.
Murder, murder, murder, is all I scream when I squeeze glocks,
Number one way to kill a thug when the slug's hot,
I'm yellin' out die!
Die, die, die, die, die, die,
Die, die, die, die, die, die
I'm yellin' out die!
Die, die, die, die, die, die,
Die, die, die, die, die, die,
I'm yellin' out die!
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Die, die, die, die, die, die,
I'm yellin' out die!
Die, die, die, die, die, die,
Die, die, die, die, die, die,
I come from the place where every nigga got a dope case,
Scrappin' for five dollas at night,
I hear nigga's holla all in my head,
These bloody visions of my city streets,
That's why when I roll keep the gat on the front seat.
Niggas'll murder me if I let 'em cuz they jealous, hoe,
Fuck what you heard, I be dope like a half a bird,
Schizophantic, manic, the shit is senseless,
All I wanna do is see you bleed, cuz I'm relentless.
The days of grace have long passed in the aftermath,
Wicketest ways, turn your cities into blood baths.
Manic depressive, I'm the nigga with the death wish,
Snitch on me I'll put a slug in your esophagus.
Don't fuck around if you can't stand the consequence,
Detroit niggas'll make your punk ass past tense.
All in my head, been suicidal since my date of birth,
Nigga's been plottin' to murder me, but I murder first,
I'm yellin' out die!
Die, die, die, die, die, die,
Die, die, die, die, die, die
I'm yellin' out die!
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