

# King Of Hearts

Esham

This is how it's goin down  
Mechanic MO-Town  
So sleazy it ain't easy  
Being cheesy  
Use to be my boo-boo  
Now ya just dodo  
Milky brown like a yoo-hoo  
Once upon a time did a crime in America  
With the 17 shot glock Austria  
Plus crush burn a hole in my knee fashion  
Blaze it peddle to the metal mash it  
Now 7 in my elli helly  
Picked up another bitch straight to the tele  
Bitch did me right soft like a pele  
Plus hush crush sticky green of the smelly  
Straight bombin on niggas like an Israeli  
Rarely playin this game while I fairly  
Merrily merrily life is but a dream  
In my night here my boat row down the bloody stream  
Infer-red beams follow me wherever I go  
At night close my eyes 20 bodies to grow  
Triple snakes got me wishin I was home  
This is the East Side hellhole  
That's where I represent  
Bloody money got my life on funny shit  
Startin  
Niggas go crazy like Martin  
I'm out my mind in this bitch on the day  
For the dog lookin at me foamin at the mouth with rabies  
I got a message for the thugs  
Gettin pug  
Get your grave dug  
Get your bloody body drug  
All title this  
Suicidal is  
With the chrome and my fist  
I don't miss  
It's the E to the S to the H-A-M  
And I heard you tellin somebody you was hatin him  
But the simple fact is you can't relate to them  
Niggas cash come quicker than an A-T-M  
Way too grim  
Bitch get smacked with the tech 9  
When I holla out real life plus respect mine  
Crime is life, and life is crime  
But what will life be without a real life rhyme  
Niggas Ahead Time And Space  
Can't be erased  
Or replaced  
With more shit that face dead body after dead body  
Case after case  
Still keep the tulle tucked down in my waist  
For the radio disc jock I might pop  
17 weeks till ya might fall off the chart  
Cause I truly gots no hearts

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