

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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(Violin playing)

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>