

Big Pokey, Making Mail

(*talking*)

Yeah, uh Southside (what-what)

Worldwide (yeah nigga), E.S.G. (Big Pokey)

(Presidential) Presidential, yeah

Another Bad Mix Tape, something else for them boys to hate

Feel me mayn, ha-ha

[Hook - 2x]

I'ma boss when I floss, can't you tell

E.S.G. a G, that's known for making mail

Big Poke' and Presidential, yeah you know they raising hell

Another Bad Mix Tape, bitch for us to sell

[E.S.G.]

Plus I heard them FED's, wanna put us in jail

Cause I keep a bunch of bricks, and a extra scale

Pimping nigga 50 niggas, times 52

That's how many bricks every week, we run through

Who are you E.S.G., S.U.C. representer

500,000 sold, independent y'all remember

Now peep this I'ma boss when I floss, you know that mayn

No wrecking no, just dro sacks mayn

No suits and ties, just throwbacks mayn

Ask your bitch, she know us mayn

Spark up the dust, nigga po' up a cup

Nigga like me, really don't give a fuck

Candy sprayed on the Escalade, everything 22's it up

My glock on cock, for the boys on the block

Wanna take what I got, but I think not

Don't make me spray your block, I'm keep shooting till the K get hot

K-45, when I ride

Just in case a hater, try to take a nigga life

That's right Southside, I'ma scream it till I die in pain

Make the world feel my name, fuck the fame

See the streets won't change, nigga fucked up game

Ain't no good having a gun, with a fucked up aim

This a Mix Tape mayn, hit the sto' and cop shit

E.S.G.-Big Pokey, Presidential got the block locked bitch

[Hook - 2x]

[Big Pokey]

Say my client tail heavy, like F-A-T I love it mayn

Copping houses, pushing deuce seaters in the turning lane

Can't you tell everytime, I'm on the track I bring the pain

E.S.G. leave a stain, on brains since Swang & Bang

2004, Lil' Keke gon take em lane to lane

M.O.B. Style in the do', Hurricane gon change the game

X'ing niggas name out, putting niggas flames out

S.U.C. that's all the time, Screw-Zoo got my name hot

I can't stand in the same spot, when I know first down gon move the chain

Two yard deep in the red zone, start out wide cut against the grain

H-A-Dub, Pee-Wee, Ron G that's Dead End

Botany Boys B.G.'s, D.Z. in the FED Penn

Push rewind I'll say it again, don't card that's bootlegging

Bootleggers get legs broke, y'all be not be hard headed

Nigga like me work hard at it, all about my do' stack mail

Bad Azz Mix Tape part 3, moving units like crack sales

[Hook - 2x]

[Mussilini]

It all started from a beep, a mind and a sweet

Everybody wanted love, in the Southside streets

Screw Tapes kept us going, and the hood kept us safe
From them folks that's running round, badge and glock on they waist
My niggas apes about they dividends, we love to stack we love to spend
We love the Lacs and we love the Benz, we love to jack we love to end
Best believe it's going down, selling green by the pound
Clear the 'Vard if the laws around, don't want my thieves doing time
Don't wanna see you in the Penn, you in the Penn or you in the Penn
Don't get caught I'll do it again, that's the same thang you would of did
Maximize without a doubt, seldom seen without a pout
G's in clean without a drought, see the scene I'm turning out
Burning out when coming through, do what you gonna do
I got my gun at you, lift my guns in front of you
Plus I flip a Hummer too, sounding like a summer dude
Can you see me Big Poke', E.S.G. and Mussilini

[Hook - 2x]