

E.S.G., By My Side

[Hook - 2x]

By your side, I love you too much to loose ya
Sweet touches, you're there right by
By your side

[E.S.G.]

Like a 40 Cal., heater
If a bitch really down, when you broke she won't leave ya
It must be the money, not the sex that please her
When niggaz go to jail, some bitches catch amnesia
But I'm (by your side), when I really need ya
Cops ain't have no warrant, illegal search and seizure
But I'm (by your side), like Siamese twins
Nigga you think you damn friends, see they quick to do you in
But I'm (by your side), like we was kin
Know hoe you tell a fake nigga, by his fake ass grin
But long as the money spend, and he can ride in your Benz
You the realest nigga he know, until your do' get low again
But I'm (by your side), like a soldier in combat
Or when you leave me hanging, like the Lakers done Shaq
I'm (by your side), like peas in a pod
Most real niggaz gone, so it's up to me to do the job
But I'm (by your side), hanging out the Dodge Hemi
Busting at them cowards, till my whole clip empty
Grip the wood in the drop, won't be like Sug and Pac
Won't be like Baby and Lil' Wayne, see I'ma keep it real mayn
Cause I'm (by your side), like Jay and Dame Dash
Even they split up, but was it all about the cash
You'll be (by your side), like a snitch and a cop
But if you bring him by my spot, your bitch ass might get shot
But I'm (by your side), even if ya strung out on dope
I'll still lift your head up, and try to give ya some hope
Hell naw I ain't the pope, but I speak for my people
Everybody in this rap game, ain't created equal
But I'm (by your side), like a nerd and his computer
Money break up clicks, ask Chingy and Luda
But I'm (by your side), as soon as you try to get back
By your side, gon be a brand new shit bag
I'm (by your side), like Bonnie and Clyde
Butch Cass' and the Sundance Kid, bitch we get it how we live
Poking stuck to your rib, just some food for thought
Most greedy ass gangstas, end up getting caught
But see I'm (by your side), like a man to his word
I'm a stand-up guy, still when I'm leaning on the syrup
I'll be (by your side), like a rev and a deacon
No matter your race black white, mexican or puerto rican
I'll be (by your side), as long as you keep it real
Some niggaz carry guns, but ain't got heart to kill
But they got the heart to squeel, and tell your bidness
Went from a neighborhood punk, to a snitch turned a witness
You'll be (by your side), you think I'm damn near dead
See you think ya on top, but see I'm three years ahead
No longer (by your side), let the truth be revealed
Cedric Sosa Cedric Hill, shoulda been the nigga that got the deal g'eah

[Hook - 2x]