

# E.S.G., Dirty South

(\*talking\*)

Huh hold up, 2000 and 2

You already know how we do

You know I'm saying, pull up in front of the club  
banging looking good, hopping out and swanging on blue

Boss Hogg Outlaws, doing what they wanna do

Security talking bout, turn the music down

Man we walk up to the club, do what we wanna (huh)

Smelling like dro you already know

Slim Thug tell 'em how we do it

[Slim Thug]

We riding big body Benz, Gucci shade lens

Me and all my friends, got the platinum diamond grins

Every thing I'm in spin, on twenty inch Lorenz

Laid back on buck skin, with my braids in the wind

Not a twin, but me and Ray Face got twin Coupes

Me and my super thoed group, drop platinum hits like Snoop

I can't hoop, but people still call me a balla

And I can't shoot, but people still call me a shot caller

Standing taller than the rest, staying dressed to impress

Twenty karats on my chest, Gator boot, suits and vests

Don't mess with the best, cause we put boys to rest

Respect that Houston Tex, cause we break and stack checks

Dirty Third sip bar, endo in cigar

Menage tois in the spa, like a porno star

Me and E up to par, wherever we are

Flipping bar foreign cars, double R Jaguars

[Chorus: Carmen San Diego]

You don't wanna bang with us

Cause you know we dangerous

If you real, you can swing with us

Cause we are from that Dirty South

[Chorus: E.S.G. & Slim Thug]

When we hit the club, you know we thugged out

Twenty-fo' seven, them boys they iced out

First thing they say, who let them Hoggs out

They must be from the Dirty South

[Carmen San Diego]

Carmen San, and you got's to like me

Cause I'm pulling up fly, looking nice and icy

If a playa wanna hit, tell me what the price be

Six digits no less, baby don't strive me

Hopping me and my crew, roll up big body Benz

Chromed out twenties, big bubbled eyed blue lens

All my playas set trends, and spend big dividends

Southside showing up, blowing up bubbling

Club parking is packed, me and my click walking in

Diamonds shining, blinding and sparkling

Best believe we squash that chatter, they stopping and talking in

When the club let out, this Big Billy I'm hopping in

[Chorus]

[E.S.G.]

Big stack of paying dues, sitting fat on 22's

9-5 Air Macks, my platinum FUBU

Squatting in my drop, my Cardier watch

The mo' Lac I got, the harder they bop

Stash spot for glock, two tone Navigator hot

Boss Hogg calling shots, trying to block spray the block

Make 'em stop, three karat rock the ice thick  
Baller blockers caught a flicks, I'ma pull up my convicts  
This is it, everything I spit a hit  
Got swanging and banging, popping trunks reclining kits  
In the mix, in a 6 with a body full of gliss  
Two punching keys chicks, Sade and G the shit  
Twenties turn and twist, with each lane I switch  
Mary Jane in my piss, wood grain in my fist  
Clarion screens lit, banging at a high fix  
Banging R. Kelly screwed, I Wish, I Wish

[Chorus - 2x]