

E.S.G., Hold Up

(*scratching*)

[Hook - 2x]

(ten thousand, on the wrist for the boss)

Now hold up

(ten thousand, on the wrist for the boss)

Now hold up

(ten thousand, on the wrist for the boss)

Told me take my chain off, let my body defrost)

[E.S.G.]

Huh, go on po' you a cup

G'eah you's a G mayn, go on throw it up

Huh you blowing big mayn, go on smoke it up

Look how we walk down here, look how we talk down here

When I say swang and bang, I ain't talking bout a Crip or Blood

The way we do our cars, is ridiculous

You call em rags, man we call em drops

Y'all call your money qwat, man we call our knots

Call our female bops, don't punch clocks or ride stocks

Went to school with my rocks, nothing but money in my lunch box

Bigfoot sasquatch, that's how I'm stepping in the game

Step down for a minute, they let the nigga gain

Now I'm speaking at the podium, smooth as lenolium

Southside veteran, paint wetter than petroleum

Yeah, so watch me do my thang

So go on ride with your boy, if you understand my slang

[Hook - 2x]

[E.S.G.]

Yeah world, guess who's back

Might not know me or not, come to the bottom of the map

Screwed Up Click regime, one of the hardest on the team

Range Rovers sporting mean, like bulvarian cream

Back in the day me and K, apple green Suburban

Took 36 to 88, like changing Bettis to Irvin

Talking OZ's, cause we OG's

Look like a janitor's office, cause my desk full of keys

Whole neck's full of B's, want my stash a hundred

Got some'ing for you jackers, that'll blast ya ski mask dummy

To the boys that tried to rob me, show me where that spot at

I put that on my mama, that's where you gonna ride at

[Hook - 2x]

[E.S.G.]

Working the wheel keeping it real, down South we call it trill

This one year my dreams fulfilled, no more teams hogging the deal

Paying my mills displaying my skills, self defense I had to kill

Had the car had the crib, way before had the deal

Street credit but popping it still, never been known for popping a pill

Dream setters that's for real, even Nelly got a grill

I never sky dived, they say it's real hard

I never climbed a mountain, watch me climb the billboards

Can't go to jail snitches tell, bout every gram you sell

Say they love me game is ugly, like Sam Cassell

Independent Roger Clemens, better back down trick

I heard enough about you kings, let me see if that crown fit

[Hook - 4x]