

E.S.G., Murder Weapon

(*talking*)

Ha Slim Thug, E.S.G., Boss Hogg Outlaws
My boy C on the track, putting it down like this
Live from the Manger baby
You boys out there on that chrome, watch your back
Slippers get got, feel this
(can't never leave the crib, without a murder weapon)

[E.S.G.]

Now keep the sell us on the real, it's from the man with the grill
E.S.G. what's up Bun B, you from the land of the trill
Trying to get our hand on a mill, don't give a damn how they feel
I know my hood real, you see us working wood wheel
What's the deal, we still riding dirty in Texas
Got something you never seen, a 4-30 Lexus
Riding reckless bending corners, you slip you's a goner
That cat in that mask, was something mo' than marijuana
Yokohamas for twenties, riding vogues with swangas
Three TV with a DVD, Playstation 2 with disc changer
From Southside to the Manger, Boss Hoggs be wrecking
Leaving jackers confused, like presidential elections
Bubble dried what we got, where we put our cash
Keep on crying bout us, I'ma put my foot in your ass
Put a hole in your mask, for trying to stop our shine
Got a glock in my lap, at all times

[Hook - 2x]

We keep one up in the chamber, strapped for danger
These boys'll get you, for your twenties or swangas
Midwest, Dirty South, represent where you from
(can't never leave the crib, without a murder weapon)

[Slim Thug]

Slippers get got, jackers get shot
If I catch em trying to plot, in my parking lot
They got me for my drop, now I shop at Topeka lot
I wasn't high, cause Rodney D. Young, shot me a knot
Got back on my feet, one month later, back on the street
Twenties inches I be, on my big body fleet
Yeah you caught me slipping, but I'ma charge it to the game
But when I catch you slipping, I'ma put one in your frame

[E.S.G.]

Gon be a mask in Texas, but without change songs
Especially if them folks, pass them gun control laws
I'm trying to roll like my papa, retire one day
Till then I'm on MLK, it's on found sun down
Now what's up Southside, we smoking trees to the dawn
Forget to turn the alarm, and find your TV's gone
Get your brains blown, that glock'll pop your ass
Or should I let the electric fist, shock your ass

[Hook]

We keep one up in the chamber, strapped for danger
These boys'll get you, for your twenties or swangas
East Coast, West Coast, represent where you from
(can't never leave the crib, without a murder weapon)
We keep one up in the chamber, strapped for danger
These boys'll get you, for your twenties or swangas
Midwest, Dirty South, represent where you from
(can't never leave the crib, without a murder weapon)

[Slim Thug]

Ride with me, and come see what that North be like

We sip syrup and Sprite, and let our mind take flight
Bub light shine bright, when we creep at night
With red eyes and bad sight, cause we don't sleep at night
I'm from the side known for jacking, placking and pistol packing
It's like New Jersey Drought, but these boys ain't acting
They'll break you off, if you live on the North or the South
Cause it don't matter where you from, or where you floss
It's every man for himself, out here
And that's why we thugged out, and ride with no fear
It look like it's getting better, year by year
But I still got my chrome baretta, here in the clear
But it ain't all bad, matter fact it's all good
Cause it go down, every night up in my hood
We sip pints, blow kill and just chill
We all from the North, but we all gone still for real

[Hook - 2x]

(*talking*)

Ha, that's on the real baby
Know I'm saying, 2001 2000 and 2
Huh, Boss Hogg Outlaws we ain't half stepping
(can't never leave the crib, without a murder weapon)
It go down, I don't care where you at
What's up East Coast, know I'm saying
New York, down Jersey, Virginia, all them boys out there
I know y'all got y'all murder weapon
(can't never leave the crib, without a murder weapon)
What what, Midwest ha, where you at know I'm saying
St. Louis, on up through, I know them boys out there
Got they murder weapon, you know what I'm saying, keep it real nigga
(can't never leave the crib, without a murder weapon)
What what, all my West Coast dogs, you know what I'm saying
That C walking, B walking doing your god damn thang
I know you got your motherfucking murder weapon out there baby
(can't never leave the crib, without a murder weapon)
Huh huh, what what down here in the Dirty South
That's how we do it, Boss Hogg Outlaws, Big Dinero Entertainment
Boss Hogg Entertainment, S-E-S, what what what
My big dog Sin huh, that's the style
Them boys got they murder weapon, what's up M-O-E
Ha it's going down boy, feel this
(can't never leave the crib, without a murder weapon), huh