

# E.S.G., No Matter What

(\*talking\*)

Hold up, nothing but the real nothing but the truth  
E.S.G., Grease Monkeys man  
Anything I put my heart in, it's gotta be real  
It's gotta be true, cause that's what I am  
Hundred percent, g'eah g'eah what

[E.S.G.]

A new year I pop champagne, and let the guns rain  
But don't forget these dirty ass niggaz, ain't changed  
No need to say they name, ol' fake ass thugs  
Lemonade in they veins, yeah it's bitch in the blood  
Ever snitched on a nigga, then I'm talking to you  
Ever hated on somebody, then I'm talking to you  
My partna Nick doing twenty, killed a nigga for his cousin  
Been in the Pen damn near ten, his cousin ain't sent him nothing  
That's a damn shame, same thang in the rap game  
Niggaz scandalize your name, like Rock James or Eddy Cane  
But I'm ready mayn, to bring the light to the South  
Ain't no more helping fake, transvestites out  
So bring your tracks and your stacks, you won't last ten bars  
Wanna walk in my shoes, you won't last ten yards  
Underground bully, and you cocksuckers know that  
Keep fucking with me, and I'ma send you where the pope at g'eah

[Hook]

No matter what, we go through  
I keep it real, you know I stay true  
And if I'm down, with you  
Then you got a real nigga, rolling with you  
No matter what, we go through  
I keep it real, you know I stay true  
And if I'm down, with you  
Then you got a real nigga, riding with you

[E.S.G.]

Second verse bout my mama, man I really miss her  
Hadn't got a call, or heard from her since Christmas  
I love her to death, and I'd do anything for her  
If I don't send money, she think I'm trying to ignore her  
Lord knows ain't the truth, you gotta have some understanding  
How you think I got these cars, and this custom built mansion  
Got a son and a daughter, a wife of my own  
Can't pay all the bills, I got a life of my own  
Some say I might be wrong, expressing myself through a song  
The only way to talk, we ain't talking on the phone  
I'ma love her till I'm gone, whether you know it or not  
And I can still smell the red beans, boiling in the pot  
That's why when I was on lock, ain't asked for no cash  
Had my wife on the road, out there busting her ass  
See I'm down with her, like I'm down with you  
I accepted your husband, so accept my wife too g'eah

[Hook]

[E.S.G.]

What you know bout being a father, when you ain't seen me  
Some three months early, lil' one pound premi'  
Emergency pregnancy, heard my lil' man crying  
Doctor said it's a chance, he could be crippled or blind  
Couldn't breathe on his own, for three months long  
Sat by his bed waiting, for his lungs to get strong  
Now he rapping on my song, saying his A's and B's  
He love Scooby Doo, Spongebob and Chucky Cheese

Started school early, he was counting that too  
They told me no more fucking up, he counting on you  
As for my daughter Chocolate, so much time been lost  
That's why I get whatever, it don't matter the cost  
No you don't see me much, yeah we missed some days  
I'm trying to make sho', your tuition be paid  
Before you get old, because you never know what happened  
I'm on the grind getting it, ain't no benefits in rapping yeah

[Hook]