

# E.S.G., Ball Till We Die

(talking)

Off the heezy baby, knowl'mtalkingbout  
We gone do this thang till a nigga six feet deep  
Baby, we gone ball till we die on Wreckshop  
And all these soldiers, knowl'mtalkingbout  
Knowl'msaying, Screwed Up Click  
Laff. Tex, everybody baby you knowl'msaying  
Partner Big Shots, check it out, check it out

[E.S.G.]

Now I know by the year 1999, I'm gone shine  
The bumping kid gone recline  
Cause I'ma grind all the way to the summer  
Then I'ma backdo' with the low Pro Yokohama's  
And uh, bout to ball, I'ma let the screens fall  
Then stuff the turkey full of sticky green for all y'all  
And by this winter, this big money spender  
I mean a G gone be this sold a ki to Marvin Siller  
See niggas I get in it, I'm suppose to killa  
I'm a soldier that the feds can't get close to nigga  
Bout it Bout it like ? that's for love to forgive you  
Wreckshop roll with choppers and bitch I kill you  
Just for fucking with scrilla that's suppose to be in my bank account  
Fuck a 3 for 10 cause once again we blowing dank by the ounce  
Cause it's money over here, I match what you spend  
We balling once again saw the benz with blue lens

[Chorus]

I don't see no reason why  
Me and my g's we can't ball till we die  
Sipping hennessy, and blowing big smoke  
Yeah, I bullshit the definition of balling with you white folks  
I don't see no reason why  
Me and my g's we can't ball till we die  
Now you can be a gangsta, pimp, playa, mac or a thug  
Want all the ballas in the club toss it up what's up

[Noke D]

To be a G in New Orleans way down to H-Town  
I 10 connect, reelect respect with the sound  
Platinum bound, niggas making money forever  
Surround sound, rolling Navigators with leather  
Whoever, want to test this, we can wreck shit  
Cause the shit don't stop we wreck shop, down in Texas  
I bet this is the best shit you ever heard  
From the third, niggas making money with words  
Your vision's blurred, we drop bombs on al-bums  
Got em body rocking and shocking down at Vietnam  
We weather the storm, so bring the rain, sleet or snow  
Ask your hoe, she know, how we go and we know  
D baby, I'm still throwed in the game  
Putting kicks, snares and bass lines to make bang  
We living these ghetto dreams so I'm flashing my diamond rings  
My high beams to the sky, it's E.S.G. and I

[Chorus]

[E.S.G.]

Twenty five lighters on my dresser, yes sir  
Twenty five birds in my compressor, bet you  
Feds won't find the damn onion  
Cause I ain't tell a soul that I was coming  
In a state of running back and fourth, can't take no shorts  
Cause niggas I fuck with, got game like E.A. sports

Yes son we in the Source, boy my grill shining  
Bustas best to plex Wreckshop is still climbing  
If you want it in this game, you got to get it, get it  
And once you get a mill ticket niggas will kick it  
Plus hoe niggas do hoe thangs  
But I'm a throwed nigga doing throwed thangs  
So please mama may I, grow up to be a playa  
It's hard trying to escape uh, these motherfucking hatas  
I guess you see the platinum rollie and the Wreckshop piece  
You boys can't hold me down it's my fourth release

[Chorus - 2x]

(talking)

Uh, man hold up, what's up D-Reck  
What's up Noke D baby, you know it's going down  
Baby, god damn right it's going down  
It ain't no secret, it's already known  
Wreckshop baby, L to the throne huh  
Diamonds gone be shown uh  
Bank account full grown  
Gone ball till we gone man what  
Catch up with P-A-T  
Start it all over again, uh man, feel that