

E.S.G., Boys N Da South

[Chorus - 2x]

The boys in the south are so damn hard
We gone ride the freeway we'll bombard the boulevard
Knowing nothing in life, but pushing bricks and making hits
Don't fuck with us boy, down south the shit

[E.S.G.]

Woke up quick, at about noon
Just thought that I had to hit the southside soon
Got to smoke a sweet 'fore my day begins
'Fore T. Jones start tripping on how I park my benz
Bout to roll, damn near went blind
I got the Gucci shades to block the sunshine
Ran inside I got my gat and my clip
Two out of town licks hit me on the hip
Then I bailed outside stashed the desert eagle
Got a Harris County warrant so I'm riding it legal
Then I used the Screw tape beat, boom boom
I was bumping that old school P-A-T
It was Ghetto Dreams, at the top of the list
Top drop, Wreckshop got the rocks on my wrist
For my grip bitch, I go to war on it, cause I'm
The tightest rapper from Houston since the face with the scar on it

[Chorus - 2x]

[Hawk]

I bombard the boulevard switching lane to lane
Boss hogging the highway in my wide frame
Gripping the grain, staying on top of my game
Bringing the pain, to those analyzing my name
We swing them thangs, now boy we wrecking shop
Thangs done changed, Hump and E sitting on top
Give us a prop, you boys can't hang with us
You better stop, smoking that angel dust
We dangerous, you need 20/20 to see
Proclaiming us, taking over the industry
Drop and leave, banging some E.S.G.
Constantly, putting it down for the P-A-T
Master P, taught me some ghetto dope
Lil Keke, put it down and showed me the ropes
Now you see, it all take a microscope
Down south, we the shit with this lyrical dope, we hard

[Chorus - 2x]

[E.S.G.]

Cooling on the corner with a Prime Co. phone
You can tell that the southside was his home
More mail then the rest of the hustlers
And he kept a 40 glock for the busters
Increase the, and peaced up
I sip the methyzine codeine, mixed with the peach crush
I set tripping chunks out east stuff
When it's time for drama we coming deep in the must
Cruising down the street in my benzo
Boys smoking a sweet, sipping a four
Went to the park to get the scoop
P.C. and Big E pulls up in a coupe
Told me E Po-Yo, bout to drop a damn solo
Want me to come through with some tight ass vocals
Best believe my sixteen gone be hard as fuck
Cause E.S.G. puts it down for H-Town what's up

[Chorus - 4x]