

E.S.G., Braids & Fades

(talking)

Man, hold up, the best from the north
Done connected with the best from the south
Ha ha, Wreckshop and Swishahouse baby
Slim Thug and E.S.G. putting it all in your ma'fucking face
So no matter what you boys out there banging
Know!mtalkinbout, Angle Watts on the north
We banging Screw over here, ain't nothing but love baby
We come together to make this paper, gone show you
How it's going down for the 9-9 baby like this

[E.S.G.]

Picture me balling while I be crawling in a hummer
Since I be's a fool boy that's why I roll my toy for the summer
Rolling my wine very red, T.V.s behind my head
Since I signed down with Wreckshop, got all them haters scared
Now boppers turn they head when they see me popped up on fours
Gray insides and buck eyed with my suicide doors
Caught my G's a show, dropped two ki's of snow
Siran wrapped it in plastic so the F-E-D's won't know
Young nigga my dick hang low, so bitches watch this man rate
You can blame it on the bar all them damns and eggs
Bumping our benz, blue lens, twenties spin I'm flexing
South Park, ?Greychow? like Marchelow do I'm teching
Wreckshop and Swishahouse wrecking, they say that can't nobody stop us
Nigga we bail in V-12, with a gray piece on the bottom
Underground tapes, we drop em, plus blaze we chop em
E.S.G. and Slim Thug so look here cuz you can't knock it

(Chorus)

Now when I come down I be blowing up the north
And when I come down I be chucking up the south
Swishahouse and Wreckshop don't stop, body rocking in the drop
Slim Thug and E.S.G., riding on threes bleeding the block
Say what, the boppers bop, and uh, the choppers chop
Swishahouse and Wreckshop not uh, we can't be stopped
Slim Thug and E.S.G., riding on threes bleeding the block

Say what, the boppers bop, and uh, the choppers chop
I heard you want proof, I heard you want that Michael Watts

[Slim Thug]

Well it's the Mr. Slim Thug straight off the north or down south
See I floss, big body boss and represent Swishahouse
They wanna top on my city and I sit on top of 4-4's
I stay on top of my game, and lay on top of these hoes
I be cocked up on three, from home said to D.C.
It's R.I.P. to P-A-T cause ain't no plexing by me
See Slim and E.S.G., stay playa made and get paid
On the north it's Gucci shades and keep a fresh set of braids
From Gulf Bank to Calvicane the north side ride pride
See I'm loud on buck eyed as my drop top glide
No we can't be denied, cause it's the Swishahouse time
For 9-8 got on the grind and 9-9 I'ma shine
The north and south done put it down, it's R.I.P. to Al Flex
We'd rather roll wreck, G.S. licks with baguettes on our necks
Ain't nothing but playas from Houston Tex, whether we got braids or fades
Cause it don't matter where you from long as you trying to get paid

(Chorus)

[E.S.G.]

Pulled outside the interstate, get the weight to pyrex shake
Trunk shake, break a sweat break off that 2-88

[Slim Thug]
And I'm, flossing off on that I-45
With Mario on my side, playing 9-9 Live

[E.S.G.]
Candies spray on top of the grain, ball and parlay we playa made
We be shining, piece full of diamonds, reclining with a razor fade

[Slim Thug]
It's that Homestead till I'm dead, where boys ain't scared to go fed
Roll candy blue and that red, with zig-zags in our head

[E.S.G.]
We drop the screen niggas, we looking clean niggas
We gripping grain, swang and bang from south man to Martin Luther King niggas

[Slim Thug]
From 5th Ward to Angelzone, is where I roam
Where them thugs bout it, bout it got they hand on the chrome

[E.S.G.]
It's from the club, to the park, from the tre to the flo'
Wreckshop and Swishahouse fin to shut the do's on the them hoes

[E.S.G & Slim Thug]
And uh, them boppers bop, see uh, the choppers chop
Swishahouse and Wreckshop niggas know we can't be stopped

(Chorus - 2x)