

# 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)