

E.S.G., E.S.G.

(*scratching*)

[E.S.G.]

One-two, they coming for you
Three-fo', better lock your do'
Five-six, they wanna take your bricks
Seven-eight, cause they know you got weight
Nine-ten, new Benz blue lens
Elev'-twelve, got FED's on the trail
13's-14's, that's was SS crawl
15's-16's, juvenile hoggs
17-18, ounces is a half
Unless them boys, done water whipping on your ass
19's-20's, cut your whole click up
21-22's, on the Escalade pick-up

[Hook - 2x]

One, life is all that I got
Two, glocks to pop when shit's hot
Three, initials in my name
E.S.G., Entrepreneur Spitting Game

[E.S.G.]

A new six, a new Lac
My click, be thugging like that where you at
We bout stacks black, add shocks no choose
The click I roll with, won't call no troops
See the Hogg got loose, I'ma stay in the booth
While them haters stay dumber, they ready for whoop
Now three things I don't like, first one be a snitch
Get caught hitting a lick, trying to rat on the click
Number two huh, player haters are vilians
That's for begging half steppers, and a pro bootlegger
Number three G, for a booshie hoodrat
Who grew up in the hood, now she think she all that

[Hook - 2x]

[E.S.G.]

(gon get 'em mayn, gon-gon get 'em mayn)
Don bread Hogg fed, pitbull broke the chain
(gon get 'em mayn, gon-gon get 'em mayn)
E.S.G., Entrepreneur Spitting Game
Nine in the morning, FED's at my do'
Air Force Ones, squeaking cross the flo'
Dipping through the bayou, I make my escape
Didn't even get a chance, to grab my old Screw tape
Mad with no music, but sipping my lean
Bailing fast as I could bail, down Martin Luther King
Got a knot in my pocket, and at least three grand
Platinum in my mouth, I'm a Boss Hogg man
Independent bouncer, from the Southside streets
Remotely control, ghetto gold the first week
But living in the city, gotta stay on the mash
Didn't know the FED's want it, didn't have time to ask

[Hook - 2x]

(*scratching*)