

# E.S.G., First Brick

(\*talking\*)

Ha-ha, my first brick nigga  
Grab your ski mask, naw fuck a mask  
Bitch ass nigga, doing it bare faced nigga  
This how it's going down for 2-G, feel me

[Hook]

Now get your hands up, this is a motherfucking stick up  
Don't even get up, just give your fucking shit up  
And give your grip up, but first give me them bricks up  
First time your ass slip up, you'll get lit up nigga  
Nobody moves, nobody gets hurt  
The block is on fire, so I got's to get me work ah-ah  
Nobody moves, nobody gets hit  
Pay attention to the story, of how I got my first brick

[E.S.G.]

My first sack was a fifty pack, when I was only 13  
Niggaz idolizing ballers, disrepecting dope fiends  
First string on the team, came home from practice  
Had some drama with my mama, found my stash under my mattress  
Caught an ass whooping, all my privilages tooken  
Niggaz my age getting paid, and I ain't gon stand there just looking  
See my uncle be cooking, he's an old school soldier  
Use to send me to the corner store, back and forth for baking soda  
One day this nigga came over, Texas plates with a briefacase  
Didn't know back then, but he was bringing in the fucking weight  
I told my uncle fuck a eight, I need a zone  
Dropped a gallon the scale, and told me to get my ass on  
No need for chaperone, got my grind on on my own  
One roof stuck on my dome, stay away from school zones  
See my paper got long, but I wasn't done yet  
I graduated and migrated, from Bogalusa to Laffeyette

[Hook]

[E.S.G.]

1991, perfected the use of a scale  
Steady spending all my mail, while attending USL  
I'm like nigga what the hell, this ain't the way to ball  
Reconstructed my plans, got down with some niggaz from Lake Charles  
Started thinking strategic, nigga how can I win  
Fuck that front shit, got down on I-10  
Nigga's stash spot all good, stuffing my cheese under my hood  
Late night by the bail I'ma make the mail  
Then think they tell, should of knew they would  
Should of understood how it go, nigga see me bout to burn a row  
Out here trying to earn the do', and all these niggaz wanna turn a hoe  
They told the FED's bout the cash, even told them hoes about the stash  
Trying to mash on the gas, but that didn't last  
I came back, thugs waiting on my ass  
Got busted by the task, now I'm waiting for the time to pass  
Can't wait to get out, so I could find that snitch  
Grab my shit, and go blast his ass  
Nigga fuck a mask I'll get the last laugh, when you in a hearse bitch  
This is the tale, of how I got my first brick

[Hook]

[E.S.G.]

Now I'm back on the turf, third verse gets deeper  
See it's pressing Nextel, said to hell to beppers  
Street sweepers, calicoes, Columbians and them Mexicans  
Everybody on they feet, but in the street they plexing

After sex from this bopper, use to fuck in 9-4  
Told me that nigga got a Coupe, and gave me the scoop on his hoe  
Told me they both like it go, to the club on Friday night  
Caught him leaving Cornbread's, should of busted his head by the light  
Grip my infrared tight, ready to bust teflons  
I was itching to do him in, when he stopped by Exon  
But that shit'll be dumb, even know where he live  
Stayed five cars back, and followed his ass to his crib  
Now I'm thinking of what he did, not three years ago  
Reached under the seat, for the calico  
And caught him, soon as he opened his do'  
Now there's nowhere to go, put the barrell to his head  
'Fore I left they ass for dead, Noke D this what I said

(\*talking\*)

Yeah bitch ass nigga, remember me  
Give it up bitch (\*gun shots\*) (\*screaming\*)

[Hook]