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 matress
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]