

# E.S.G., How We Swang

[Hook]

We riding Cheves and them Lacs, on them thangs  
Down Souh, that's how them boys do it mayn  
Get out of line, them thangs rain  
Paint change, everytime we switching lanes  
(from the back-back, to the front and to the side  
In the Lac-Lac with a blunt, now where the light  
From the back-back, to the front and to the side  
In the Lac-Lac with a blunt, now where the light)

[E.S.G.]

I'm back in my hood, we gripping wood we call it grain  
It's the man who wrote "Wanna be a Baller", and made you "Swang & Bang"  
Yup E.S.G. you know my name, forty G's of in my chain  
My rap sheet before the rap game, I had ki's off in my Range  
My homie left me hanging, yup he signed with Pharrell  
That ain't stopping shit, round here we getting this mail  
For my homies in jail, like Beanie Sigel and Young Pimp  
Come back home for black chrome, on a 300 M  
Dodge Magnum station wagon, I done told ya son  
I'm like Pac, Big and Pun all rolled in one  
Yup real O.G. I been that G, still got T.V.'s in my seats  
Ice the size of Chris Rock teeth, heat the size of Yao Ming feet  
You can call me Shaq, the way they threw me in the cross  
Now my team's on top, you can't make the playoffs  
Yup break boys off my trunk popping, baller blocking ain't money stopping  
Mess with me gon R.I.P., like O.D.B. or Johnny Cochran

[Hook]

[E.S.G.]

Not Mike Jones I'm still tipping, ain't no room for Robin Givens  
Need a chick that's bout her bidness, like Kimora Lee Simons  
Baby this Baby Phat, baby this baby that  
Hot boy like Weezy, but I got Baby stacks  
Damon Dash cash, so mo' yay we gotta flip  
Till my bank account swoll up, like Jay-Z bottom lip  
Yeah we thugging in this bitch, steady busting at my foes  
Got that Ruben Studdard money, it be busting out my clothes  
Standing tall as light poles, or a statue in the park  
I'm the wizard tin man, I'm here to give you boys some heart  
Down here we spit it for real, icicles in my grill  
Candy green say I'm deuce, look like a pickle on wheels  
No American idols round here no Paula, Randy or Simon  
Just a old school Impala, rolling candy shining  
If you grinding keep grinding, cause ain't nothing in life for free  
I'ma be a G-A-N-G-S-T-A, till the day I D-I-E g'eah

[Hook]

[E.S.G.]

What you know bout groupie freaks, Gucci shoes and Gucci seats  
Bout my ends like Pimpin' Ken, ghetto streets to executive suites  
Ashton Mars and EXT's, platinum screens and DVD's  
28's and 23's, six T.V.'s in the SUV  
S.U.C. now I bet you E, spitting nothing but hits for boys  
Bring a role of toilet paper (why), cause I'm shitting on boys  
Underground bully, I ain't scared to smash it to ya  
This year I'm punking rappers, you can call me Ashton Kutcher  
Blades chopping like a butcher, they can't stand me now  
Can't be like 50 Cent new album, and let my fan's down  
This for my Vice Lord GD's, Bloods, Crips, Latin Kings  
Blacks, whites, Asians, everybody in between  
Yeah that chopper to chop ya, srop toppers can't stop us

Crooked coppers think they got us, so they watch us with binoculars  
Bottle popping trunk knocking, stopping traffic in the Lac  
Cause I got one-two-three-four-five-six-seven-eight, 15's in the back g'eah

[Hook]