

E.S.G., Keep Getting It

(*talking*)

Brand new, E.S.G.

"Keep Getting It", g'eeeeeah

[Hook]

Keep getting it mayn

Boy don't stop, till you reach the top

Boy don't stop, unless your block get hot

Boy don't stop until you stack a fat knot, know what I'm tal'n bout

Having ice in your mouth, (know what I'm tal'n bout)

Big ol' wheels poking out, (know what I'm tal'n bout)

Do-do to purpled out, (know what I'm tal'n bout)

We must be talking bout the South, (know what I'm tal'n bout)

[E.S.G.]

Keep getting it mayn, stacking your bread

I know you heard, what Kanye West said

G'eah, President don't care

See my cousin from New Orleans, he grew up on welfare

So he couldn't evacuate, hurricane did him bad

Lost his grandma his pad, all the cash he had stashed

But uh keep getting it, my cousin he was with that

Got his two G's from Red Cross, then turned around and flipped that

I could make a mill with no deal, say thug that's for real

Don't believe us down here, peep the grill peep the grill

Not the one on my Lac, but the one in my mouth

A lot of bosses in the game, but there's a new one down South g'eah

[Hook]

[E.S.G.]

Keep getting it mayn, stacking your do'

If you split flows, then hit the road and do a show

But if you can find, to the block a ghetto

Go ahead and make it snow, on the low g'eah

Keep getting it mayn, if you don't rap

Got some homies on the block, get they money in the traps

Stay stacking cheese, staying away from them rats

I guess its safe to say, the jealous ones got me strapped

ATL where ya at, H-Town where ya at

The new capital of rap, from the bottom of the map

In my two do' beamer, clothes fresh from the cleaners

The Coast got money but it ain't come from FEMA, we getting it mayn

[Hook]

[E.S.G.]

Keep getting it mayn, stacking dividends

Buy you a house, before you buy a new Benz

Now-a-day's, you know its quick to lose friends

Especially, when you got a lot of ends

Halogen blue lens, shining down the boulevard

These rappers say they hard, they need extra bodyguards

When times get hard, bring out the best in me

Never ever let these A&R's, control my destiny

Pitbull pedigree, last of a dying breed

I'm sick of paying taxes, that I never get to see

Yep its M-O-B, yep its M.O.E.

Money Over Everything, except the G-O-D

You know it's E.S.G., don't claim no B's or C's

But see I'm A, double F-I-L-I-A-T-E-D

Affiliated they hate it, all upset cause we made it

All my life been degraded, now my cash elevated cause I'm getting it

[Hook]

(*talking*)

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