E.S.G., Life of E.S.G

[Hook]
Woke up in the morning, brushed the diamonds on my teeth
Picked out a dope 'fit, threw on a platinum piece, ha ha
Just another day (say what), in the life of E.S.G
And I wonder what God, got in store for me out on these streets

[E.S.G.]
See it's a dirty world, but it still roll tape
I done changed my ways, and these hoes still hate
I keep my head strong, so these devils can't tempt me
And every power, we some rocks and now I'm empty
My lil G's, from elementary
Either six feet deep, or in the Penitentiary
God's been good to me, so I floss on chrome
I show love to y'all turn around, and hate it in your songs
Now what's wrong, cause I'm ducking these FED's
Hit my stash for the infrared, and bust me a head
Enough said, y'all can talk down if you wanna
E.S.G. and Wreckshop, we keep it hot on every corner
Keep a on a eye level, the mind enemies
Use to have bad luck, like the Kennedy's
But I'm a G, and I'm close to the Third
But our life is so shife, so every night I say these words
Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray that the Lord just watch over me
E.S.G., playa Wreckshop soldier, somebody should told you
The life don't know, its have to move so fast
Cause one day you on the top, next day you on your ass
So I'ma mash, cause and I'ma mash
Talking bout mashing mayn
I'm up in Laxford, on the gas fa sho
I'm sitting low to the road, I hold it down but bold
Now what do you know should of rolled, these glass S-4's
I come down Benzo, platinum coated Lorenzos
Come by the bus stop, all my diamonds exposed
Hoes tipping on they toes, trying to peep out my low
My Lincoln truck on hold, my wardrobe bout explode
A brand new episode, called NWO
Wreckshop so throwed, by the year 2 triple O
Spending six zero's, on new studios
Now record deals come and go, so we want much mo'
Than a punky million dollas, for you to control our do'
At least I want fo', for videos and major shows
Cause with no promos, there's no platinum or gold
But niggaz act like hoes, when they get cash flow
We black owned independent, so don't ask no mo' and see

[Hook]

[E.S.G.]
Now I'ma mash for green, and get my green and my chedda
Peace still to P-A-T, it's ghetto dreams forever
When my partna was living, we bobbed and mashed together
Cause my rims done got better, candy paint done got wetter
Watch the fight whatever, four screens in the leather
Picking up a clear reception, no matter the weather
Gucci sweaters hide barettas, I call em up flashing wetters
Shoot em up my damn part, they got a metal detector
Now whenever however, whatever it is that ain't clever
To lose your life trying to wreck, the Houston trend setter
I am the I-10 connector, rare diamond collector
First time I might touch you, turn around and dissect you
Seen you readers call me Hector, cash fetching who sent you
If you want me I might check you, play like I never met you
Red dot reflector, I send them boys home sooner

E.S.G. call me, the lyrical Roy Jones Jr., maan

Talking bout mashing man - 2x

[Hook - 2x]