

E.S.G., Money & Power

(Ronnie Spencer)
Money and power, ooh

[Hook: Ronnie Spencer]
Money and power, fortune fame
These are the things that, fast life brings

[Lil' O]
Lil' O got rich, cause O got licks
Now I got chicks, piece and chain cost a brick
I ride around town, in my Benz talking shit
Waving at these haters, with my wrist frost bit
You faggot ass niggaz, ain't nothing to me
Talking bout you got hustle, but you bumping to me
Talking bout front me work, want some'ing for free
But wasn't none of y'all around, when I had nothing to eat
See this game's full of snakes, no one's credible
And everybody hungry, everyone look edible
But thinking I'm a meal, like I'm sloppy seconds fool
Or had me in your crib, with some killas wetting you
See I play the game raw, man I told you that
What made you think you can stop me, from folding stacks
I be striking on you niggaz, like you bowling back
And plus they say the strong survive, man I hold my gat man

[Hook]
Money and power, fortune fame
These are the things that, fast life brings
Money and power, fortune fame
Only the strongest, survive in the game

[E.S.G.]
Money power, fortune and fame
If you ain't true to this game, that don't mean a damn thang
Nigga peep the chain, the watch and ring
Niggaz swear to God I'm working, for a stock exchange
I refrain from the lame, and live my life realest
Four machines with screens, and Will-Lean the Chemist
The Fat Rat with the cheddar, got my back forever
Know the FED's have a fit, when they see us together
We three young niggaz, too advanced for these dumb niggaz
Lick hitters brick splitters, so fuck the crumb niggaz
Seen it all balling, with uneven chances
Hit the club niggaz staring, like my name was Steve Francis
Dropped S leer jets, exec's with techs
If you scream to the FED's, put a beam on your head
My beam ain't scared, kidnap your nieces
You can find 'em in the Gulf, sharks eating they pieces
Get closer to Jesus, when I come with my chopper
Swear I was possessed, like that bitch on Stigmata
Still doing what I gotta, E.S.G. ain't changed
Just the bank account nigga, and the record company name

[Hook]

[Will-Lean]
I got money and the power, dummies made of flowers
Kilos flaked up and baked up, by the hour
Riches and wealth, take it from a lyrical chef
You'll be a broke motherfucker, thinking miracles help
Get it yourself cause playa, I'm bringing the white
And if them FED's on my ass, then I'm changing the flight
Catch the snitch on the block, where he slanging at night
Bitch nigga spit shots, but ain't aiming 'em right

Claiming your life be shots, fuck the fortune and fame
Cause this feddy is more addictive, than more fiending caine
Scorching your brains, niggaz live they life by the gun
Money come quick, but go faster than it come
Rule number one, is all about respect
And rule number two, put it down for your set
Will-Lean the truth, and that pack techs that connect
Wrecking shop with E.S.G., now it's time to collect

[Hook - 2x]

(Ronnie Spencer)

Survive in the game, yeah
Money-money-money-money-money-money
Fortune and fame, hmmm talking bout money
Ooh talking bout money baby
These are, what the fast life brings
Money-money-money-money yeah
Talking bout money and power, ooh money
Money and power, Wreckshop know what I'm talking about
Yeah ooh, Money-money-money-money-money
Money and power, fortune and fame