

E.S.G., Street Millionaire

(*talking*)

Boss Hogg Outlaws, street millionaires
You know we getting this street money, shit
Whether it's weed, ki's or c.d.s
Trying to get it with the M-O's
Now Slim hit em where it hurt (ha)

[Slim Thug]

The trunk open boppers scoping, but don't watch me
I'm shotgun with Sleepy, watching eight TV's
Right behind that Chi-Town, and we headed to Cali
Popping candy blue do's, on a thoed Denali
Riding like we in a rally, candy coats crawl spokes
Live like rich white folks, and float million dolla boats
I spend six hundred c-notes, to decorate my throat
And got a mansion house snow, with the dope to smoke
Whole lifetime from being broke, my grand kids gon ball
I bought a car by the bar, and still knock down the mall
A young Hogg is what I'm called, when I step in the place
Cause when I step up in the place, my diamonds up in your face
Staying on a paper chase, so I'm shaking the leaves
I proceed to block bleed, cause getting green is what I need
The Re-Rolex Times, and sip the moët wine
Boss Hogg boys blind, when it's time to shine ha

[Hook - 2x]

We read Rolex Times, and sip the moët wine
Not a Cash Money brother, but I know how to shine
Start up my rhymes, and now my diamonds glare
I'm a self made, full paid street millionaire

[Lil' O]

I ain't never been a roach, on a leash or side kick
Like these other bitch niggaz that's broke, and ride dick
How the fuck you boys only sell dope, to buy kicks
No wonder how I glow, and hop out the fly six
I'm a street millionaire, cause I mash the gas
And watch you other boys flash, how I stash my cash
I'm known for wrecking boys face, mash they ass in half
When I pull up in the drop top, Jag on glass
I'm on my note, princess cuts on my throat
Plus you can tell by the soft mink, on my coat
And watch you boys on the block, I'm on the boat
Getting head from a red, that give the longest strokes
I keeps it real, I'm all about eating meals
I don't hang with nan nigga, that ain't seeking mills
Till he's on the pay roll, and they keep a steal
I make a call, boys getting hit with heat then chill, for real

[Hook]

[E.S.G.]

Now we balling in the Bentley, big bodies and Benzes
The way my twenties spin, they go clean to the dentist
'Fore my son turn one, I hang with 2001's
Eddie Bauer car seats, so me and him can have fun
Talking stocks and bonds, public seeing my dones
Super charged Impala, pop my collar like the Fonz'
Ten karats on my teeth, then the karats on my charm
Add the karats on my arm, that's more than a rabbit farm
I got Phat Farm, but I don't need a outfit
Talking bout the Texas rent, cost two point six
Street rich four point six, Range Rover for winter
In the summer catch me gunning, platinum leather on the list

Chrome on Bentley and the Benz, sick my light on the mirror
For the wife birthday, two thousand at the galleria
If my diamonds were more clear, I'd line the palaya
Now it's time to thank us, for buying Texas a stadium

[Hook - 2x]