

# E.S.G., We Ain't Trippin' No Mo

[Hook]

Too many haters, still try to take me off of my game  
See a young playa gripping wood  
Looking good hold up, man we off the chain  
See us coming down, and we're holding  
It's the Z-Ro, Slim Thug and E.S.G.  
We don't give a damn about none of these hoes  
We all about our do', we ain't tripping no mo'

[E.S.G.]

Armed and dangerous, wanna spit them flows  
Swang with us, if you wanna sit low  
The game of life be shife, better think twice  
Aren't they nice, get killed hoe  
For real though, kick your ass with a steel toe  
What can I say, you niggas gay you need a deal though  
Work my wheels so, twenty three minutes from your town  
Udville hoe, 23 inches from the ground  
Hold up now look around, playboy you don't want no drama  
Off the chain and untamed, orangatang out the jungle  
Make the loudest nigga mumble, baller blockers can't stop this  
Wanna throw me out the game, like my name Rasheed Wallace  
Hold up, blow the whistle that's a tech  
We got home court advantage, this year we bout to wreck  
Hit up nigga sets, snap they neck  
Take to the chest, trying to fuck with the best  
Invisible set, baguettes, Rolex when I flex in the Lex with the big S-S  
Now who's next, you gon understand it  
Back in the tour van, with Jennifer Lopez panties in my hand ha

[Hook]

[Z-Ro]

Z-Ro the Mo City Don, bigger my bricks and profits  
It's evident that I'm a President to the game, you can't baller block it  
You can't block my ball, when I get a flick a screen gon fall  
Give me fo' corners, and I punish em all  
Never gon fall off, when I haul off in the L dog  
My block my bread and butter, keeping my pockets nice and thick  
Whether be solid or whether be soft, the game ain't never been known to quit  
We went from riches to rags, rags to riches, while maintaining  
Composure rock and witness these fellas, as they was switching  
Investing in plenty bars and stocks, still got money coming out the block  
I scheme to plot to the cream of the crop, fuck a bitch we gon leave a bald spot  
They trying to take me off my game, wanna see me not having thangs  
Mo City Texas Ridgmont mayn, killa codeine and mary jane  
Over the plate it's time to bat, it's out of the park I told you that  
Lucky Al Gore couldn't hold it back, now I gotta calm down with a doja sack  
Z-Ro, Slim Thug and E.S.G., we in it to win  
Mechanical gorgeous everytime our records spin, Mr. Hater

[Hook]

[Slim Thug]

I feel like in real life, they thinking I'm Santa Clause  
I hide from mo' hoes and mo' foes, than I hide from the laws  
They in my face with no pause, steady trying to make a G fall  
Like Tupac fuck all y'all, cause I need my cash tall  
Trying to hate on mine you outta line, I shine because I grind  
I keep that money up on my mind, for the umpteenth time  
When I write a rhyme I rhyme real, and getting green is what I feel  
A five figga nigga that want a mill, before my record deal  
Still trying to get it, I hustle and can't quit it  
My target in range, is up to me to aim and hit it

Boy forget it, if you think I'm falling off of my game  
You off the chain, you must of fell and lost your brain  
I maintain and look good, and grip wood through my hood  
Fuck a hoe I'm bout my do', let's keep it understood  
While these haters falling off, I'ma be falling in  
Big falling in the Benz, solo fuck friends cause uh

[Hook]