

E.S.G., Where Da Hoes At

[Chorus - 2x]

Where the hoes at, where the foes at
Where the smoke at, nigga roll that
Hoes shut your motherfucking mouth and get naked
Since they opened up the shop, you know we gone wreck it

[E.S.G.]

See I hear they talking down and the boys spreading rumors
National club hoppers, and all you consumers
Who keep em all body rocking from state to state
Cause the real gone be real and the fake gone be fake
So I'ma, regulate and I'ma squash the chat
Draw low in my fo' door Escallade or Cadillac
Looseless ain't shit, think it's time I shut em
No pros ain't shit, I think it's time I bug em
Up to the Californ' bring all the dollars home
Southside represent, still sitting on chrome
So what's wrong, you ain't think I could do it again
I'm off the heezy, fa sheezy number one top ten
I'm on fire, can't sleep on the E
Everyday Street Gangsta that's E.S.G.
And I'm swanging and banging
Thinking throwed, fifty shine for sho'

[Chorus - 2x]

[E.S.G.]

Put your money on us, sticky green and stuff
Number one on hit singles ten weeks cause that's us
This for the ballas, young shot callas
Nineteen inch blades on the Impalas
Call us to get leid tonight
I got sweets rolled tight, I got sprayed by ice
I hit the hiiiighway, rolling my waaay
You're my mofos, raise up the window, blaze up the indo
Now uh, what up whodie, what up soldier
How you like us now Wreckshop taking over
Put it in your face yeah we some real true playas
If you feel us your some killas throw your rollies in the air
The big don figga's back, I'm back on track
I got a four in a sack tell me where them hoes at

[Chorus - 3x]

[E.S.G.]

7-1 Tre that's my area code
We sipping serve, flipping birds never riding on the road
Bo' guarding the boulevard riding regulars on a one way
Car wash we squash on a Sunday
Ain't plexing in Texas, gripping grain respected
Riding Lacs or Lexus, south man we exit
Flipping more cream means, green by the hour
Sipping codeine leaning like an Eiffel Tower
Got boppers and shoppers, car hoppers and choppers
Trunk poppers, glock cockers, block lockers can't stop us
Drop the top and I roll, sticky green and I'm smoking
Hitting poppa doser, feticcini and copeling
Some roof wide open, watch the good game flip
As the Texas freak nick showing wood grain strip
If you trip on a dip, I got a clip for the jack
So tell me, tell me, tell me, tell me where the hoes at

[Chorus - 4x]