

E.S.G., Work That Thing

[Chorus]

Work that thing
Twerk it fast
Go on about that ass
If you wanna make some cash
On them things
And that's glass
Wood across the dash
Lookin good when we pass
Swang and Bang
And mash on
Don't make this be a song
That we whip your ass on
What you claim?
Then throw it up
On a drank, pour it up
On a smoke, roll it up

[Slim Thug]

I'm Don bread
A young hogg, shaking the feds
I was led, to put lead
In these fake, haters head
I'm 100% about my bread
Show a dollar and I'll follow
Ben Franks my role model
So I'm no freestyler
If it's free ain't me
Money talk, shit walk
And since, my time cost
I can't afford to be bought
Cash for everything around me
It's on the ground, you found me
I can't let my people down me
Ain't nothing but stars around me
I had to ball, or stay broke
Get a job, or sell dope
I choose dope
Cause I don't look good in hallowed ropes
I'm trying to shine
I promise I can't get left behind
I keep that money on my mind
At all times
I do what I wanna
Might fly to Daytona
To get in a sauna
If it ain't sticky marijuana
Take it back to the corner
It's your life, ya happy?
Well do what you do
Don't let nobody knock ya hustle fool
Do what you do
Ha.

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[ESG]

Now ESG be shinning
Top on recline
G Riding with a dime piece
Smoking on some pine trees
You can find me
On Giavoni's and Kiss
Now what really turn me on
Is some Tina Thompson lips
Ha, Com-ets flip
We on fire!
Trying to bust
Like a set of ol' Firestone Tires
Organize the franchise
That was destined to rise
Gotta keep my mind on the prize
I look at my lil' son's eyes
Player, you know, and I know
That we gotta get green
Hit the scene, like Outkast
So fresh, and so clean
Wanna make a million dollars
Let me spend sixteen
Give me one big machine
And a ???
Candy green, TV screens
We thought of that codine shit
That pinky ring and byzletine
And all that bling, bling shit
This song for rappers, and jackers
Strippers, and brick flippers
Everybody about that money
We goin to representin with ya!

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[Slim Thug & ESG]

It's me, the Slim T
And that ESG
Northside
Southside

Bringing heat to the street
You got beef? beat your feet
Cause my click ain't weak
We gotta new logo
You seen the platinum piece
We goin back to back
And wreckin track for track
We went from crack to ??
Just to make our stack
A TTS Cadillac
A crooked braids to the bag
A ball fade Escalade
Where my Gucci shades at?
Me and Slim goin shine
We reading Rolex time
ninety-nine gotta mind
On the million dollar grind
Let my fifth recline
Let my top down
We smile at the same time
And lave the whole world blind
Ha

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Bounce playa, bounce playa
Where my soldiers at?
Bounce playa, bounce playa
Where my soldiers at?
Bounce baby, bounce baby
Make that ass clap
Bounce baby, bounce baby
Make that ass clap
Bounce playa, bounce playa
Where my thugs at?
Bounce playa, bounce playa
Where my thugs at?
Bounce baby, bounce baby
Make that ass clap
Bounce baby, bounce baby
Make that ass clap
Ha