

## **E.s.g. & Slim Thug "Down Here"**

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(feat. Lil' Keke)

[Scarface]

I want y'all to bust some shit man  
And tell these niggaz man, that y'all invented  
That motherfucking for, every motherfucking body  
And they mama, trying to bust man  
(ha-ha, really though), you know I'm saying man  
Niggaz out here man, steal y'all shit on chrome  
Ass wanna be E.S.G., kinky ass niggaz man  
Bring they hat to they motherfucking ass man  
Let these hoes know how we do it down here

[Hook x2]

(down here), ha we like to roll on dubs  
(down here), we keep a chicken head up in the club  
(down here), my thugs they get nothing but love  
(down here), we off the chain like you thought we was

[Slim Thug]

I'm from the city of sippers, wood grain wheel grippers  
Kilo shippers, candy coat car flippers  
We ride 4's and vogues, with a mouth full of golds  
Country niggaz and hoes, down here is how we roll  
When something's tight it's thoed, when we shine we  
hold  
You got cash cars and clothes, you balling out of  
control  
Switching lanes on swinging thangs, that's called  
swang and bang  
The club packed from front to back, that club off the  
chain  
You got candy rims and beat, then you got you a slab  
You cooking chickens in the kitchen, boy you off in the  
lab  
Boys that hustle they grind, and if your diamonds shine  
you blind  
You making money looking good, then you showing  
your behind  
You blow endo that's do-do, screwed up means slow  
mo  
You ride big body Benz, you riding big body fo' do'

Fa sho though you know, how that Texas talk  
I'm trying to stack my green, I mean fill up my vault

[Hook x2]

[E.S.G]

Down here playboy, the gumbo's hot and spicy  
Twinkies twist and crawfish, my wrist all icy  
Better watch your wifey, down here we off the hook  
You was smart that, better back-back take a look  
I'm from the city where crooks, wear Cardiers and  
Rolleys  
In Texas we partnas, in Louisiana they whodies  
But it's the same thing, on this side of the Mississippi  
Two hundred dollas a bottle, ain't talking bout Crissy  
Talking bout codeine, baby fill up my cup  
2002 Escalade, Billy grill on my truck  
Now hold up maan, top down in the Bentley  
With a bad chick, in my tape Monica Lewinsky  
Made a mill independent, can't touch me kids  
Split your wig then hire Cochran, like Puffy did  
(fiesta) fiesta, like my name R. Kelly  
I'm the boss see the cross, hanging off of our bellys

[Hook x2]

[Lil' Keke]

I can tell that you boys, got the wrong idea  
We some slab riding gangstas, get a car every year  
(down here) we like to ball, play above the rim  
E.S.G., the young Don and a thug named Slim  
(down here), we tolerate no type of disrespect  
Have a bitch acting bad, on that do' and that X  
(down here), we push 26 sitting low to the flo'  
And double deuces on a truck, when I crawl by slow  
(this year), I'm gonna switch it to the platinum frame  
Do shows with plenty hoes, that be screaming my name  
(down here), it ain't no telling when you talking bout us  
Got rocks in both ears, cause that shit is a must  
(down here), we break hearts and leave punks for dead  
We don't claim the blue or red, cause our city is FED  
(down here), I'm better known as Lil' Keke the Don  
Getting rich and going hard, to get it all for my son

[Hook x2]

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