

E.s.g. & Slim Thug "We Ain't Trippin' No Mo"

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(feat. Z-Ro)

[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
Udaville 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 Ridegmont 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]

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