

## Cemetery Of Scream

### "Realist Rhymin"

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(Chorus: E.S.G.)

Buy the car, buy the house  
fuck the wife, fuck the spouse  
throw the diamonds in our mouth  
realist rhymin in the south  
back to back, track to track  
none of ya'll niggas cant fuck wit that  
E.S.G and Wreckshop you know we makin paper stack

(Verse One: E.S.G.)

Buy the mansion, buy the Lexus  
buy the nine to squash the plexin  
showin them boys how Houston, Texas  
smoke weed, drivin wreckless  
the barbershop, haters knock  
a nigga like me gonna bleed the block  
comin down trunks pop tops drop  
comin down we free to stock  
cant stop the shine bump & grind again  
one slow up in ya slow independent top ten  
I made mistakes in '98, 99 will be better  
88 degrees feel like some pop roof weather  
hell what them haters say E.S.G on the scene  
platinum sole shuttin them doors but the game aint  
complete  
until the fourth one release you niggas check yo shit  
another hit is all they get southwest will slang them hits  
I'm da shit bitch! I know you smell the odor  
stretched cruise control I slam the doors on a Rover  
sippin syrup and soda maintain yo composer  
E.S.G done signed with Wreckshop you know the  
games over

(Chorus)

(Verse Two: Lil'Flip)

In my mouth diamonds glarin  
wearin nothin but Donna Karen  
ridin red turnin heads, always keep a yellow starin  
buy a house I'll buy the block  
buy the boat and I'm a buy the dock

sittin sideways still I hop  
watch the trunk still go pop  
H-Town playas cant take the lost  
playin football like Marshall Faulk  
sippin codine to cure my cough  
full time playa just like Big H.A.W.K  
Make Em say Ugh like Master P  
do the body rock like P-A-T  
swang and bang like E.S.G  
G's and Ballers like H.\$E  
if I'm chillin with a girl it gotta be a star  
if I hold a white cup it gotta be the barre  
blue, black, or red don't touch my car  
Screwed Up Click is who we are  
25 lighters like D.M.D  
20 inch rims on GMC's  
Playstation flippin like GMG  
to let the world know I'm Sucka Free  
like Botany Boys I'm Mr. G  
living the life of Luxury  
F-L-I-P is who I be hittin a switch wit A.P  
we millionaires and billionaires  
flyin to shows in a rocket  
the money you make in a year I got that in my pocket!

(Chorus)

(Verse Three: E.S.G.)

Better (?)ya to tux let the Klu Klux know  
that I'm a blast ya  
heard how ya done James Byrd down up in Jasper  
ask Shawn, Chris, & Baby its time I kill  
E.S.G and Platinum Sole that's ten thousand times a  
mill  
so whats the deal all you fake snakes rattle still  
better guard yo grill better keep yo sill  
a nigga get killed on the battle field  
we popping pills and paying bills  
make a man steal for the scrill  
they pop my pump back fuck a contract  
all ya'll gonna get killed  
scandlous skills no sex appeal  
this is how it feels getting hit with a drill  
caps we peel high as a hill  
and you know the crowds I thrill  
and from here on to Nashville you know we lookin trill  
we still comin down with the one minute grill  
I done want no deal I'm a stay independent  
I done want no deal I make a mill a minute  
then hit the mall and spend it  
and you know I'm drippin wet

comin threw the door polo'ed down wit Noke D and D  
Reck  
G's, some niggas be yellin ki's, some niggas be yellin  
hustlas  
some niggas be yellin bustas, some niggas be yellin  
glocks  
some niggas be yellin nines  
but to tell the truth ya'll niggas aint got a dime  
cause see we gonna..

(Chorus) - repeat to end

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