

Chesney Hawkes

"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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