

Felice Brothers

"Intro"

Visit "[Intro](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[E.S.G.]

June 3rd, the day I was born
Lil' nappy head nigga, t-shirt all torn
Mama dropped out of school, in the 8th grade
Kids across the street, they use to sell lemonade
Shit I bought a bar of soap, and a box of razor blades
I had different thoughts, I'm trying to get paid
In church every sunday, praying for some hope
Asking God, that I don't grow up broke
Now I'm down on my knees, asking God why
Can't have no suede Pumas, or no fucking Fila's
Step-daddy died, he had full blown AIDS
He was tooting up, and then the nigga started shooting
Up
Uncle started recruiting us, he was hustling crack
It's safe to say, I was born in the trap
No longer going to church, but I'm quick to pull my gun
Out
Basketball MVP, the trophy's at my mom house
Hoop dreams faded, nobody called
Back to the block, full time hogg
18 got probation, for a pound of weed
Year later I'm connected, get fronted half-a-ki's
Saw my first thirty G's, games getting deeper
Moved to H-Town, cause the bricks were cheaper
Somebody started snitching, now the word is out
And letter factors in my sofa nigga, birds in my couch
FED's hit my house, they ain't find shit G
Still tried to give me 20, for a damn conspiracy
Asking bout my niggaz, ain't no snitch in I
Told the D.A., eat a dick and die
Round the same time, I was fucking with Screw
Gave me "Swangin' And Bangin", the first hit a nigga
Ever do
And thanks to him I got love, so I represented
Six months later "Ocean of Funk", hundred thousand
Independent
Probation violation, I'm back on lock
Dropped "Sailin' Da South", just to keep my name hot
Video got shot, MLK Boulevard
Three months 'fore that, caught a fucking murder

charge
Nigga broke in my crib, shot my partna in the head
So I grabbed the chopper, left the bitch nigga dead
Instead of self defense, they tried to give me murder
One
Three years in the Penn, homie that wasn't fun
Touched down on the streets, "Return of the Living
Dead"
Another fifty thousand independent, get my bread
Helped Wreckshop, make bout 1.3
"Shinin' & Grindin", "Dirty 3rd", "City Under Siege"
Had Flip under my wing, Slim Thug too
And both them niggaz switched, like some
homosexuals do
From "Wanna be a Baller", to "Getcha Hands Up"
You wanna fuck with me, you gotta get your grands up
Real niggaz stand up, fake niggaz hit the deck
Everyday Street Gangsta, I'm the epidemy of that
No holding me back, I'm part of God's plan
Angel in disguise, I walk in God's hands
And like I said befo', the devils wanna clip my wings
Immortal underdog, call me Constantine
Fuck the movie ring, it's real lifetime
Don't believe me, ask C-Murder ask Shyne
Rappers like 50, use some real gangstas mayn
I really had a murder charge, really moved the caine
Told to swang and bang, when I was only 17
I knew about syrup, pop trunks and screens
Nintendos in the dash, candy paint shining
Boys already know, I'm way mo' than grinding
So yeah, now you bitch niggaz know
What E.S.G. stand fo', that's my motherfucking intro
Nigga

(*talking*)

Know I'm saying, E.S.G.
A legend in this shit, know I'm saying
This album right here, is dedicated
To two special cats, my dog Nick Sholtz
And Matney on lock, let's get this money
What up Duke, smoke some'ing Junior

Visit [Felice Brothers](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.