

**E.s.g.**  
**"60 Bars"**

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[Hook]

I won't deny it, I'm a straight rider  
You don't wanna fuck, with me  
Got the police, busting at me  
SES, be my fucking family  
I won't deny it, I'm a straight rider  
You don't wanna fuck, with me  
S.U.C., yeah we started history  
Here's 60 bars, from your boy E.S.G

[E.S.G.]

My ambitions as a rider, Screwed Up Click Southsiders  
Somebody get some pliers, a bullet's stuck inside ya  
That's what you get bitch, trying to wear a wire  
Trying to catch me my fucking click, and my supplier  
Fake kings and bosses, you niggaz be some liars  
Ghetto guerilla, I'm a killer that's for hire  
Freestyle King, bitch I'm known to spit that fire  
Entrepreneur, of this fucking empire  
Fat lady singing, it sound like a choir  
Chopper start spitting, there'll be no survivors  
Bitch we getting money, more assets to acquire  
Homerun hitter like Barry Bonds, Beltron or McGuire  
Orange Lex Cheves, 300 for the tires  
22's or 24's, 26's they sit wider  
Ocean of Funk, Sailin' Da South  
Return of the Living Dead, when them FED's let me out  
Spit that Shinin' & Grindin', had the City Under Siege  
Boss Hogg Outlaws, SES family  
All American Gangsta, independent rich as fuck  
Versatile platinum smile, watch the King switch it up  
Yeah give me that mic and I'm wrecking mayn,  
Louisiana and Texas mayn  
Colored stones in the necklace mayn, got the chrome  
you plexing mayn  
Sipping on bar my bed is swollen, hotel suite with Kelly  
Rowland  
Arkansas Alabama, ATL them Cheves rolling  
D-Town niggaz they up in hurr, sipping Grey Goose  
fuck a Burr  
Like Tim Duncan of the Spurs, playoff time I'm always

thurr  
Bitch ass niggaz ain't stopping us, always got my glock  
to bust  
Sniper scope through your throat, pop go show we  
stopping guts  
Like Ron Artest I'm throwing heads, candy blue and  
rolling red  
Crips Bloods cops shackles, fuck with me get a hole in  
your head  
SES and E.S.G., y'all got pennies we got G's  
Y'all got blunts we got trees, y'all got crumbs we got  
ki's  
Bitch ass niggaz ain't scared to clash, 40 Cal. infrared  
to blast  
Got a lil' money and a lil' bread, now y'all got y'all head  
in y'all ass  
Niggaz like me we staying true, ghetto bred still  
banging Screw  
Me and my niggaz still coming through, keep one in  
that chamber fool  
Cupcake niggaz in danger fool, marvadites can't hang  
with you  
Got some do' y'all changing fool, what am I a stranger  
fool  
Packing pistols launching missiles, diamonds glissen  
heard me Mr  
Fuck a bitch but I won't kiss her, put a lil' syrup up in my  
twister  
Run with apes and orangatang, like a train changing  
lanes  
Run over niggaz like it ain't no thang, put a peep hole  
inside your brain  
Hit the stang sold the caine, next thing ya know the  
FED's came  
Bitch ass nigga he was a snitch, had a hidden camera  
in his chain  
Like Ben Wallace in the paint, think you could move me  
but you can't  
Gone on drank gone on dank, half-pound nigga no we  
ain't  
Me and Stacks we in the Rover, cops pulled Jay Ferrari  
over  
Sin and Craig y'all know they sober, I'm back seat with  
the cheuffer  
Pack heat nigga when it's colder, pack heat nigga in  
the summer  
60 clip anaconda, street sweeper sound like thunder  
Yeah you know it's going off, we murder stars  
Your boy E.S.G. just split ya, bitch it's 60 bars g'yeah

[Hook - 2x]

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