

E.s.g.
"Coast 2 Coast"

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[Intro]

Coast to coast, L.A. to Chicago
This song's for, those that don't got though
It ain't bout where ya from, it's where ya at now
Put your hands up, if you all about stacks now

[Hook]

Southside, them boys be so fly now
Westside, them G's be so high now
Eastside, then down to Daytona
Northside, you know they gon ride what

[E.S.G.]

You know the playas down South, we like to ride drop
Tops
Flip bricks, and keep the damn trunk popped
West Coast, they keep the hydro lit
Wear the wrong color, get your 6-4 hit quick
Midwest, them boys be on thug shit
20 inch daytons, on a old school Cutlass
East Coast, they represent Burrows
Down here, boys stay sipping purple
Sprewell circle, never stop spinning
Showing twenty G's, everytime I'm grinning
H-Town D-Town, all the way to Austin
Tell the world look at Texas, hell yeah we balling
Can't forget the B-O-G, that's my Louisiana hood
New Orleans Laffeyette, Lake Charles Baton Rouge
Arkansas Alabama, Mississippi feeling flossy
Chi-Town, ATL and Milwaukee

[Hook - 2x]

[E.S.G.]

When I'm in D-Town, we make the block bleed
What's up Big B, what's up Greg Street
Troy D, Dolby D, Billy B, G.T.
Steve Nice, J. Tweezy, Walter Deezie
When I'm in Shreveport, Gramlin and Monroe
With Bay-Bay, Long John and Yo-Yo
Grave Digger what you know, Delinare Paso

Gripping grain with Wild Wayne, DJ Ro and Nino
Me and Tron in the Hummer, balling for the summer
Independent cat, putting up Outkast numbers
St. Louis let's do it, with your country grammar
Oklahoma, Kentucky can't forget Indiana
I'm a cash stacker, thug slash actor
Saw the Dirty 3rd, way up in Nebraska
Laws roll right past us, good they missed me
Heard them ese's love us, down in Corpus Christi

[Hook - 2x]

[E.S.G.]

We hit Las Vegas, fifty G's on my neck
Hundred grand in my hand, trying to play roulette
See we country boys, with kilos for cattle
Tacoma owners, another sto' in Seattle
Here we come for the sun, where them L.A. strippers
We all young rich niggaz, like them L.A. Clippers
Gucci on my zipper, button up on my back
Heard that East Coast like, Cranberry with the yack
On the West Coast, they got the best do-do
But at the car shows, they got the best low-lows
But what you boys know, bout promethazyne
Slamming do's on 4's, pop trunks and screens
We take new foreign cars, put candy paint on em
Two fine broads, put pounds of dank on em
Bogalusa lumber jacker, a Leprechaun slapper
I supply the birdman, I'm the Boss holla at ya

[Hook - 2x]

[Intro]

(*talking*)

G'eah, SES in the do' know I'm tal'n bout
Multi-million dollar label, E.S.G.-Big Sin doing our
Thang
Brandon Stacks, Carmen San' this how it's going down
Big Craig what's up, Jun-Yo my boy Rod G
Big Jewel C but hey, we bout to have a drink right now
Say bartender, yeah-yeah you bartender (yes sir)
Hey check it out, give me four bottles of Cris'
And two of that Mo', (coming right up sir)
And a lil' purple stuff, (can I roll with y'all) roll
With us
(I see all these fine ladies) fa sho, (these nice cars)
You know
(And all these pretty jewels) what, (say E, put a
Brother down man
I pack a speaker something) hol' up (I sing a lil' bit)

(My love have you ever seen a, Candy Coated
Excursion)
Hol' up man, you done blew my high with that gay ass
Shit
I gotta call my girl Kim Coleman, g'eah

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