

**E.s.g.**  
**"Fix Yo Face"**

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[E.S.G.]

Now niggaz hate this, I make 'em freeze up like the  
Matrix  
When they see the bravas kit, on the grey six  
Double O, two triple O I'ma wreck  
Just turned 26, the youngest rap game vet  
Platinum chain on my neck, baguettes Rolexes  
Been in niggaz tape decks, since the Oilers left Texas  
Drive my wide body reckless, competition left dead  
Mirror free silence issue boys, which gets bread fed  
Clarion behind my head, he'll be in like Jed  
I ain't scared to hit that I-10, make me some bread  
FED's wanna take my big heads, have you heard of that  
Put my raps over track, they call it verbal crack  
Lyrical attack on a 8-dat, placks and pieces  
Mind moving thesis, teloconesis  
Crucified like Jesus, I'ma smile at them tricks  
Frowned up, like the smell of piles of shit

[Hook]

So fix your face motherfucker, get that boot out your  
Mouth  
Fuck with a nigga out the South, get your ass knocked  
Out  
And on the West coast, it's still D-R-E  
But in this Dirty 3rd, it's D-Reck and E.S.G.  
So fix your face motherfucker, get that boot out your  
Mouth  
Fuck with a nigga out the South, get your ass knocked  
Out  
And on the East coast, it's Nas and Jay-Z  
But in this Dirty 3rd nigga, it's D-Reck and E.S.G.

[D-Reck]

Bow down now, or you can bow down later  
Dedication plus patience, made the game greater  
Niggaz hate, to see big paper unfold  
We balling out of control, young niggaz realizing the  
Goals  
Where were you, when the dope was sold  
Dope was grow, I got it from Jesus was from the Dario

A nigga was moving, in bushels and barrels  
Distributing all points, from hundred pounds to dime  
Sales  
Now me and E, are tight like TNT  
Ready to ignite, and blow the industry  
We represent, these Southside streets  
These Southside beats, and like the whether bring  
Southside heat  
He ain't 2Pac, and I ain't Suge  
We ain't Puff and Big, we grip grain and work wood  
Down South riders, money and power we fighters  
The city's under siege, there'll be no survivors

[Hook]

[E.S.G.]

A Dirty 3rd Southsider, Wreckshop rider  
Turning heads blue or red, my silver look lighter  
Nigga fuck an appetizer, we the main course  
Got Double XL mad, you saw our name in the Source  
Nigga Queens to Cali, Wreckshop gon reign  
Once these major labels, hear our god damn names  
Trigga aim when I swang, I hog the lane  
Like a dog off the chain, jaws locked on this game  
Two dopeheaded caine, with a trunk full of bang  
No tints just vents, watch the Sprint phone ring  
There's a lick of cocaine, that's a out of town thang  
Keeping frowning at my click, I'ma hit you with this  
Thang  
Nigga must be insane, trying to hate on my firm  
Y'all niggaz had your chance, it's Wreckshop turn  
Watch a hot glock burn, when I make that bitch hiccup  
Nappy nut niggaz, fix your fucking lip up

[Hook - 2x]

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