

E.s.g.
"Gotta Shine"

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[Talking:]

Yeah motherfucker, huh
Guess y'all niggaz, thought a nigga forgot
Yeah it ain't over huh, catch you unexpected
You know how we do it, Fred T
Long V representative in this bitch, E.S.G.
What it do baby, appreciate the love
J.P. on the motherfucking track, this how we put it
Down baby
This our time to shine, put it in they face

[Hook:]

I gotta shine, (gotta shine)
Like a motherfucking star, I gotta grind (gotta grind)
Got pyrexes jelly jars, I got a nine (got a nine)
My niggaz strapped with A-R's, I'm down with crime
(Down with crime)
You don't wanna go to war, I gotta shine (gotta shine)
Like a motherfucking star, I gotta grind (gotta grind)
Got pyrexes jelly jars, I got a nine (got a nine)
My niggaz strapped with A-R's, I'm down with crime
(It's our time)
You don't wanna go to war

[Fred T:]

Man it's packed up in this bitch, sipping yack up in
This bitch
Twisting sacks up in this bitch, pushing sacks up in
This bitch
Better back up in this bitch, cause the mack up in this
Bitch
So relax up on this bitch, before I clap up in this
Bitch
Fuck a rap I really spit, in your trap or at your bitch
Wanna act up in this bitch, rat-a-tat up in this bitch
Bring a hat up in this bitch, wanna scrap don't give a
Shit
Peel your cap diminishing, family friends and anything
Fuck your spouse she give me brain, that tramp your
Main thang
Like a name that ain't playing, she usually know what

I'm saying
Lyrics lead you to your coffin, losing laws in the
Process
We got techs, so hire your hood it ain't different in
My projects
Better stop that, 'fore I lick up shots and split you
Where your top at
I doubt that, you make it alive, when chopper chop it
Your now black, that hoe you trying to play me for I'm
Not
So pussy pop off at the mouth, and where you bump is
Where you ride at

[Hook]

[E.S.G.:]
4's shine like the sun on the clearest day, this be the
Year y'all niggaz'll pay
Gutter ball that's all I play, better get a hail men

And gaurd your face
Homo niggaz be plexing mayn, wanna snatch my
necklace
Mayn
Jealous cause the Hummer sit big, on them Edgerrin
James
Need a calico to protect my K, this be the land of the
Free and brave
Record label like a underground railroad, this be the
Year I free the slaves
Shotgun pump is called a gauge, put you on that front
Page
Make it bust just like puss, like I did your bitch in
The face
Name getting known in any state, let em know who in
the
Place
Slow me down and Screw me up, but a nigga like me
gon
Win the race
Speaking of Screw, R.I.P. you know I got this
The war is at the trap, backstreet Ben Wallace
My boots they ain't ostrich, or snake skin
Bitch they still told, to kick a jacker face in
Yeah shine like a prism or glitter do, cross my path
Get rid of you
Ain't you Blood or cuz I ain't kin to you, when they
Talk about the best they don't consider you

[Hook]

[Fred T:]

Bitch say it to my face nigga, put you in your place

Nigga

Put you out of space nigga, put pussy in your face

Nigga

Put you in replace jigga, bitch you ain't no 'Face

Nigga

Naw it's Cube or Mase nigga, three-two a case nigga

One-two or eight nigga, monkey chimp or ape nigga

Fucked around and get raped nigga, who that there

with

Hate nigga

Not prejudice but I hate niggaz, plastic and nickle

Plate nigga

Drastic if you fake nigga, I know I cook a cake nigga

[E.S.G.:]

Fred T-E.S.G., even with no deal we kill the streets

Kill the tracks we kill the beats, got the DNA of a

Wilderbeast

Stomp with my chain like Baby nigga, been in this

game

Like Jay-Z nigga

Wolverine I'm a freestyle king, but you bitches gon

Have to pay me nigga

Hit em with the tech with a pump with a glock, AK get

Shot everybody gon drop

Climb to the top now my shine wanna stop, when I find

Your spot the nine gon pop

[Talking:]

Know I'm tal'n bout, it's going motherfucking me down

Nigga

New rules for 0-6, we in this bitch we gotta shine

[Hook]

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