

**E.s.g.**

## **"I Done Made It"**

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(\*Lloyd\*)

Now I lay me, down and sleep  
And I pray to the Lord, for my soul to keep  
But if I should die, before I wake  
Pray to the Lord, my soul to take (pray to the Lord, my  
soul to take)

[E.S.G.]

It's fucked up, how the street life is  
Murder after murder, ain't no hope for the kids  
Nothing but bad influences, all the role models gone  
Can't look to the parents, cause they ain't home  
How many grandmothers you'll see, with lil' kids at the  
sto'  
Daddy gone on sherns, his mama gone on blow  
Fell through that crack befo', but I had to climb back out  
No mo' dumb shit for me, I had to straighten my life  
back out  
Now I'm stronger than ever, mo' focused and willing  
Why these other bitch niggaz, switch for a half-a-  
million  
And sell they soul, and spread lies on your names  
Scared cause you might, take a lil' of they fame  
But homie fuck my change, fuck these cars and clothes  
24's and low-pros, sold out shows and hoes  
Cause when the casket close, and you breathe your last  
breath  
All material shit is gone, nothing but real family left  
g'yeah

[Hook: Lloyd]

Me and my niggaz ride  
Even when the sun don't shine, and its cold outside  
I never run in or hide, cause some niggaz hate it  
But I can't get faded, cause I done made it  
Steady struggle and strive  
Find my way, out these ghetto streets of mine  
This is coming from where I'm from (I'm from)  
We all walk back in line (yeah)

[E.S.G.]

If a nigga snitch on you, (I'll ride for that)  
Pull a gun and don't shoot, you might (die from that)  
Come up short with my money, (I might let you make it)  
Fuck with me or my family, your life I'll take it  
Niggaz'll try to fuck your bitch, behind your back  
Then say he got love, and talk behind your back  
Me and my homie caught a weed case, (on the  
Boulevard)  
But I was on probation, (and he ain't take his charge)  
Wishing I could ask the Lord, (why it be that way mayn)  
When you help these niggaz out, they don't appreciate  
it mayn  
That go for any nigga, a friend or foe  
You try to play me like a hoe, you tongue kiss the 4-4  
But is that contradiction, (cause you can take it how you  
wanna)  
Like that TV show The Wire, (I'ma fight for my corners)  
Trying to build up my team, so we well connected  
Don't feel E.S.G. or Sin, bitch niggaz better exit g'yeah

[Hook]

[E.S.G.]

If a nigga snitch on you, (I'll ride for that)  
Pull a gun and don't shoot, you might (die from that)  
Come up short with my money, (I might let you make it)  
Fuck with me or my family, your life I'll take it

[Hook]

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