

**E.s.g.**  
**"Intro"**

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[E.S.G.]

June 3rd, the day I was born  
Lil' nappy head nigga, t-shirt all torn  
Mama dropped out of school, in the 8th grade  
Kids across the street, they use to sell lemonade  
Shit I bought a bar of soap, and a box of razor blades  
I had different thoughts, I'm trying to get paid  
In church every sunday, praying for some hope  
Asking God, that I don't grow up broke  
Now I'm down on my knees, asking God why  
Can't have no suede Pumas, or no fucking Fila's  
Step-daddy died, he had full blown AIDS  
He was tooting up, and then the nigga started shooting  
Up  
Uncle started recruiting us, he was hustling crack  
It's safe to say, I was born in the trap  
No longer going to church, but I'm quick to pull my gun  
Out  
Basketball MVP, the trophy's at my mom house  
Hoop dreams faded, nobody called  
Back to the block, full time hogg  
18 got probation, for a pound of weed  
Year later I'm connected, get fronted half-a-ki's  
Saw my first thirty G's, games getting deeper  
Moved to H-Town, cause the bricks were cheaper  
Somebody started snitching, now the word is out  
And letter factors in my sofa nigga, birds in my couch  
FED's hit my house, they ain't find shit G  
Still tried to give me 20, for a damn conspiracy  
Asking bout my niggaz, ain't no snitch in I  
Told the D.A., eat a dick and die  
Round the same time, I was fucking with Screw  
Gave me "Swangin' And Bangin'", the first hit a nigga  
Ever do  
And thanks to him I got love, so I represented  
Six months later "Ocean of Funk", hundred thousand  
Independent  
Probation violation, I'm back on lock  
Dropped "Sailin' Da South", just to keep my name hot  
Video got shot, MLK Boulevard  
Three months 'fore that, caught a fucking murder

charge  
Nigga broke in my crib, shot my partna in the head  
So I grabbed the chopper, left the bitch nigga dead  
Instead of self defense, they tried to give me murder  
One  
Three years in the Penn, homie that wasn't fun  
Touched down on the streets, "Return of the Living  
Dead"  
Another fifty thousand independent, get my bread  
Helped Wreckshop, make bout 1.3  
"Shinin' & Grindin", "Dirty 3rd", "City Under Siege"  
Had Flip under my wing, Slim Thug too  
And both them niggaz switched, like some  
homosexuals do  
From "Wanna be a Baller", to "Getcha Hands Up"  
You wanna fuck with me, you gotta get your grands up  
Real niggaz stand up, fake niggaz hit the deck  
Everyday Street Gangsta, I'm the epidemy of that  
No holding me back, I'm part of God's plan  
Angel in disguise, I walk in God's hands  
And like I said befo', the devils wanna clip my wings  
Immortal underdog, call me Constantine  
Fuck the movie ring, it's real lifetime  
Don't believe me, ask C-Murder ask Shyne  
Rappers like 50, use some real gangstas mayn  
I really had a murder charge, really moved the caine  
Told to swang and bang, when I was only 17  
I knew about syrup, pop trunks and screens  
Nintendos in the dash, candy paint shining  
Boys already know, I'm way mo' than grinding  
So yeah, now you bitch niggaz know  
What E.S.G. stand fo', that's my motherfucking intro  
Nigga

(\*talking\*)

Know I'm saying, E.S.G.  
A legend in this shit, know I'm saying  
This album right here, is dedicated  
To two special cats, my dog Nick Sholtz  
And Matney on lock, let's get this money  
What up Duke, smoke some'ing Junior

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