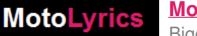
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E.s.g. "No Matter What"

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(*talking*)

Hold up, nothing but the real nothing but the truth E.S.G., Grease Monkeys man Anything I put my heart in, it's gotta be real It's gotta be true, cause that's what I am Hundred percent, g'eah g'eah what

[E.S.G.]

A new year I pop champagne, and let the guns rain But don't forget these dirty ass niggaz, ain't changed No need to say they name, ol' fake ass thugs Lemonade in they veins, yeah it's bitch in the blood Ever snitched on a nigga, then I'm talking to you Ever hated on somebody, then I'm talking to you My partna Nick doing twenty, killed a nigga for his cousin

Been in the Pen damn near ten, his cousin ain't sent him nothing

That's a damn shame, same thang in the rap game Niggaz scandolize your name, like Rock James or Eddy Cane

But I'm ready mayn, to bring the light to the South Ain't no more helping fake, transvestites out So bring your tracks and your stacks, you won't last ten bars

Wanna walk in my shoes, you won't last ten yards Underground bully, and you cocksuckers know that Keep fucking with me, and I'ma send you where the pope at g'eah

[Hook]

No matter what, we go through I keep it real, you know I stay true And if I'm down, with you Then you got a real nigga, rolling with you No matter what, we go through I keep it real, you know I stay true And if I'm down, with you Then you got a real nigga, riding with you Second verse bout my mama, man I really miss her Hadn't got a call, or heard from her since Christmas I love her to death, and I'd do anything for her If I don't send money, she think I'm trying to ignore her Lord knows ain't the truth, you gotta have some understanding How you think I got these cars, and this custom built mansion

Got a son and a daughter, a wife of my own Can't pay all the bills, I got a life of my own Some say I might be wrong, expressing myself through a song

The only way to talk, we ain't talking on the phone I'ma love her till I'm gone, whether you know it or not And I can still smell the red beans, boiling in the pot That's why when I was on lock, ain't asked for no cash Had my wife on the road, out there busting her ass See I'm down with her, like I'm down with you I accepted your husband, so accept my wife too g'eah

[Hook]

[E.S.G.]

What you know bout being a father, when you ain't seen me

Some three months early, lil' one pound premi' Emergency pregnancy, heard my lil' man crying Doctor said it's a chance, he could be crippled or blind Couldn't breathe on his own, for three months long Sat by his bed waiting, for his lungs to get strong Now he rapping on my song, saying his A's and B's He love Scooby Doo, Spongebob and Chucky Cheese Started school early, he was counting that too They told me no more fucking up, he counting on you As for my daughter Chocolate, so much time been lost That's why I get whatever, it don't matter the cost No you don't see me much, yeah we missed some days I'm trying to make sho', your tuition be paid Before you get old, because you never know what happened I'm on the grind getting it, ain't no benefits in rapping

[Hook]

yeah

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