

E.S.G. f/ Big T

"Southside Pop Trunks"

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[Big T]

Wanna be a baller, no that's old
Got some'ing brand new, for the two triple 0
To the six this is it, still balling in the mix
E.S.G. and Big T, still trying to get rich
But let me rooooooll, yeah uh-huh
We want your mind, to blow
We gonna, swang for you
Ain't nothing but a, G ride
We gonna bang for you
Ain't nothing but a, G ride
Southside pop trunk, that's what we do
While I'm riding banging my Screw, tell me what it do
yeah
I'm just a hustler, from the Southside yeah
And I'm gonna pop my roof, and chunk the deuce

(*scratching*)

'64 Cheve, in my yard
White drop top, pearl paint job is hard
In a drop top Cheve, with the roof wide open
In a drop top Cheve, with the roof wide open

[E.S.G.]

Just waking up in the morning, gotta thank God
I don't know, but today seem kinda odd
Cause last month, my baby mama keyed my car
Today I'm ready to mob, got my new paint job
Louisiana-Texas thug, last night we wrecked the club
Early morning hang over, let's hit the breakfast club
Get the wings and waffles, or the fish and the grits
Grab a toothpick get the drank mix, then hop in that six
Six Lincoln just thinking, dro stinking
My leather seats sinking, blue lights blinking
The boppers winking, but I'm chunking up the deuce
Like magicians do, hit the buttons and poof goes the
roof whoa

[Big T]

Southside pop trunk, that's what we do
While I'm riding banging my Screw, tell me what it do

yeah

(*talking*)

'64 Cheve, in my yard
White drop top, pearl paint job is hard
In a drop top Cheve, with the roof wide open
In a drop top Cheve, with the roof wide open

[E.S.G.]

Now I lay me down to sleep, but pray the Lord 'fore I
wake
Them jackers they don't take, my old school '78
Cheve pockets heavy, man I'm ready
Peanut butter insides, outside jelly
Thanks to Eddy, man I'm steady turning heads
Old school crip blue, or pyroo red
In the N.O. with Greg, getting bread with Craig
Like a number two pencil, gun stay out of lead
Get chopper's shred blocks get bled, trying to stay out
the FED
Like a pain to the head, hard to get out of bed
Like Rev. Run I was bred, to run the house I ain't scared
Keep my whole team fed, sipping syrup by the keg
My trunk banging, hanging like my third leg
Hillbillie like I'm Jed, keep my money in the shed
A fo' do' sled, now you know what I play
Payton Manning with the cannon, I take off your head
cause uh

[Big T]

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Ain't nothing but a, G ride
We gonna, bang for you
Ain't nothing but a, G ride
Southside pop trunk, that's what we do
While I'm riding banging my Screw, tell me what it do
yeah
Gaaaaangsta, do you wanna get some pa-peeeeer
(I gotta get mine, you gotta get yours)

[E.S.G.]

Gotta get yours gotta get mine, boys out here we got to
shine
So that means we got to grind, get out of line we got
that iron
And I ain't talking bout the kind, you iron your clothes
with
I'm talking bout the kind you get, rid of your foes with
Rednose Pit I bark the bite, y'all know what I spark and

light

My P yup is full of ice, I talk a chain that dark the night
Mic I rip and mics I wreck, yup I'm one of the hardest
yet
My team full of timberwolves, call me a Garnett fool

[Big T]

So let me rooooooll, yeah uh-huh
We want your mind, to blow
We gonna, swang for you
Ain't nothing but a, G ride
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Ain't nothing but a, G ride
Southside pop trunk, that's what we do
While I'm riding banging my Screw, tell me what it do
yeah

(*scratching*)

In a drop top Cheve, with the roof wide open - 4x

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