

E.S.G. f/ Brandon Stacks

"Back Streets"

Visit "[Back Streets](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[E.S.G.]

I'm on my grind cousin, I'm trying to shine cousin
But where I started with hell of heart, now let me
remind you cousin
My mama made me stand in line, for for cheese and
butter dog
I was embarrassed, under my breath I use to cuss her
dog
Mo'fucker, cause mama ain't play that
Now-a-days it's real estates, with big cribs and
maybachs
On the scene where I use to stay at, a shotgun house
By the time I was 13, I brought that shotgun out
It's like a Ray Charles story, but I wasn't blind
Might as well be, cause dreams and cash had the time
Cause my mama laid off, I'm picking up bad habits
First time I seen a bag of dope, my stepdad had it now
See I ain't fucking Rabbit, and this ain't 8 Mile
This here is real life, where nigga be shife with fake
smiles
Hard as a child, I say life's a bitch
Had the knowledge for college, but wasn't no fucking
scholarships
Now we got bigger chips, see we mo' like Frito Lay
I use to move bout a ki' a day, me and my partna by the
name of Jose
Did my time then I came back home, use to be walking
now I'm on chrome
Nigga spit hits on every song, here's a list if you think
I'm wrong
"Wanna be a Baller" wrote that hoe, "Get Ya Hands Up"
see I did that befo'
"Swang And Bang" back in '94, made you say "Maan"
with the boy Big Moe
Boy got flow so the boy got shows, boy got do' so the
boy got dro
Speed it up or I could do it slow, Screw it down you
know how it go g'eah

[Hook]

Bitch I'm a thug, from them back streets

Use to sell cheese, just to make the ends meet
But I swear, we'll never have to do it again
We stacking ends, rap game top ten again g'eah
Bitch I'm a thug, from them back roads
Use to sell coke and dro, to make my cash flow
But I swear, we'll never have to do it no mo'
We on the road, five to ten G's a show hoe

[Brandon Stacks]

Who would of ever thought, a young nigga born in
Memphis Tenn
Would grow up to make millions, off a pad and a pen
Single mother fo' kids, daddy locked in the Penn
But still I knew somehow I'd make it, this where my
story begins
I started off selling weed, then I started selling pills
Then I started selling drank, trying to help my mama
pay the bills
See my life wasn't all gravy, it wasn't peaches and
cream
I caught my first case for assault, I was only 15
I came home same shit, nothing really changed
Still trying to get rich, still trying to run the game
But now the cops know my name, and I'm a regular on
the block
Hit me on the cell phone, nigga you won't catch me on
the block
I caught a couple of mo' charges, caught a couple of
mo' cases
All this shit behind being greedy, chasing big faces
Now I got my mind right, it's only money on my mind
Fuck taking Penitentiary chances, I done found a legal
grind
SES we here to shine, and take over the rap game
Brandon Stacks and E.S.G., in case you niggaz didn't
know the name
Cause uh, bitch I'm a thug off them back streets
22 two time felon, still pack heat
I know everywhere I go, these niggaz watch me
The ice the cars the cash, make em wanna pop me
But ain't no way in the world, you can stop me
Niggaz been trying for years, quit trying to block me
bitch

[Hook]

Visit [E.S.G. f/ Brandon Stacks](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.