# E.S.G. f/ Devin the Dude, Double D ''Superstar''

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# (\*talking\*)

Ah wha-wha-what, I just wanna fuck you ha-ha Me and my nigga Devin in the house with my partna, Double D baby ha Wha-what it's going down, for the 2 triple O

Know I'm saying, we some motherfucking superstars bitch

Super motherfucking stars, say Devin sing it to em huh

[Hook: Devin the Dude]
Bitch, we some superstars
Just doing our thang nigga, fuck the laws
Still smoking mary jane, in the back of the car
All these bopping ass bitches wanna know who we are,
(are y'all some superstars)
Bitch, we some superstars
And we brought our own drank nigga, fuck the bar

Trying to keep a nigga game, straight up to par All these bopping ass bitches wanna know who we are, (are y'all some superstars)

## [Double D]

It's Double D baby

I only hang around niggaz, about they G's baby That's why some of you niggaz, ain't seen me lately Yeah I been known to go exactly where the weed take me, (and that's with me baby)

# [E.S.G.]

It's E again, baby

A nigga mashing, for his motherfucking ends baby You see me flossing, in a brand new Benz baby And I been known to go exactly where the Henn take me, (we in the wind baby)

#### [Double D]

Stressing, don't come near us with that bullshit Can't you see, we trying to make this money in the hood bitch

They call me Mr. Goodrich, cause now I got the hood mix

How many more bitches, gon be jumping up on our dick

## [E.S.G.]

Needing bout a hundred Testarostas, Cedric Sosa ain't scared

Watch the road popped do's, turning niggaz heads Leaving hoes scared, we some Wreckshop crooks Niggaz 24/7, say Devin sing the hook

## [Hook]

# [E.S.G.]

So much ice on my arm, feel like I'm frosty on my wrist This one star here, that say fucking Eclipse I'ma shine regardless, ghetto dreams ghetto schemes Pull up on the scene, big cop of codeine Six inch screens sticky green, I keep's my endo Catch me in your hood, looking good doing a in sto' Mashing on the throttle, freestyle out the bottle Three G's and paper work, for my Cardier goggles Order grass for the shots, I'm in the best clothes Niggaz stay thugging, in my wheelie S-go I keep my vest close, cause these hoes they blast for real

Want a crib out the Southside, of the Astros field Nigga platinum so real, watch your head bounce back Went from Screw tapes, to making motion picture soundtracks

Man we the shit, you ought to call us X-Lax E.S.G. and Double D, so motherfucker respect that we some

## [Hook]

### [Double D]

We ghetto fabulous, we run hoes in condos Them dumb hoes that get to bopping, when we come and do a show

Pulling up in limos, smoke in a hundred sack of endo Niggaz they got they limo, trying to stick it through the window

All up and in yo, ask no questions for the moment E.S.G. and Double D, done came and shit on our opponents

Now they all up on it, so you can say we on fire Wreckshop done came, and took the whole world by surprise

Independent label, counting money across the table Twenty hoes in my stable, TV's in Navigators These niggaz hate us, cause we gon shine regardless Without a major deal, you thought we'd soon depart this

You niggaz simple minded, and heartless to me Better get you some bidness, and let me shine in 2G Gripping my apparatus, gaining superstar status Niggaz know who the baddest, cause they looking right at us

# [Hook]

(\*talking\*)

Yo E man that show was crunk mayn, (that bitch was off the heezie baby)

(you heard them hoes are y'all some superstars), man yeah what is it man

(say fuck that what Devin and the Wreckshop family, ay you need to get in this limo man)

(ay yo yo E.S.G., hold up baby let me get your autograph right quick baby

This for my cousin man, watch out man), (yo you know I'm saying

Ay I like you style kid, you nkow I'm saying
Y'all Wreckshop boys be coming up wrecking ay yo)
(get off me dog let me in here, hey baby this Lil'
Skeezie baby I'm off the Heezie
I'm top years old and I'm thood, lot me ride in the lin

I'm ten years old and I'm thoed, let me ride in the limo mayn

Ay what's that red stuff in your cup that's Kool-Aid, let me hit that baby)

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