

E.S.G. f/ Too Short

"Luv it how You get It"

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(*talking*)

Put the talk on the beginning right now, iight
And then it just gon keep on going, to the next one
Short Dog in the house, fucking with my nigga E.S.G.
That's right, we love getting this money
It's all I think about, how the fuck I'ma get paid bitch

[E.S.G.]

Making my mail what the hell, whatever I say gon be
pure
E.S. Short with 2G, we floss a Bentley Azur
Toss my lure ain't none purer, hooking like a fiend baby
The platinum bling baby, turn on the screens baby
Seven figga team baby, who's as bomb as that
DTS be the Lac, we signing Shaq contracts
Ninja bikes with blue lights, we spinning em cuz
Young Don draped in Sean John, we millennium thugs
Drive my wide body wreckless, in Texas I got the best
flow
So much ice up on my chest, look like a chubby Eskimo
Wreckshop be the team, sticky green wherever I go
Say D-Reck let up the wings, on the new Diablo
Tell Pablo, I got work all through the Dirty 3rd
They love sipping syrup, and doing the dirty bird
Park my 20's on the curb, when I fall through Justice
Freaky tales of moving yayo, but making mail is the
subject

[Hook]

(cash money, feddy or chips)
Short Dog baby, I make em work them hips
(cash money, feddy or cheese)
E.S.G. or Cedric Sosa, dropping c.d.'s like they ki's
Do you get it how you love it, do you love it how you get
it
Taking 36 and whip it up, and bringing back 60
Do you love it how you get it, get it how you love it
(freaky tales of moving yayo, but making mail is the
subject)

[Too Short]

Uh-huh I love to get it all the time, get mine
Pimping hoes all the time, spitting rhymes
I catch a flight, from ATL to H-Town
The whole United States, is my personal playground
I wake up in Texas, go to sleep in Cali
In a brand new Benz, buying weed in the alley
Thirty minutes later, like a true player
I'm in a high class restaurant, dressed like a square
With a stuck up, light skinned long haired bitch
She ain't gold digging, she just gone on this dick
Buying me gifts, I'm on Christmas list
It's just because the way, I spit this shit
I said fuck my birthday, fuck a holiday
If you wanna be with me, bitch you gotta pay
This ain't no free ride, you ain't on vacation
This is real game, this ain't Sony Playstation

[Hook]

[E.S.G.]

I'm talking twenty bedrooms, five car garage
Full house of endo, two gallons of bar
Southside superstars, we fill up ki's in the spa
Robber skit watching flicks, from the screens in my car
Bout to crack the concrete, eight 15's beat
Me and my playas out in Vegas, in the Don King suites
Roll a deck full of freaks, they wanna meet Cedric Sosa
Last Christmas I went out, and bought my niece a roller
coaster
Know the FED's are 'pose to, think I'm still serving
drugs
Cause of the church stained windows, and new Persian
rugs
Marble flo's marble tubs, phone taps and bugs
Superbowl in Atlanta, at Chilly Mystrug
Now-a-day's we be dealing, with money and power
Drop vets Eddie Bauer, got Denalis and Prowlers
I'm the man of the hour, selling flowers for riches
When I die I wanna ride out, in a hearse on switches
Embarrass snitches, like a Texas A&M bonfire
Hell with a Blair Witch, I tear up shit by the go pire
Young Esquire, wise guy extroardenaire
In the Forbes 2000, you best believe I'm in there getting
my

[Hook]

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