

# E.S.G., Street Millionaire

(\*talking\*)

Boss Hogg Outlaws, street millionaires  
You know we getting this street money, shit  
Whether it's weed, ki's or c.d.s  
Trying to get it with the M-O's  
Now Slim hit em where it hurt (ha)

[Slim Thug]

The trunk open boppers scoping, but don't watch me  
I'm shotgun with Sleepy, watching eight TV's  
Right behind that Chi-Town, and we headed to Cali  
Popping candy blue do's, on a thoed Denali  
Riding like we in a rally, candy coats crawl spokes  
Live like rich white folks, and float million dolla boats  
I spend six hundred c-notes, to decorate my throat  
And got a mansion house snow, with the dope to smoke  
Whole lifetime from being broke, my grand kids gon ball  
I bought a car by the bar, and still knock down the mall  
A young Hogg is what I'm called, when I step in the place  
Cause when I step up in the place, my diamonds up in your face  
Staying on a paper chase, so I'm shaking the leaves  
I proceed to block bleed, cause getting green is what I need  
The Re-Rolex Times, and sip the moët wine  
Boss Hogg boys blind, when it's time to shine ha

[Hook - 2x]

We read Rolex Times, and sip the moët wine  
Not a Cash Money brother, but I know how to shine  
Start up my rhymes, and now my diamonds glare  
I'm a self made, full paid street millionaire

[Lil' O]

I ain't never been a roach, on a leash or side kick  
Like these other bitch niggaz that's broke, and ride dick  
How the fuck you boys only sell dope, to buy kicks  
No wonder how I glow, and hop out the fly six  
I'm a street millionaire, cause I mash the gas  
And watch you other boys flash, how I stash my cash  
I'm known for wrecking boys face, mash they ass in half  
When I pull up in the drop top, Jag on glass  
I'm on my note, princess cuts on my throat  
Plus you can tell by the soft mink, on my coat  
And watch you boys on the block, I'm on the boat  
Getting head from a red, that give the longest strokes  
I keeps it real, I'm all about eating meals  
I don't hang with nan nigga, that ain't seeking mills  
Till he's on the pay roll, and they keep a steal  
I make a call, boys getting hit with heat then chill, for real

[Hook]

[E.S.G.]

Now we balling in the Bentley, big bodies and Benzes  
The way my twenties spin, they go clean to the dentist  
'Fore my son turn one, I hang with 2001's  
Eddie Bauer car seats, so me and him can have fun  
Talking stocks and bonds, public seeing my dones  
Super charged Impala, pop my collar like the Fonz'  
Ten karats on my teeth, then the karats on my charm  
Add the karats on my arm, that's more than a rabbit farm  
I got Phat Farm, but I don't need a outfit  
Talking bout the Texas rent, cost two point six  
Street rich four point six, Range Rover for winter  
In the summer catch me gunning, platinum leather on the list

Chrome on Bentley and the Benz, sick my light on the mirror  
For the wife birthday, two thousand at the galleria  
If my diamonds were more clear, I'd line the palaya  
Now it's time to thank us, for buying Texas a stadium

[Hook - 2x]