

Fix Yo Face

E.S.G.

[E.S.G.]

Now niggaz hate this, I make 'em freeze up like the
Matrix
When they see the bravas kit, on the grey six
Double O, two triple O I'ma wreck
Just turned 26, the youngest rap game vet
Platinum chain on my neck, baguettes Rolexes
Been in niggaz tape decks, since the Oilers left Texas
Drive my wide body reckless, competition left dead
Mirror free silence issue boys, which gets bread fed
Clarion behind my head, he'll be in like Jed
I ain't scared to hit that I-10, make me some bread
FED's wanna take my big heads, have you heard of that
Put my raps over track, they call it verbal crack
Lyrical attack on a 8-dat, placks and pieces
Mind moving thesis, teloconesis
Crucified like Jesus, I'ma smile at them tricks
Frowned up, like the smell of piles of shit

[Hook]

So fix your face motherfucker, get that boot out your
mouth
Fuck with a nigga out the South, get your ass knocked
out
And on the West coast, it's still D-R-E
But in this Dirty 3rd, it's D-Reck and E.S.G.
So fix your face motherfucker, get that boot out your
mouth
Fuck with a nigga out the South, get your ass knocked
out
And on the East coast, it's Nas and Jay-Z
But in this Dirty 3rd nigga, it's D-Reck and E.S.G.

[D-Reck]

Bow down now, or you can bow down later
Dedication plus patience, made the game greater
Niggaz hate, to see big paper unfold
We balling out of control, young niggaz realizing the
goals
Where were you, when the dope was sold
Dope was grow, I got it from Jesus was from the Dario
A nigga was moving, in bushels and barrels
Distributing all points, from hundred pounds to dime
sales
Now me and E, are tight like TNT
Ready to ignite, and blow the industry
We represent, these Southside streets
These Southside beats, and like the whether bring
Southside heat
He ain't 2Pac, and I ain't Suge
We ain't Puff and Big, we grip grain and work wood
Down South riders, money and power we fighters
The city's under siege, there'll be no survivors

[Hook]

[E.S.G.]

A Dirty 3rd Southsider, Wreckshop rider
Turning heads blue or red, my silver look lighter
Nigga fuck an appetizer, we the main course
Got Double XL mad, you saw our name in the Source
Nigga Queens to Cali, Wreckshop gon reign
Once these major labels, hear our god damn names
Trigga aim when I swang, I hog the lane
Like a dog off the chain, jaws locked on this game
Two dopeheaded caine, with a trunk full of bang
No tints just vents, watch the Sprint phone ring
There's a lick of cocaine, that's a out of town thang
Keeping frowning at my click, I'ma hit you with this
thang
Nigga must be insane, trying to hate on my firm
Y'all niggaz had your chance, it's Wreckshop turn
Watch a hot glock burn, when I make that bitch hiccup
Nappy nut niggaz, fix your fucking lip up

[Hook - 2x]