

No Matter What

E.S.G.

(*talking*)

Hold up, nothing but the real nothing but the truth
E.S.G., Grease Monkeys man
Anything I put my heart in, it's gotta be real
It's gotta be true, cause that's what I am
Hundred percent, g'eah g'eah what

[E.S.G.]

A new year I pop champagne, and let the guns rain
But don't forget these dirty ass niggaz, ain't changed
No need to say they name, ol' fake ass thugs
Lemonade in they veins, yeah it's bitch in the blood
Ever snitched on a nigga, then I'm talking to you
Ever hated on somebody, then I'm talking to you
My partna Nick doing twenty, killed a nigga for his
cousin
Been in the Pen damn near ten, his cousin ain't sent
him nothing
That's a damn shame, same thang in the rap game
Niggaz scandalize your name, like Rock James or Eddy
Cane
But I'm ready mayn, to bring the light to the South
Ain't no more helping fake, transvestites out
So bring your tracks and your stacks, you won't last
ten bars
Wanna walk in my shoes, you won't last ten yards
Underground bully, and you cocksuckers know that
Keep fucking with me, and I'ma send you where the pope
at g'eah

[Hook]

No matter what, we go through
I keep it real, you know I stay true
And if I'm down, with you
Then you got a real nigga, rolling with you
No matter what, we go through
I keep it real, you know I stay true
And if I'm down, with you
Then you got a real nigga, riding with you

[E.S.G.]

Second verse bout my mama, man I really miss her
Hadn't got a call, or heard from her since Christmas
I love her to death, and I'd do anything for her
If I don't send money, she think I'm trying to ignore
her
Lord knows ain't the truth, you gotta have some
understanding
How you think I got these cars, and this custom built
mansion
Got a son and a daughter, a wife of my own
Can't pay all the bills, I got a life of my own
Some say I might be wrong, expressing myself through a
song
The only way to talk, we ain't talking on the phone
I'ma love her till I'm gone, whether you know it or not
And I can still smell the red beans, boiling in the pot

That's why when I was on lock, ain't asked for no cash
Had my wife on the road, out there busting her ass
See I'm down with her, like I'm down with you
I accepted your husband, so accept my wife too g'eah

[Hook]

[E.S.G.]

What you know bout being a father, when you ain't seen
me

Some three months early, lil' one pound premi'
Emergency pregnancy, heard my lil' man crying
Doctor said it's a chance, he could be crippled or
blind

Couldn't breathe on his own, for three months long
Sat by his bed waiting, for his lungs to get strong
Now he rapping on my song, saying his A's and B's
He love Scooby Doo, Spongebob and Chucky Cheese
Started school early, he was counting that too
They told me no more fucking up, he counting on you
As for my daughter Chocolate, so much time been lost
That's why I get whatever, it don't matter the cost
No you don't see me much, yeah we missed some days
I'm trying to make sho', your tuition be paid
Before you get old, because you never know what
happened

I'm on the grind getting it, ain't no benefits in
rapping yeah

[Hook]