

Deuces Up

B.G.

What they talkin 'bout baby - Paul Wall, Swisha House
And this B. Gizzle - the heart of the streetz
It go down knah'I'm'talkin bout, bangin screw
H-Town, N.O. connection
Knah'I'm'talkin
Let's go!

I know you hate when I get tired of that slab - then switch to another
My partner do the same - mayne they all differant colors
Got candy paint drippin, you in my trunk stutter (st - stutter)
It's the state I'm in that'll tell you I'm a hustler (hustler)
I'm throwin up the duece and givin dap
Comin down the boulevard just holdin slab
Aye I'm throwin up the duece and givin dap
Comin down the boulevard just holdin slab

You know me B.Geezy from way back
Before they made the Phanthom's, or they made the Maybach's
It was Impala this - it was 'Lac that
It was loud rump, wood grain, and wet - wet
Times changed niggaz stuntin game picked up
You can stay at home if ya whip ain't whipped up
Cause you done slipped up hoes ain't even peepin'
If ya shit ain't mean, and ya grill ain't blingin'
I'm comin hard dogg everyday of the week
Black Benz, black Range, black Infinity Jeep
The black Porsche truck got the freak bendin over
The camoflauge truck it's representin solider

Move out the way baby boy here I come
I'm the topical discussion like that boy Vince Young
I'm on the boulevard holdin' workin wood grain wheel
Top down, sun shinin on my ice tray grill
The car fresh out the wash no soap, just water
Turnin everybodies head with my remote control starter
I'm a head turner flippin in my old school dropper
Tippin down on 8 - 4's look, oh so proper
I'm flossin with my partner Memphis in that black on black
Wavin trunk down West Park to make the boppers attract
Them hoes don't know how to act - I'm hoggin lane in the Lac
And I'm a keep on ridin swangers till them hoes start to clack... baby

If you can get it, I got it... if you have it, I had it
From the Lex, to the Benz, from Denali, to Caddi
Ridin'fly no doubt twenty - fo's and up
I'm ridin slow cause purple kool aid in my cup
I'm a down south boy you know we shine
You workin with somethin you hear them hoes holla (waaahhh)
My pockets on swoll, my whip on beam
I started that shit so you know my wrist bling
I went to H - Town to see Paul Wizzy
I left with my grizzly lookin so pretty
Got diamonds from the bottom - to the top of my grill
These couple hundred thousands tryin to turn into a mill

[Chorus]

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