

# Billion Dollar Deal

E.S.G.

[talking:]

Man you know we having money, know I'm tal'n bout  
We get this we get that what, what mo' do you want  
You know I'm talking bout, Wreckshop baby  
We the billion dollar deal

[E.S.G.:]

Where my dogs at, where my boss hoggs at  
Tell me where my ballers, where my shot callers  
Now what you really know, about the dirty South  
Say them hot boys out, say them hot girls out  
No doubt, boys like a dollar sign  
Gotta drop it like it's hot, when Wreckshop in the  
house  
Open up my mouth, grab your cam-corder  
So much ice on the stone, it make the whole club  
sparkle  
Life remarkable, platinum medallion  
Count 'em hardly, a brick house stallion  
Slide-slide, slippidy slide  
And get a room at the Mo', you know  
Ballin' tonight, who balling tonight  
Now is it you, you or you  
Look here boo, everything I do is true  
We's about to body rock, until the flo' fall through

[Hook: Jainea]

Hear me dogs, in the club tonight  
We pulling up, and then stepping out looking tight  
Ice on us, cause we step through the door  
Bout to rip up, the stage floor  
Diamonds bling-blinging, piece hanging off our clothes  
Getting hated by the niggaz, getting all up out they  
hoes  
In our Gucci looking real tight, cause we smoking they  
hate us cause we real  
Wreckshop, be the billion dollar deal

[E.S.G.:]

Where the weed smokers at, where the weed smokers at  
Fire it up, fire it up, fire it up  
Where the syrup sippers at, where the syrup sippers at  
Po' a cup, po' a cup, po' a cup  
Say make money-money, make money-money-money  
(make money-money, make money-money-money)  
Say take money-money, take money-money-money  
(take money-money, take money-money-money)  
I don't mean, to start no riot  
All the ladies in the house suck...be quiet  
(ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-oooooh)  
All my thousand-aires, put your hands in the air  
Put it down with BET, you see me up there  
I don't care, if you rich or po'  
When you name start spitting, everybody hit the flo'

[Hook]

[E.S.G.:]

Wreckshop finna drop, it's before my heart stop  
I'ma scream out, I got love for y'all  
If you ain't a playa hater, it's hugs for y'all  
Time to buy the bar, cause we love to ball  
Here's a list of my dogs, in case you don't know  
I'ma start it off, with that Platinum Soul  
You got Double D, and my boy Noke D  
What's up Blue, what's up Far E-T  
My lil' brother D-Gotti, right beside me  
5"8' pushing weight, don't take him lightly  
Can't forget Ronnie Spencer, what's up Floyd  
Dobie and Darren, tearing up the Boulevard  
Al-1 and Swift, looking on chrome  
Wanna do a show, when Loren G went on the phone  
Nutty Block, Dirty \$ Wreckshop getting bigger  
I love the D-Reck, the consecutive nigga huh

[Hook x2]