

Pinot Grigio

Esham

Sniper and police fire. This is the east side

Girl, all I do is think of you, you my little Pikachu
Spin the bottle, week on the beach, it's just me and you
I'm sad if I ain't seein' you, I'm happy if I'm freakin' you
You be on my mind, everybody that I'm speakin' to
So pack your bags, get ready to go
When I blow the horn, come out the door
When we spend this money, we can spend some more
Think win win win, we can win some more
We makin' plans, takin' trips, just copped that new spaceship
Everybody that see us say congratulations
So I dedicate this to the [?] guns
If you ain't gettin' money, gotta get you some
It started out for me when I was very young
'Cause Detroit city is where I'm from
Rule one, you ain't really got no friends
'Cause these niggas will kill you if you ain't got no ends
Rule two, never let 'em know what you do
'Cause if they knew how to get money, they'd get some too
Rule three, don't trust nobody
Niggas will rock your body like the DJ at the party
Rule four, know you heard this before
Don't get high off your own supply
'Cause if you do that thing you was bound to die
And from the start, you was just a fiend
Is it a nightmare or just a dream?
Rule five, stay your ass alive
One life to live, only the strong survive
Rule six six six, this game is full of tricks
So back on up, I'ma say it again, triple sevens, I was born to win
Seven Mile, Heaven's child, born broke and beat up style
Still they hate what I make, the mile I'm on, it still ain't eight
But I'm fine with my nine, with my nine, with my nine
Ten Mile I cruise and switch, Eleven Mile 696
Still I ride, fly in my whip, I'm ridin' by, I wave at your chick
In my V12 on Twelve Mile, on my way to Hell, you jealous?
I fell down, I got up when it rain I got an umbrella
For the love of the M's, not Eminem
But the M-I double L I-O-N
I'm always doing the Errol Flynn
And before you she was my girlfriend
But she love me still 'cause she pay my bills
And keep my pockets on refill
By the seashore lookin' for seashells
Don't need no other females
At the car wash gettin' that detail
I choke your ass like [?]
If you ask [?] I won't kiss and tell
But if you fuck with her, I may spit some shells
This real life, not no fairy tale
At the bank, they know her very well
Very well, very well, very well, very well
Esham boomin' words from Hell
And calculatin' every sale
Every sale, every sale, every sale, every sale
More bounce to the ounce, every step to me counts

All around the world with the heavy amounts
Euros, yens, plenty friends
Hundreds, twenties, tens, yeah
Count by hand, no money machine
No middle man, no in between
All this cabbage stuffed in my jeans
Me and my queen cookin' collared greens
Goin' back to back like the Detroit Pistons in 1990
Right in front of that
By the money stack is where you can find me
Detroit Bad Boy like Vinnie Microwave in the city
He be clutchin' the [?] for bacon, roastin' the piggies
So I dedicate this to the [?] guns
If you ain't gettin' money, gotta get you some
Gotta pay your dues and know the rules
'Cause in this game, ain't no refunds
A dollar ain't shit unless you save them ones
A gun ain't shit unless you spray them drums
A preacher won't bless you unless you pay them some
It's the root of all evil, but you pray for some
Evil blessings, true confessions, I just got one question
What is a man that gain the world and lose his soul possession?
You tryin' to get to Heaven, but you got the wrong directions