

# 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