

# B.G., Deuces Up

They talkin' 'bout baby, Paul Wall, Swisha House  
And this B. Gizzle, the heart of the streetz  
It go down knah'im'talkin' 'bout, bangin' screw  
H-Town, N.O. connection  
knaah'im'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 different colors got candy paint drippin'  
You in my trunk stutter it's the state I'm in  
That'll tell you I'm a hustler, hustler  
I'm throwin' up the deuce and givin' dap  
Comin' down the boulevard just holdin' slab  
Aye I'm throwin' up the deuce and givin' dap  
Comin' down the boulevard just holdin' slab  
You know me B. Geezy from way back  
Before they made the Phantom'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 camoflaugue truck it's representin' solider  
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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' everybodys 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' swingers till them hoes start to clack, baby  
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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

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  
Sot diamonds from the bottom to the top of my grill  
These couple hundred thousands tryin' to turn into a mill  
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