

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
knah'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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Aye I'm throwin' up the deuce and givin' dap
Comin' down the boulevard just holdin' slab
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' swingers till them hoes start to clack, baby
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Comin' down the boulevard just holdin' slab
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 swell, 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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