

W.C. "Let's Make A Deal"

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(*spanish*)

Let's take a trip..

[WC]

Initiated, gang related a zig-zag litted
Straight homicider when I'm sick with it
I tank, feels the pain, pistols aim
Hands trimbling, cause I'm caught in the mix of the
game

See I'm needing this nigga that got those
Mo' Chicken's to Roscoe's, plus a direct with the
Delgatos

Throw a tree, 14-9 a ki, and if I double that
Then I can get 28 off me

Now the clue to the tax, I'm slapping on the amount
Breaking em down, letting the lil homies circle mouths
for ounce

Gram for gram, touching all the fiends
Why not nigga, ain't that the american dream
Have money, fuck hoes, cut low-lows
Blow dope dough, and nigga fuck mo' hoes
Hey what can I say, it's the american way
I'm jacking for mill-i-ons, I'm loved from y'all to the
Indians

From Columbus to the one time, they all corrupt
And they got Bush in office so nigga we all fucked
Look, I gotta eat, so nigga fuck being nice
Shiit, I'm trying to ball like Reverand Pryce
Call my nigga Gangsta (what's happenin)
What's cracking nigga, where you at

[Gangsta]

I'm on deck in the Midwest, with some ghetto stars
In a suite with one of the homies in a rent-a-car
Fuck with me, we can all get blunted and fin hundred
Spoke sling-shots, and fitty cabs with ends on it
See, three or four hund, and a four month run
I got your back you got mine, till the deal get done

[Chorus: Lina - 2x]

Let's make a deal, time to take a trip (Quanto Questro)
Let's take a trip (what they going for)

[Gangsta]

I got fifty in your hand when you land, so get here
Stop and drop, you won't have to sit here

Niggas is lined up, so keep mine tough
Back and fourth in freight-line trucks
14-9, gotta X out the middle man
Find out how much they'll charge us to get him here
Check six-hund and a six month run
Any nigga try to trip, whole shit get spun
Ain't nothing to it, but to do it (baby)
Staking paper to the ceiling like the (eighties)
Ask Anesto, Quanto Qeusto
Tell him that we got a hundred thous in a Benz or the
Lexo
[WC]
La la la la la la la la
I'm about to catch me a homicide
[Gangsta]
Ah naw Dub, we done cracked him fo sho glove
We gone build up our trust, till they trust us with mo'
drugs
Then, they gone wish they never knew us
Have em saying hathe pinche miatay, screw us
We called Anesto, at Texaco
Set up a meeting at Taco Mexico
(*talking*)
[Chorus]

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