

Chris Brown**"Deuces (feat. André 3000, Drake, Fabolous, Kanye)"**

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[Drake, Verse 1:]

Whatchu mean, I aint call you, I hit you when I landed
I'm waitin in my hotel room,
seems like we're arguing more and its gettin less
romantic
Yeah, I think she'll be able to tell soon
But, i'll f*ck you right I will, i'll f*ck you right I will
i'll fuck you like no one has ever ever made you feel
I mean its part of our, relationship's amazin still
I might just put up with the arguing and stay foreal
You lookin bad, girl for goodness sakes,
you with all those curves and me without no brakes
Ooh, i'm willin to work it out, however long it takes you
You feel like you missed those happy days, well girl
that makes 2 of us
Our timin is wrong, your friends always tiein up every
line on your phone
Yeah, but tell them n*ggas, that you'll always be my
Ms. (misses)
And, the hardest part about the fuckin business
is mindin your own
Uhh, and everytime I try and break it off,
we just yellin till we tired then I break you off
It's useless all this fightin, let's get past it now
Even when I throw them deuces, you just send 'em
back around

[T.I., Verse 2:]

Ya wrist and fingers glisten, ice cold like Michigan
Aye look at what we livin in, here we go with this again
I just keep on talkin but I guess that you aint listenin
Rather run around with them nothin a** b*tches then
go on
Got me high, smokin like a chimney,
we used to be best friends now it seems we finna be
enemies
Deep inside it's killin me, but soon it's gon be killin you
To see her in that 2 seater, no thats gon hurt yo feelins
boo
Eh hah, didn't you think you would be over me by now
So you go sleepin with them clowns, they are no relieve

She spoke her peace, I know ca-peesh so love must let
go
release
Into the wind[?] but again,
again but them deuces I must throw you PEACE!

[Kanye West, Verse 3:]

You know it yo, you a b*tch,
you should have a travel agent cause you a trip
You should make your own toliet tissue, since you the
sh*t
But, all you got is some f*ckin issues b*tch,
I hate b*tches but I love your mom
Give her a kiss for me, her second son,
get'cha mind right baby or get ya sh*t together
You gon be hot for a while, i'ma be rich forever
girl seducers, they come in deuces
But, when I cut them off they always become a new
sense
N*ggas take my old flows, and take my old swag
he just took my old b*tch and turned it to his new b*tch
I'm stupid, but I wont get my drama on,
what i'm dealin with is too real for me to comment on
They finally got it through my head, not to run my
mouth
So when y'all talk bout you know who, I dont know who
you talkin bout

[Fabolous, Verse 4:]

According to my old bish, I be on some new ish
she was on some old ish, now I got a new bish
Think I give two ish, you aint gon do ish, meet my two
fingers
intro-deuces (deuces)
If you knew better, you'd do better when I give the
middle finger
but I got two better
-Chris Brown: So you gon diss me, even tho you know
its wrong
So you gon diss me, even tho that i'ma gone (gone
gone)-
Drizzy voice, now i'm ghost baby, 4 door rizzy royce
tryna work it out might be a bad business choice
I'm bout my business boys, plus I make paper, c'mon
thats old news
yesterday's paper
Oh, you talkin? What about? If it aint how I kept you
stutted out
you might as well shut your mouth
You'll never score another me, I shut it out,
act like its gum in yo hair girl cut it out

[Andre 3000, Verse 5:]

The farewell email, from the female
But, i'm a playa, ain't gon tell you all the details
Who didnt tales[?],
are hard to say like sellin sea shells by the sea shore
but she's not a [?]
But, neither a whore, who needs to know more,
the kind you can't ignore, but want to open the door for
Or run in your favorite store, and leave with all them
shoppin bags

and half of it aint yours
I did things for her, aint rich, I aint poor,
I wanted to do more but hell I just aint know her
Well enough to know if this is all that she came for

but enough to know tonight,
excited, she came for (four)
Times to my cousin house, to see if I was there

get your minds out the gutter man
We out here tryna have a good time,
and here I am all heavy with the words where
Somebody thats a nerve, likely fast foward, but sh*t
they asked for it
It's hard to throw up the deuces, cause when you know
it's juicy
You start to sound like confusish[?], when makin up
excuses
Chase the booses, to the track, gone,
I gotta find me a new loco-motive
stop makin sad songs

[Chris Brown, Chorus:]

I'm on some new sh*t, i'm chunkin my deuces up to her
(deuces)
I'm movin on to something better, better, better
No more tryna make it work (deuces)
You make me wanna say bye bye, say bye bye,
say bye bye to her (deuces) [x2]

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