

Stat Quo

"Billion Bucks"

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* originally slated for "Eminem Presents The Re-Up"
[Intro: Stat Quo] Hey, hey - most certainly {"LT Moe music, music, music.."} YEA! Hey, hey - LT you a fool for this one! Hey, hey - Statlanta, Statlanta.. Hey, hey - ha ha ha, I'm my favorite too [Stat Quo] This is Zone 3 speakin, Stat Quo stay cheesin On the grizz e'ry day, and night, and season Out here, I ain't leavin, you hatin for no reason Keep bitchin and tongue teasin, them heaters'll start squeezin Have you sick and grievin, dead not breathin Get back, lay down motherfucker now, we even Primetime G'in, him ya ain't seein Mad cause I fucked yo' bitch, she suck my dick like she was eatin The children's in my region, the city really needs him Cause these niggaz rappin, slackin and underachievin Check my brain, know the name, the status I'm reachin Ice you never dream of, while ya all are sleepin Bad girl freakin, all night skeetin Huh, pimp hard, leave the country for the weekend No question, I'm him all season Statlanta, oh yes, the one you should believe in [Chorus: Stat Quo] Hey, they say I'm doin too much I don't twist in my whip, blowin purp out the dutch (out the dutch) No, shawty pop that clutch Finger up, other hand on my nuts, shawty WHAT? {"I'm fresh, dressed, like a billion bucks"} Hey {"I'm fresh, dressed, like a bil-I'm-I'm"} {"I'm-I'm fresh, dressed, like a billion bucks"} Hey {"I'm-I'm fresh, dressed, like a billion bucks"} [Stat Quo] Is he the street-est of the stret niggaz? (Nope!) I ain't tryna be that I'm just tryna get scrilla my nigga, shawty relax Folk off in the barbershop, askin where I be at (where the nigga be at?) Fuckin yo' bitch while you cuttin hair, nigga buy that The {?} on my badge, GMM still intact I don't snap when I dance, I just snap on this track (c'mon) E'ry nigga tryin to trap on wax, ease back Knock-kneed, I'm me, I won't slack but a scratch I got love for my folk who really hustle for the snacks I don't fire up a match, I know you wonder what I pack Just know it's jet black, fully loaded, buddy act I ain't tryin to be a gangsta but I will cock it back To defend my folk, I'll be forced to react On some violent shit, and push your wig straight back It's Stat, dig that, I'm the shit, them the facts You

don't like me when you see me, keep it movin, bad
back (AY!) [Chorus] [Stat Quo] I rep the A from my
fitted on down to my feet E'ry time I hit the club I'm
goin home with a freak Lames hate me from the side
cause I'm who they wanna be Bad bitches in my ride
cause they all know that I'm {"I'm fresh, dressed, like a
billion bucks"} Hey {"I'm fresh, dressed, like a bil-I'm-
I'm"} Hey {"I'm-I'm fresh, dressed, like a billion
bucks"} Hey {"I'm-I'm fresh, dressed, like a billion
bucks"} [Outro: Stat Quo] (Hey) Yeah, LT Moe, Stat Quo
nigga G, M, M (hey) ha Shady/Aftermath, A-Town A-
Town YEA! (hey)

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