

Felice Brothers

"Billion Dollar Deal"

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[Talking:]

Man you know we having money, know I'm tal'n bout
We get this we get that what, what mo' do you want
You know I'm talking bout, Wreckshop baby
We the billion dollar deal

[E.S.G.:]

Where my dogs at, where my boss hoggs at
Tell me where my ballers, where my shot callers
Now what you really know, about the dirty South
Say them hot boys out, say them hot girls out
No doubt, boys like a dollar sign
Gotta drop it like it's hot, when Wreckshop in the
House
Open up my mouth, grab your cam-corder
So much ice on the stone, it make the whole club
Sparkle
Life remarkable, platinum medallion
Count 'em hardly, a brick house stallion
Slide-slide, slippidy slide
And get a room at the Mo', you know
Balling tonight, who balling tonight
Now is it you, you or you
Look here boo, everything I do is true
We's about to body rock, until the flo' fall through

[Hook: Jainea]

Hear me dogs, in the club tonight
We pulling up, and then stepping out looking tight
Ice on us, cause we step through the door
Bout to rip up, the stage floor
Diamonds bling-blinging, piece hanging off our clothes
Getting hated by the niggaz, getting all up out they
Hoes
In our Gucci looking real tight, cause we smoking they
Hate us cause we real
Wreckshop, be the billion dollar deal

[E.S.G.:]

Where the weed smokers at, where the weed smokers
at

Fire it up, fire it up, fire it up
Where the syrup sippers at, where the syrup sippers at
Po' a cup, po' a cup, po' a cup
Say make money-money, make money-money-money
(Make money-money, make money-money-money)
Say take money-money, take money-money-money
(Take money-money, take money-money-money)
I don't mean, to start no riot
All the ladies in the house suck... be quiet
(Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-oooooh)
All my thousand-aires, put your hands in the air
Put it down with BET, you see me up there
I don't care, if you rich or po'
When you name start spitting, everybody hit the flo'

[Hook]

[E.S.G.:]

Wreckshop finna drop, it's before my heart stop
I'ma scream out, I got love for y'all
If you ain't a playa hater, it's hugs for y'all
Time to buy the bar, cause we love to ball
Here's a list of my dogs, in case you don't know
I'ma start it off, with that Platinum Soul
You got Double D, and my boy Noke D
What's up Blue, what's up Far E-T
My lil' brother D-Gotti, right beside me
5'8' pushing weight, don't take him lightly
Can't forget Ronnie Spencer, what's up Floyd
Dobie and Darren, tearing up the Boulevard
Al-1 and Swift, looking on chrome
Wanna do a show, when Loren G went on the phone
Nutty Block, Dirty \$ Wreckshop getting bigger
I love the D-Reck, the consecutive nigga huh

[Hook x2]

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