

B.G. f/ Paul Wall, Yung Redd

"Deuces Up"

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[Talking]

[Paul Wall]

What they talkin 'bout baby - Paul Wall, Swisha House

[B.G.]

And this B.Gizzle - the heart of the streetz

[Paul Wall]

it go down knah'im'talkin bout, bangin screw

[B.G.]

H-Town, N.O. connection

[Paul Wall]

knah'im'talkin

[B.G.]

Let's go!

[Chorus - Yung Redd]

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 (st -
stutter)

it's the state I'm in that'll tell you I'm a hustler (hustler)

I'm throwin up the duece and givin dap

comin down the boulevard just holdin slab

Aye I'm throwin up the duece and givin dap

comin down the boulevard just holdin slab

[Verse 1 - B.G.]

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 camoflaug truck it's representin solider

[Chorus]

[Verse 2 - Paul Wall]

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 swangers till them hoes start to
clack...baby

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - B.G.]

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(waaahhh)
my pockets on swoll, 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 grizzy lookin so pretty
got diamonds from the bottom - to the top of my grill
these couple hundred thousands tryin to turn into a mill

[Chorus]

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