

# Let's Make A Deal

WC

Let's take a trip...

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  
Shiiit, I'm trying to ball like Reverand Pryce  
Call my nigga Gangsta (what's happenin)  
What's cracking nigga, where you at

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

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

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

La la la la la la la la  
I'm about to catch me a homicide

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