

# 1 Shot Deal (suprasayin)

## Lloyd Banks

You can call me  
Mr. one two three  
Mr. One Shot Deal I'm leaving out with heavy dough  
After every show  
That's why my chain, watch, frame and bezzy glow  
I pull through the P's, whip 'round the chevy slow  
I ain't gotta tell niggaz I'm hot, they already know I got big rooms with walk-in closets  
It looks like Foot Locker when you walk inside it  
You're dead broke so you can't pop your collar  
And you gonna spend the whole summer eating off the dollar menu  
I'm a grown man, there still a little child in you  
and he gonna come out as soon as the 40-cal hit you  
It's either that or get your ass beaten once a day  
You're gonna need a magician to wipe the bumps away My car worth more than your deal  
I got chrome on the wheel  
and four in the grill  
If my chick was in flicks, she'd be the girl all over my balls  
Mean head game, she suck the corn on the cob off

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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