

You Know the Deal

A-1 Swift

Uh, uh, yeah

Ay, I'm focused now, they notice now
Shorty to ride with me you got to hold this down
But you ain't got to worry 'cause we run this town
A n**** run up on me will get his a** g***** down
You know the deal, it's all about a dollar bill
You know the deal, it's all about a dollar bill
You know the deal, it's all about a dollar bill
You know fo'reals, the only way that I can chill
Uh, n****z won't understand 'til they man fall
From a exit wound big as a handball
Damn y'all, can a n**** spend a mill
For a house on the hill as tall as a Ferris wheel?
N****z better chill for the b***** peel
Knock off your head and ill, whole bunch of red'll spill
N**** I'm rollin' up, system blowin', hater's glowin' up
Frozen up, Range Rover truck color Coconut
I used to be broke as f****, 'til I woke 'em up
I'll show you how to stroke a s****, get in her throat and gut
Then it's back to postin' up, wheels pokin' out
Smoke about enough to have you gaspin' and chokin' out
I do what I wanna when I wanna ball when it's summer
Leave out the club, squeeze 'em all in the Hummer
Stitching in the seats, interior Peanut Butter
Brand new Pele Pele, N****-millimeter under
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Uh, Banks is back yeah, the punchline boy
You've got to be a millionaire to touch my toy
I figured, I'll let the haters see it one more time
I skied off zero to sixty in three point nine
Besides, I gotta make the jewelery store on time
I look like I bought the jewelery store this time

And it's hard to live like a Rap Star on the cover
I got three M*****, the G***, Carter, Rugger
I got a fur fetish, a three-quarter cut habit
N**** that ain't chinchilla, it's parrot
Part rabbit, go find your heart f****
I prey n****z find your foot and toe tag it
There ain't never a drought, I got the sound on tour
So raw I gotta hotel towel on the door
H*** all around the hotel piled to the floor
They done followed your boss since two-thousand and four
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You know the deal, it's all about a dollar bill
You know fo'reals, the only way that I can chill
From here on out it's manslaughter for the masses
And classics courtesy of Mr. Mather's
You bastards heard of me I get the cash
It's the American way I go to bed with the *
I got red, blue and white don't even ask about ice
I look like a cop car flashin' his lights
All they want to do is s***, chat and make tapes about him
'Til they lost like Malcolm before the 'Nation' got him
Out in Timberland tearing the coup
My wrist chunky like Campbell's soup, n****z shoot
I done been around the world and I'm right here
You won't hurt me, I'll put your a** on ice yeah, cold turkey
I'm blowin' Purple, the Haze mixed with Hershey
I done gave you style, now reimburse me
And it ain't no more love you get the 'Birdie'
I'ma be in the number one spot 'til I'm thirty
I'm focused now, they notice now
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