

“Dude...this book is SO GOOD!!”
Russell Brunson, CEO of Clickfunnels

\$100M OFFERS



ALEX HORMOZI

**HOW TO MAKE OFFERS SO GOOD
PEOPLE FEEL *STUPID* SAYING NO**

HOW TO MAKE OFFERS SO GOOD PEOPLE FEEL STUPID SAYING NO

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“After spending one day with Alex, we added \$5 MILLION PER YEAR in profit without adding any new services. When Alex talks about acquisition, you should listen (as long as you don’t hate money).”

BROOKE CASTILLO, CEO, LIFE COACH SCHOOL

*“My career can be broken into two chapters: the first was 15 years of banging my head against the wall trying to figure out why I was not fulfilling my potential. The second chapter started when I read ‘\$100M Offers’ by Alex hormozi. It was then that I had the confidence to know exactly how to have the success that I knew I was capable of enjoying. If you are a business owner that is done settling for less than your potential, this book will quickly show you that it’s not your fault; no one has taught you how to make irresistible offers. **This book will change that within a few chapters.** Consider this book your second chapter. **It is an absolute game changer.**”*

RYAN DANIEL MORAN FOUNDER, CAPITALISM.COM

*“We first found out about Alex and instantly bought his book. It’s the best book I’ve ever read really in business. Probably the biggest thing I learned from him is that so many times in business you want to charge your customers more and you almost feel guilty like ‘oh my gosh can I really do this?’ but I think there’s nobody better that really puts packages and prices together that not only you can increase your price for your business but you’re also increasing the value for the customer at the exact same time. **Since we started working with him...within two months...our business was already doing \$10M/yr in sales...INSTANT DOUBLE and it’s only been two months since we came in touch with him and our business is on a run rate to do \$23M/yr in sales now.** Just from changing our pricing, our packaging, and at the same time delivering better results and outcomes for the clients that we work with.”*

ANDREW ARGUE FOUNDER, CEO ACCOUNTINGTAX.COM

GUIDING PRINCIPLES

There are no rules.

Thank You

To Leila:

You are my ride-or-die:

a term used to describe a person (usually a woman) that is willing to do anything for their partner, friend, or family, even in the face of danger.

Couldn't do this without you . . . and wouldn't want to.

You make waking up everyday worth it.

Thank you for being unapologetically you.

You're a down motherfucker.

To Trevor:

You're the best friend a guy could ask for.

Thank you for spending hours upon hours beating up the ideas that became this book with me.

It would not be half as good as it is without your relentless drive for simplification and clarity.

Eternally grateful for our friendship.

You make me feel less alone in the world.

Cheers to becoming old and crotchety.

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"Outsized returns often come from betting against conventional wisdom, and conventional wisdom is usually right. Given a 10 percent chance of a 100 times payoff, you should take that bet every time. But you're still going to be wrong nine times out of ten . . . We all know that if you swing for the fences, you're going to strike out a lot, but you're also going to hit some home runs. The difference between baseball and business, however, is that baseball has a truncated outcome distribution. When you swing, no matter how well you connect with the ball, the most runs you can get is four. In business, every once in a while, when you step up to the plate, you can score 1,000 runs. This long-tailed distribution of returns is why it's important to be bold. Big winners pay for so many experiments."

JEFF BEZOS

As entrepreneurs, we make bets everyday. We are gamblers — gambling our hard-earned money on labor, inventory, rent, marketing, etc., all with the hopes of a higher pay out. Oftentimes, we lose. But, sometimes, we win and win BIG.

However, there is a difference between gambling in business and gambling in a casino. In a casino, the odds are stacked against you. With skill, you can improve them, but never beat them. In contrast, in business, you can improve your skills to shift the odds *in your favor*. Simply stated, with enough skill, you can become the house.

After beginning a series of books on acquisition, it became apparent that I could not talk about any other topic without first addressing *the offer*: the starting point of any conversation to initiate a transaction with a customer. What you are literally *providing* them in exchange for their money. That's where it all begins.

This book is about how to make profitable offers. Specifically, how to *reliably* turn advertising dollars into (enormous) profits using a combination of pricing, value, guarantees, and naming strategies. I call the proper combination of these components: a *Grand Slam Offer*.

I chose this term partially in homage to the above quote from Amazon founder Jeff Bezos and because, like a grand slam in baseball, a Grand Slam Offer is both very good and very rare. Additionally, to extend the baseball metaphor, it takes no more effort to make a Grand Slam Offer than to strike out. The difference is dictated by the skill of the marketer and how well he connects his offer with his audience's desires. In business you can have so-so offers: the "singles" and "doubles" that keep the game going, pay the bills, and keep the lights on. But, unlike baseball, where a grand slam scores a maximum of four runs, a Grand Slam Offer in the business world, can score you a thousand-fold pay off and result in a world where you never need to work again. It would be like connecting with the ball so well during one single at bat that you automatically win every World Series for the next hundred years.

It takes years of practice to make something as complicated as hitting a major league fastball into the bleachers look effortless. Your stance, vision, prediction, ball speed, bat speed, and hip placement all must be perfect. In marketing and customer acquisition (the process of getting new clients), there are just as many variables that must all align to truly "knock it out of the park." But with enough practice and enough skill, you can turn the wild world of acquisition, which *will* throw curveballs at you everyday, into a homerun derby, knocking offer after offer out of the stadium. To everyone else, your success will look unbelievable. But to you, it will feel like "just another day at work." The greatest hitters of all time also have many strike outs, just as there are many failed offers in the track record of great marketers. We learn skills through failure and practice. We do this knowing that nine out of ten times we will be wrong. We still act boldly, hoping for that offer we connect with so well that it results in our big payoff.

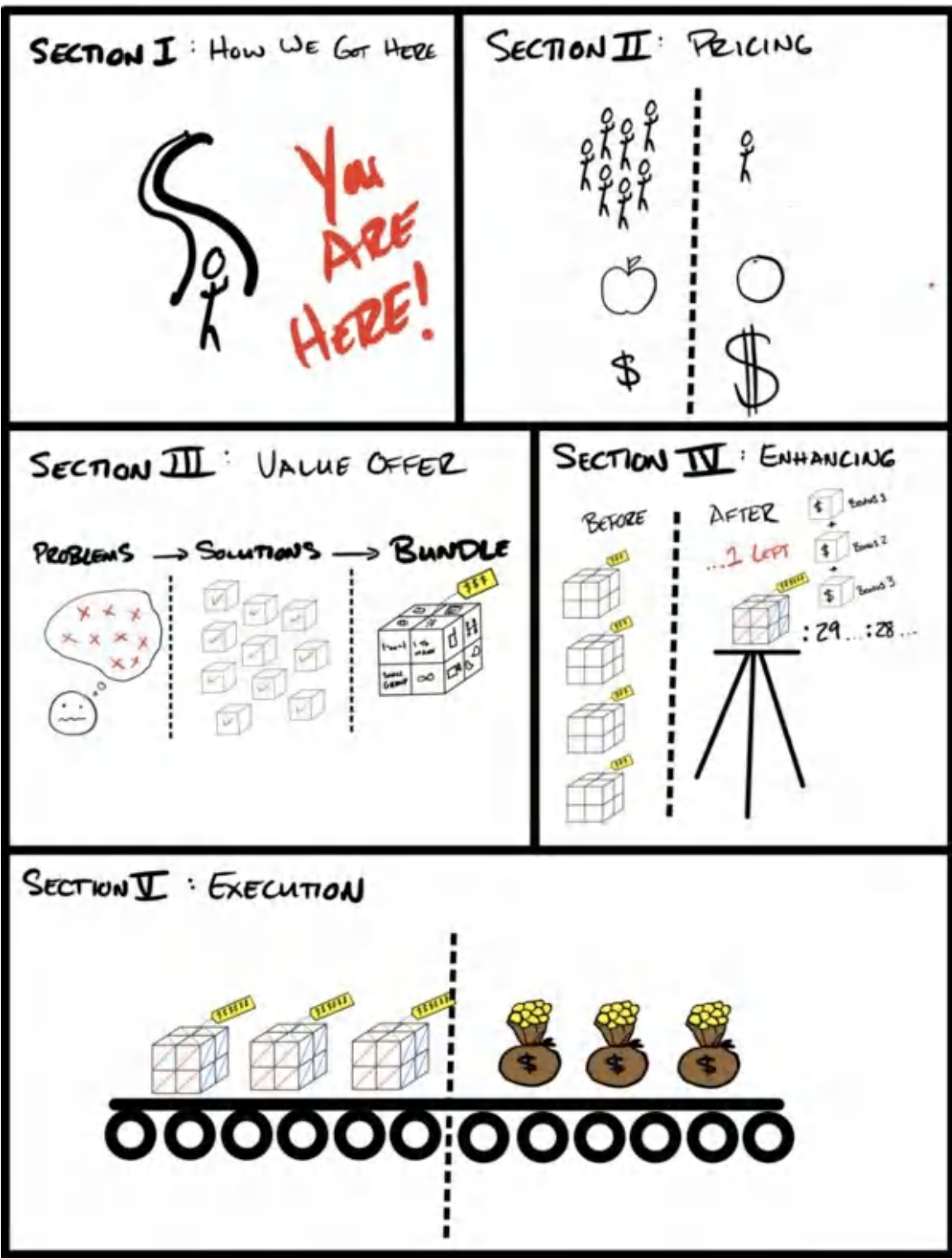
The good news is that in business, you only need to hit *one* Grand Slam Offer to retire forever. I have done this four or five times in my life. As for my track record, I have a 36:1 lifetime return on my advertising dollars over my business career. Consider this my lifetime "batting average," if you will. That means for every \$1 I spend on advertising I get \$36 back, a 3600% return. That is my *average* over eight years. And I continue to improve.

This book is my attempt to share that skill with you, with a specific focus on building Grand Slam Offers, so you can experience the same levels of success. It's also the first in a series of books meant to get entrepreneurs to financial freedom, in plain words, "fuck you" money. Subsequent books in this series will look more deeply at getting more customers, converting

into clients, making those clients worth more, and other lessons I wish I had learned earlier scaling my businesses.

Pro Tip: Faster, Deeper Learning By Reading & Listening At Same Time

Here's a life hack I discovered a long time ago...If you listen to the audiobook while reading the ebook or physical book you will increase your reading speed and retain more information. The contents are being stored in more places in your brain. This is how I read most things worth reading. I've priced my products as cheap as the platforms will allow me to, so this isn't a ploy to make an extra .99 cents - promise. If you want to give it a try, go ahead and grab the audio version and see for yourself. You might find it as valuable as I have (as someone who struggles to stay focused). I took two days to talk this book out loud and record it. I figured I'd put this "hack" at the beginning of the book so you had a chance to do it if you found this first chapter valuable enough to earn your attention.



"Magic will find those with pure hearts, even when all seems lost."

MORGAN RHODES

December 24, 2016. Christmas Eve.

The room was pitch black. My shoes stuck to a floor covered in dried soda and crushed bits of candy. My nostrils were full with the smell of stale popcorn. We had showed up too late to get good seats and ended up pressed near the front of the theater. Just a few rows in front of me, the movie's blazing projection occupied my entire field of view. In the reflected glow, I could see the outlines of Leila's family's faces. They may as well have been hypnotized.

I envied them. They sat, entranced, soaking in their paid time off for Christmas. *Must be nice.*

Anybody else would have missed it but Leila, my girlfriend at the time, knew me too well. Anybody else would have thought I was watching the movie, but Leila could tell I was staring blankly at the screen, my eyes not tracking the movie. My face was pale. My cheekbones and jawline appeared gaunt. Weeks of chronic stress had killed my appetite.

"What's wrong?" she asked.

I didn't answer.

She rested her hand on mine to get my attention. I didn't react. Within moments, her fingers tightened around my wrist, and she looked at me, her eyes searching for mine. "Your heart is racing," she whispered, concerned.

Without asking, she took my pulse.

It was 100 beats per minute. Nearly twice what it should be for a fit 27 year old male at "rest" in a cool, dark room.

"What's going on?" she asked more forcibly, but still whispering.

The truth is, I was terrified.

A few hours earlier . . .

I looked like a giant. I sat scrunched up in a children's miniature play chair. My knees almost touched my chest, even with my feet firmly planted on the old beige carpeted floor. My laptop felt hot sitting atop my steeply angled knees. Dolls and toys were scattered around me. They stared at me with wide eyes and toothy grins, motionless. I had been their entertainment the past few weeks.

I was in Leila's parents' house. They had recently become grandparents and used this spare bedroom as a playroom when the grandchildren visited. I didn't have a place to live. So they were letting Leila and I stay there "as long as we needed." They had let me use the children's playroom as my office for my "business", which at this point felt almost as make-believe as the stories they had told their grandchildren in this room.

I literally felt like I was playing dress up. Except the stakes were real. And this was my life.

My ears were hot and red from the phone being pressed against them for what felt like hours. I kept switching hands because my arms would tire from holding the phone up for so long.

"I'm sorry Mr. Hormozi," the voice on the other end of the line said, "we have to hold onto these funds for the next six months. We've seen some irregular activity, so this is precautionary."

"Are you fucking kidding me, \$120-grand," I said. "A 'precaution'!?"

"I'm sorry sir, our underwriting team—"

"Yeah, I heard you," I said, cutting him off. "I don't accept that."

"Sir, it's not up to me it's just our pol—"

"What am I gonna tell my salesman, who has a baby and another on the way? Are you going to tell him he's not going to be able to buy his pregnant wife and newborn food? Are you going to pay his mortgage for him?"

I was seething.

Li t s i z - t o n e began again, with unphased apathy, just trying to deliver the news.

“It’s not yours to take.” My aggression was quickly turning into desperation. “Shit, just send me half so I can pay my employees,” I pleaded “It’s Christmas Eve for fuck’s sake.”

“Sir, we’re going to be holding onto the entirety of your funds for the next six months per your agreement . . .” The voice faded into the distance.

Fuck.

I hung up and checked my accounts. \$23,036.

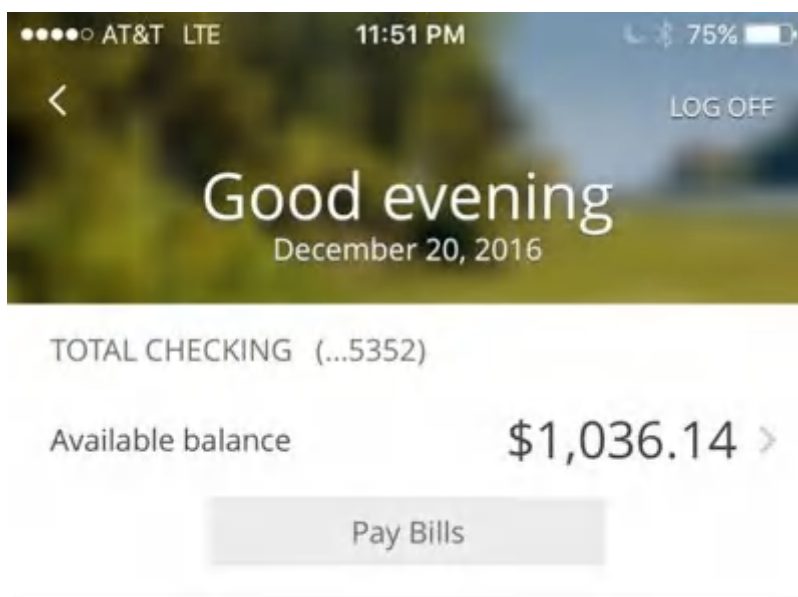
I owed my salesman a \$22,000 commission check for \$120,000 in sales I never got.

Without wanting to give myself the opportunity to think about it, I wired it to him.

-\$22,000 Payment Successful.

Balance \$1,036.

Fuck



I screenshotted this image of my bank account because I knew I would tell this story some day.

The sunlight blinded me as we emerged from the matinee. Families shuffled in and out through the revolving doors, making their happy memories. I was in a daze. Leila led me to the car, her hand wrapped firmly around mine.

“What’s wrong? What happened?” she asked.

“The money isn’t coming.”

“What do you mean?” she asked. “It’s delayed?”

I exhaled in defeat. “They are keeping it all.”

“Can they do that!?”

“Apparently,” I said stoically, trying to maintain my composure in front of her parents.

“What are you gonna do about the commissions?”

“I already paid him. Everything.” I said it without looking at her.

Leila’s concern turned to dread.

We sat in silence the whole way home. I stared out the window. She held my hand in hers. It was more comforting than I anticipated. *We’ll get through this.*

I had decided to go all in on this new business I called “Gym Launch.” Here was the idea: I would fly around the country to gyms and fill them up to full capacity using this new methodology that hinged on an offer I had perfected when I owned my chain of gyms.

Leading up to this moment, I had sold five of my six gyms. The funds from selling them, my life’s work, I had put into an account I had with a new partner. This money was supposed to be the seed money for our new company.

I was finally going to realize some level of success.

My alarm went off. I groggily swung my arm over blindly clawing at the bedside table. I switched off the alarm, while Leila managed to sleep through the commotion.

I laid there silently, pulling up the bank accounts — a daily ritual. The balance said \$300.

Wait. That couldn’t be right. There was \$46,000 in here yesterday.

My adrenaline surged. Looking closer I saw “-\$45,700 Payment Successful.” I was frantic.

The money from selling all of my gyms was gone. I checked where the money went. To my “partner.” He had taken all the money out.

Fuck.

The last four years of my life had vanished that fast. I officially had nothing, and even less to show for it. No gyms. No equipment. No employees. Nothing.

I felt dead inside.

Adding insult to injury, in that same 30-day period, my mother was in critical condition because of a near fatal accident (and was still under 24-hour supervision), and I had totalled my car in a head on collision at 60 miles per hour and earned a DUI as my consolation prize.

This was the cherry on top. My one saving grace during this time was selling a new “challenge offer” at a gym and collecting all the cash up front as my “fee” for turning their business around.

So I did the only thing I knew. I *sold*. My salesman had done \$120,000 in a single month, and I owed him a \$22,000 commission check.

The problem was the \$120,000 never came.

“We need to talk,” I said as Leila and I went into the other room. I worked up the courage to speak but stared at the floor, embarrassed.

“I’ve got nothing,” I said to her. “I’m a sinking ship, and you don’t have to stay with me.”

She grabbed my chin and pulled my face towards hers so she could look into my eyes: “I would sleep with you under a bridge if it came to that.” I would have cried tears of joy, but I was so emotionally exhausted my response appeared apathetic.

I wouldn’t stay with me.

“Are we still gonna do these launches starting tomorrow?” She asked. “All my friends quit their jobs to do this.” She was being matter of fact, but it still stung. I felt defeated. “Listen, this could go horribly wrong,”

“I trust you. We’ll figure it out.”

I had two things left at that point: a grand slam offer and an old business credit card with a \$100,000 limit from when I had my gyms.

On the day after Christmas (two days after the gut-wrenching call with the payment processor) we were scheduled to launch six new gyms . . . at the same time. Between airfare, hotels, rental cars, gas, and ad spend (all multiplied by six), I was going to be spending \$3,300 per *day* of money I didn’t have. My last dollar had gone to paying my salesman. I still remember my hand shaking as the advertisements went live: Off→ *ON*.

Just like that, I was going into debt at a rate of \$412 dollars per working hour. Just like that, \$3,300 per day began getting deducted from my account.

-\$3,300 . . . I now officially have nothing

-\$3,300 . . . I now have officially less than nothing

Lit \$3,300.com have \$10,000 less than nothing

-\$3,300 . . . This one decision is going to ruin my future forever.

But things started shaping up. Here's what happened that month (January 2017), as documented by my old processing records I dug up. You can see the month along the left column and the revenue collected that month along the right.

	Pending Authorizations		Charges		Refunds		Rtns/Chgbks		Voids		Declines		Totals	
	Count	Amount	Count	Amount	Count	Amount	Count	Amount	Count	Amount	Count	Aprvl Pct	Count	Amount
01/2017	0	\$0.00	348	\$102,605.64	7	\$-2,488.33	0	\$0.00	12	\$2,002.98	148	70%	515	\$100,117.31
02/2017	0	\$0.00	847	\$190,809.50	56	\$-13,243.77	1	\$-166.00	5	\$1,247.00	232	78%	1141	\$177,399.73
03/2017	0	\$0.00	782	\$177,820.58	61	\$-12,701.50	4	\$-997.00	21	\$3,458.50	285	73%	1153	\$164,122.08
04/2017	0	\$0.00	704	\$204,461.25	49	\$-10,725.00	10	\$-6,315.00	2	\$-50.00	354	67%	1119	\$187,421.25
05/2017	0	\$0.00	191	\$260,754.00	4	\$-797.00	11	\$-16,984.00	0	\$0.00	42	82%	248	\$242,973.00
06/2017	0	\$0.00	214	\$272,835.00	5	\$-1,498.00	30	\$-55,375.00	0	\$0.00	1	100%	250	\$215,962.00
07/2017	0	\$0.00	282	\$316,917.98	0	\$0.00	21	\$-23,450.00	0	\$0.00	7	98%	310	\$293,467.98
08/2017	0	\$0.00	346	\$393,370.62	0	\$0.00	28	\$-32,998.99	1	\$100.00	45	88%	420	\$360,371.63
09/2017	0	\$0.00	478	\$543,376.29	1	\$-1,000.00	64	\$-65,792.00	0	\$0.00	41	92%	584	\$476,584.29
10/2017	0	\$0.00	799	\$828,709.31	7	\$-5,798.00	50	\$-49,887.00	8	\$8,000.00	31	96%	895	\$773,024.31
11/2017	0	\$0.00	1076	\$1,132,319.31	8	\$-8,000.00	66	\$-64,296.00	1	\$1.00	92	92%	1243	\$1,060,023.31
12/2017	0	\$0.00	1315	\$1,363,956.31	13	\$-17,296.00	83	\$-82,099.00	1	\$1,000.00	111	92%	1523	\$1,264,561.31
01/2018	0	\$0.00	1609	\$1,621,972.81	15	\$-28,175.00	97	\$-88,995.00	8	\$9,000.00	102	94%	1831	\$1,504,802.81
Totals	0	\$0.00	8991	\$7,409,908.60	226	\$-101,722.60	465	\$-487,354.99	59	\$24,759.48	1491	86%	11232	\$6,820,831.01

We made \$100,117! It was just enough to cover the \$3,300/day that had been coming off the credit card. It was actually working. I could hardly believe it. I threw the hail mary, and the universe caught it. I went from looking up bankruptcy lawyers to figuring out what to do with \$3,000,000 in profits, accrued within the first twelve months. It felt surreal. And in hindsight, it still kind of does.

By the end of the year we were doing \$1,500,000+/mo. Twelve months from then, \$4,400,000/mo. Per. Month. Twenty-four months after that, we crossed \$120,000,000 in sales, donated \$2,000,000 to help fund equal opportunity in low income areas. We met and befriended Arnold Schwarzenegger (lifelong hero) and were asked to be board members of his charity *After School All Stars*.



Leila and I meeting with Arnold Schwarzenegger at his home. We are now on the national board of his charity After School All Stars. Creating Grand Slam Offers has given us access to people we only dreamed of.



- Lituz.com

Elektron kitoblar

**To'liq qismini Shu tugmani
bosish orqali sotib oling!**