

J.Beale

"One Time"

Visit "[One Time](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

It's J Beale man
But uhmm, they call me mister make them drip
More like mister make 'em trip

(Verse 1)

I'm trying to separate my dreams from reality
But this girl is too bad and my girlfriend stay mad at
me
Fuck man I need some triple A batteries
For my beats by Dre , so I could ease my way
Into this dream where you ease my day, fees rolled up
To the fake niggas can't cheat my J
I need to be lost in the smoke, I'm lost in this life
For wanting a wife , but these strippers apply pressure
to this pipe
Staying under these lights one of these nights
I see myself kicking back with a triple stack, right?
That's the life when you're way too fucking nice
Bitch I know I'm fucking wrong, but I know I fucked you
right
Pulling off with a feeling of disgust
My conscious going bonkas I hit my niggas up ,what's
good?
I'm on the south side, meet me at the mics
I be waiting outside , take your time 'cause of

(Chorus)

Well you know , I'm dreaming about you girl
Wishing you were here yeah yeah
Eventhough I know I gotta let you go
I'm thinking back on how we feel in love
That one time
Picture so clear

(Verse 2)

What the fuck is faithful these days
Don't worry I wait
Niggas getting caught up
Charges getting brought up
Buy bitches with feeling
I'm glad that ain't my babe look

I just keep it smooth
Well at least I try to
Have these bitches say
I ain't these bitches that you lied too
But then I lied to her
'Cause I'm just trying to do her
The doobies in the cup
Here's a cup of conjure
One shot for my team 'cause before this was a dream
Between all of these freaks my sheets look so used
Boo come with me and we might make the news
When I'm in that thing I got one thing to prove
I'm the motherfucking man
Bustin in my hand damn
Snap out of it nigga, you too G to be a fan
TCP the clash all my bitches from Japan
'Cause she like the way I do it
Ye y'all make that shit a brand
Thank you

(Chorus)

Well you know , I'm dreaming about you girl
Wishing you were here yeah yeah
Eventhough I know I gotta let you go
I'm thinking back on how we feel in love
That one time
Picture so clear

(Verse 3: Bucky Dolla)

I'm smoother than a smoothie
These groupies try to do me
Either they want some fame
Or these bitches tryin' to use me
Whenever will it happen
To hit all these games these women play
Tell me how much they need me
I tell 'em I need the J
'Cause I'm stressed
My shawty keep buggin she think I'm lying
But she need to understand at least a nigga is trying
Compared to my old ways , way back in the old days
I used to run the streets , bitches like they whole way
But I'm changing just for the better
Money is what we after, together we'll get the cheddar
Happily whatever after it's something we aim to get
But shit happens for a reason I told you I wasn't shit
This music is what I love but this hate is what I receive
I don't pay it no mind I just blow it out like the weed
Feeling like I should stay but I know that I should leave
Everything I ever wanted I give it up for my city
That's real

(Chorus)

Well you know , I'm dreaming about you girl

Wishing you were here yeah yeah

Eventhough I know I gotta let you go

I'm thinking back on how we feel in love

That one time

Picture so clear

Visit [J.Beale](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.