

Carly Simon F/ James Taylor, Luther Vandross

"The Right One"

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[Forte' - Speaking]

If you want it, you 'gon' get it, partner!
What you think it look like? Nutzbaby...

My, like I ain't tell you from the jump brotha
Don't judge me 'cause of this baby...Let me know!

[Forte' - 1st Verse]

El Capitan, first name John
Swift on
You foes, only do shows with new kicks on
Toe - toes, with my brother
Pass the Grey Poupon
Hoe cronies, I don't know what the fuck y'all on
So long, a brother gone
Learn it in quote
I want a sista man, my beat Jamaicans rock on flows
Laugh now, you know The Score
Before I killed The Carnival
Don't stop
You knew me before the solo record dropped
What?! I'm into passing on
Movin' slow, inter - national
Since I fork through the dough
Called my first girl a hoe, 'cause I sweat her
Now I know better, to let it flow, like I never met her
And let the show tour broads quick to fuck a man, in
the spotlight
That's why I maintain the upperhand
Damn! You know the half
Shit is straight, 'til I turn it
Who fresh? You gonna blow it? Only if you know it!

[Jeni Fujita Singing Chorus (Forte' in parentheses)]

If you want it, we got it! (You got The Right One, baby!)
You got The Right One, baby!

If you want it, we got it, decide it! (You got The Right

One, baby!)

You got The Right One, baby!

If you want it, we got it! (You got The Right One, baby!)

You got The Right One, baby!

If you want it, we got it, decide it! (You got The Right One, baby!)

You got The Right One, baby!

[Forte - 2nd Verse]

Well it ain't nothing but a word
The noise I heard, could make a crew wanna shoot up
every party and slide
Like I'm supposed to show you love to try to get inside
Club promoters 'fessin' with their little guest lists
Sleek, I'm twenty deep
All brothers in fact, now the line start with me, and it
ends in the back
You don't love me, I know you like the record!!! Don't
touch me!!!
Niggas stay wack, like crack, in the dutchee
So why try me?
Swift, I sure do be
You get touched more than frisked by club security
Lovely, what it look like?
My sons run stuff
Every time I touch a mic you wanna, "Throw Guns Up!"
Hard to follow
Here to swipe the next man's dollar
Crimes, white collar
Underground, like Kabala
You know the effort, all you do is make a record
You silly, like Milli's, we spray the milliseconds! What?!

[Chorus]

[Forte']

Dirty Cash, baby!

[Prakazrel "Pras"]

Check it, Check it!
I got The Right One
the only one
Allstars, ichi bang (Japanese for #1 Rap Song)
Niggas running up saying, "Pras, put me on!"
Hear my song
Sing along
Pass it on

Capitan
And Dirty Cash, 'til November we'll be gone!
Bust it!

[Forte' & Jeni - Singing]

Ain't no moonshine last that long!

[Forte]

Around Mr. John
I hater mackin' you
Rappers do like stone
On the don
You embarass me, more than chaperones at the prom
You rappers in the stall, is a ball, be gone!
You ain't never knew the truth, so don't get me wrong!
You know how we do, spot it, then I spit it, and lock it!
El Capitan, you want it? I got it!

[Chorus]

[Jeni Singing]

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