

Conti Lynora

"One Time"

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[Poppa LQ & Gonzoe] (talking)
Yo (huh?) It's me again (ahaaaha)
Gonzoe (yeah) I wanna live a little bit (just a little bit)

[Gonzoe]
Just one time (How many?) One time
Just one time (How many?) One time
Just one time (How many?) One time
Just one time, One time

[Verse 1 - Gonzoe]
Me and my bitch was the closest
My bitch used to help me stack my dope up
My bitch too, Look at the game and funk this and
smoke with me
When there's no weed lightin roaches
The same bitch when I'm doin the most and the brokest
She right there
Awaken me out my nightmares
And tell my enemies to fuck off
And never ever scared
Givin me head anywhere
See my bitch never cares about affairs
Deceit along with the brain
The versace spread laid across the bed
Makin love
Til the x is gone, bend over the tear
Cause I love her
Seventeen, came with me and left her mother
She's a hustles bitch that's on the under
Nigga, in the daytime
I look in her eyes and see her lifetime
And only on the block, a love like this you'll find

[Gonzoe]
One time (How many?)
One time (How many?)
One time (How many?) ha

[Chorus - Poppa LQ] (repeat 2X)
I know you like to ball

Shop and spend cheddar baby (one time)
It's automatic and it's all for the better baby (one time)
Ain't nothin bringin if you fuckin with me
We go L-I-V-E with T-I-E-E (one time)

[Verse 2 - Poppa LQ]

Now this is what you better do
Get your paper collect your revenue
Don't let nobody else count your money but you
Hope you wanna ball too?
Oh what you willin to do?
Put your freedom on the line for this criminal crime?
Cause the bars and the walls with the peasant design
Five hoes on your line shakin' they nasty behinds
Droppin with style, forty reptiles
Crystal by the gallons
Hollin at the stylins
Dealin with the violins
Trips to the eye lens
California wildin to the fullest
What you thought?
So what you savin' for bro? Your hoe can be bought
It's all for sales
She want the curls
Fresh out of the shells
High maintenance
Hair done, toe-nails
Finger-nails
Rockin Shanells
Shoppin at Blooming dells
Flossin on the bill
Uppin and jumpin scrubs
At hells and bells
Split your male when you went to jail
Heaven or hell

Chorus 2X

[Verse 3 - Gonzoe]

I got a gangsta bitch
That's why I love her
Cover-up my wrong-doings
Never lie to me
Bring some pies to me
Cross country
Cause we was hungry
She told me don't let it run me
Baby let's make it run from you
For the love of money
And pimpin's smoke on me
Shit my bitch was down

She want one roll
It was lovely and lavish
Just like me she had to have it
A savage, fuck, was smokin' like a palace
She roll with me
Nigga, she pimped hoes with me
My bitch fucked around
Went and bought her own Bentley
Then let me drive
Blowin me on the 105
Knowin I ain't got no license
And this freeway is high
But she thugged out
Lovin her man's life, runnin the drug house
My cartel car rifle, time to bring the guns out nigga
I live to see the eyes of our kids
And my son, a splittin image, of how shit is
One time

Chorus 2X

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