

Baby Bash

"Numero Uno"

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[Kookie:]

"I'm the one"

"I'm the one"

"I'm the one"

"Oh, no, no"

"I'm the one"

"I'm the one"

"I'm the one"

[Bobby Bland:] "Oh, no, no, baby"

[Verse 1: Baby Bash]

It's the numero

Uno, number one chulo

Ridin' on the slab, with a top notch cool, oh

Everybody you know, say they do it big

Bros do it real sumo, that's what it is

I'm a Dope House profit, suckers can't stop it

They might got muscle, but they got no logic

And I got a big heart, by the size of a lion

Five minus four, girl, without even tryin' (Ugh!)

Now stir that up and add it up

From Mexico to Canada

Professional, no amateur

And you gon' bust two times, when I smack it up

Then beat it up

Then spank it up

Til the [{"*motherfuckin'*}] DJ crank it up

I strip the game butt-naked, girl, line by line

Hold up, let me bust it to you one more time

[Break: Kookie (Baby Bash slowed down)]

"I'm the one" (Numero uno...)

"I'm the one" (Numero uno...)

"I'm the one" (Hold up, hold up...)

"Oh, no, no"

"I'm the one" (Numero uno...)

"I'm the one" (Numero uno...)

"I'm the one" (Hold up, hold up...)

"Oh, no, no, baby"

[Verse 2:]

Now you can go

Black, or you can go white
You can go red or brown, but it still ain't right
If the sauce ain't tight, and the swag ain't cripsy
With that bullshit, you can't miss me
Crissy Lizzy's, don't get nathin'
They about drama, I'm about bakin'
Never would I fake, cause I just don't purr
Ten thousand sqaure feet, and you ain't even gotta
work (Ugh!)
Cause I'm the cash and the check one, candy paint wet
one
Space fly like a punk rock Jetson
Always down to holla, holla, let's bet one
The one your mama told you, "Baby, go get one"

[Hook: Baby Bash]
Extra menace, no disrespect
Hop on, don't miss the jet
Uh
Extra menace, no disrespect
Uh
Hop on, don't miss the jet
Yee!

[Break]

[Verse 3:]
I tips and dips in Cadillacs (Cadillacs)
And I don't even trip off battle raps (Battle raps
Blow so much purp', I get asthma attacks (Asthma
attacks)
Find this thick little mami, and I handle that (Ugh!)
By the way, I'm 'bout these collar greens (Yeah)
Sqaures don't know, that's what dollar means (Uh uh)
Straight up out that Valley Jo/Vallejo
H-Town, Texas, Cali, bro
Yee!

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