

Frost "One Shot"

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Yeah dog i ain't lying man
One shot..uh
Sometimes it's all you get though man
One shot..uh..yeah

[Chorus]

You only have one shot its fatal
All your chips on the table
A baby boy in the cradle
We'll keep you well enable
Keep your family stable
Stay up and stay the fuck out of jail
???
On your on label
Kick back and smoke
Nothin but the KO
World famous, business on pay roll
Pimped out we just lay low

[Verse 1]

When i was young i did pay no
I never listen to no say so
I always bubble my centino
Always keep it on the serio
Crazy ass vato
Spittin' nothin but veneno
On a whole nother level ya mero
Where it's a brown badboy in romero
It's a whole nother hueco I'm dealin' with
Gotta home in the ghetto where I'm livin' in
If it's on then it's on
Remember me taking out you suckas
Especially if it's the enemy
If you catch me on my worst day
You'll be needing first-aid
Three days later your lookin' ?
Close casket in the valley of assassins
When your quick to catch your last kiss
Get a hit with a desas i got this rap shit mastered
Same book new chapter
Bring out the ghetto bastas to sign on
With the Latin rap icon

It's my turn so high my eyes burn
Urnin for what I'm earnin'
I rip it to god's ?

Chorus

[Verse 2]

Look at the gangsta bitch
My gangsta ride my gangsta rag
My gangsta night my gangsta life
A G model
Holdin' the microphone like a bottle
With only a minute until tomorrow
? guns rapping' to the kick in the drum
Bangin' with the click to tha one
Grease, slugs, hoes, scrubs, shows, clubs, drinks, and
drugs
Riding' like a ? in the bloods
I put my bud in the buck
I took a blood to the dome
With my mind on my money
And my hands on my phone alone
Ridin' i'm gone you know I'm drunk and I'm blown
Bitch i shit on your motherfucking song
You gettin' me wrong
I'm to grown for gangs cadge
And AK with ?
Eating heavy like every day
Best be ready to play
Spray, ready da rage
Stained bullets on ?
So what cha gotta say?

Chorus

Hey no eyes closed allowed on the Eastside
G's rides on 24/7
And G rides gonna bubble to ghetto vest
You never know
Tech 9's to the chest watch bullets blow
I roll with the 40 holdin' and rollin' another one
In the lowered impala
Gun shots to follow
Hallow tips and bottles
See arrest to get wet we smoke out
On them bouncin' on half an ounce
And bangin' on them
Affiliated with the shaved heads
We spray led
You better offer is trying to play dead
Or brained dead

All you vatos that wanna be rappers
I'm laughing at chu you
Like your callin' your shots
Your block is talkin' bad about chu
Talkin shit but you down and you AIN'T BROWN!
You ain't even fuckin' with my town
Bustin' out with the los on the Glock
You catch him one shot
Down fuck up and get dropped

Chorse 2x

Yeaaaaahhhh
Come on
Pi...pimp out and just lay low
Haha
Celeb 2000
Hehehaha
That was then, this is now
Part 2

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