

Guerilla Black & Mario Winans

"You Are The One"

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Oh yeah, oh yeah, oh baby
Oh oh, oh oh, oh baby, oh yeah

I remember when I met you on Crenshaw
I almost crashed my truck
And spilled my Hen' dawg

Yes you, God blessed you
I was trying to get next to you
Your home girls was hating, but I didn't care
You said you had a man, I was like, "Where?"

It was something so different about you
I felt so gifted around you
Even though you had a man and all
I took the chance to call, we held hands at the mall

That day was so special to me
Your man left you at Mickey D's
You called me, I scooped you up
I seen fear in your eyes, the tears in your eyes
He can't hug you like I hug you
Better yet love you like this thug do

You're so special, you're the one
But you're already taken
Oh, I can't help the way I'm feeling
You're the one, I wish I could replace him
'Cuz I know that baby you're the one

I'm having the time of my life
Felt the world on wheels
You and your home girl got some skills
Nobody make me feel like you do

Or better yet real like you
I messed around and killed dude
I seen home girly just flossin'
We made eye contact

Dude always is flossin', me never
You and Black forever

Tattered on my neck in green letters

Late night eating H&Aagen-Dazs, watching 'Uncut'
And me sitting there, playing wit your butt
Took off your clothes, I hit it on the couch
Even though mom's in the house
Nothing could replace this feeling

It's like winning 2 million
Our bond closer than Sicilians
I know old boy won't leave you alone
I know you love him, but our love is strong

You're so special, you're the one
But you're already taken
Oh, I can't help the way I'm feeling
You're the one, I wish I could replace him
'Cuz I know that baby you're the one

I couldn't leave well enough alone
Hell I had to hit ya cell phone
I left you a message, it went like this
"I love you, mmmuah"

I guess it's my luck, I goes to the Magic
Damn, ain't that his truck?
I guess you wit him, screw him
If it wasn't for you, I'd have to do him

You seen 'em at Jack In The Box
He was mackin' a lot, to some rats in a drop
Now you call The Beat and The Power
Dedicate songs every hour

All hell done broke loose, he got your pass code
To your cell and my Nextel shirt too
I guess it's time for you to decide
Which one of us you want in your ride?

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But you're already taken
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