

## Lifestyle

# "One In A Million (Feat. Powda)"

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Chorus (Powda):

Do you really wanna know me?  
Do you really wanna get with me?  
Do you really wanna be with me?  
I'm one in a million  
Do you really wanna roll with me?  
Do you really wanna fuck with me?  
Do you really wanna come with me?  
I'm one in a million  
Do you really wanna ride with me?  
Do you really wanna smoke with me?  
Do you really wanna grind with me?  
I'm one in a million  
Do you really wanna fuck with me?  
Do you really wanna shine with me?  
Do you wanna spend time with me?  
I'm one in a million

First Verse (Pancho Villa):

One in a million, this is true,  
If you don't agree then fuck you,  
Your girl told me "I know you",  
So your girl I gotta do,  
Break the rules? It's meant to be,  
It's that boy, Pancho V.,  
All the mamis up under me,  
Cuz my life too salty,  
Futuristic walk,  
With that futuristic talk,  
Future millionaires, with them futuristic thoughts,  
Twinkle, twinkle little star,  
Let's take a ride in my Lexus car,  
Come with this, million-are,  
I promise I won't, take it too far

Chorus

Second Verse (Pancho Villa):

Tell me that you really wanna fuck with me,  
Tell me that you really wanna roll with me,

Tell me that you really wanna get with me,  
And put your mouth all over me,  
Girl won't you admit it? That you is addicted,  
You liked the way I did it, But I ain't committed,  
Five, ten, shine and grin,  
I know you heard I'm just a friend,  
I'm the one that's gonna break you in,  
Again and again, again and again, Don't stop, get it  
get it

Is what you say when I'm in it in it, Then I say "Kiss it  
kiss it",  
After I, hit it hit it,  
Yo read the news I paid my dues,  
Got to win and never lose, I'm keepin' cool and makin'  
moves,  
Cuz Mama didn't raise no fool,  
Remember me, Pancho V.,  
New kid in the industry,  
Settin' trends, makin' ends,  
Makin' mucho dividends

Chorus

Third Verse (Ricky B.):

I thank the Lord for my good looks,  
And that I'm not no dead crook,  
And that the judge didn't throw the book,  
From all the, dope I shook,  
Who's to say I won't end up dead?  
Who's to say I won't go fed?  
Who's to say you won't give me head?  
While lyin' in my waterbed,  
And what about, when we love?  
Doin' things you wouldn't think of,  
Bubble baths, bubble suds,  
Havin' sex on your period,  
Who's the scrub?  
Not me, C-E-O with a company,  
Buyin' cars, off the lots,  
Always wearin' big rocks

Chorus

Fourth Verse (Powda):

Do you wanna fuck with me?  
Understand it's not for free,  
That's the way it's gotta be,  
Potent is the Powda see,

Erotica Royale,  
All about myself,  
Better bring my mail,  
High-class and sassy can't you tell?  
See I'm one in a million,  
Stackin' paper to the ceiling,  
Bound to get you off cuz when I ride you like that  
feelin',  
So don't act like you don't know,  
That I'm all about my dough,  
When I'm walkin' through that door,  
All eyes on me I run the show

Chorus

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