

Mario Winans

"You're the one"

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Lyrics:

[Mario Winans]

Oh yeah, oh yeah! ohh baby
Oh ohh, oh ohh, oh baby, oh yeah..

[Verse - Guerilla Black]

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 homegirls 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 how I hug you
Better yet love you like this thug do

[Chorus - Mario Winans]

It's official, you're the one
But you're already ta-ken
Oh I can't help the way I'm feeling
You're the one, I wish I could replace him
Cause I know that baby you're the one

[Verse - Guerilla Black]

I'm having the time of my life
Felt the world on wheels, you and your homegirl got
some skills
Nobody make me feel like you do
Or better yet real like you, I messed around and killed
dude
I seen ol boy at the Slossen, we made eye contact
Dude always is flossin, me never
You and B-l-a-c-k forever, tattered on my neck in green

letters

Late night eating Haagen-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 Cicilians
I know old boy won't leave you alone
I know you love him, but our love is strong

[Chorus - Mario Winans]

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[Verse - Guerilla Black]

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 passcode 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?

[Chorus - Mario Winans]

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