

# One Tree Hill

## "I Gotcha"

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[Intro]

Ho! Yeah!

You know what it is... Lupe!

Chicano man! Yeah! Man!

You know I have ya right, right, right, right, right, right,  
right, right

[Verse 1]

They call me Lupe, I'll be your new day

They wanna smell like me, they want my bouquet

But they can't, they accented like the UK

Turn that ude Lupe to Pepe Le Peu spray

Fragrantly fragrant and they can't escape me

My perfume pursued them everywhere that they went

You don't want a loan leave my cologne alone

It's a little to strong for you to be putting on

Trust me I say this justly

I went from musty to musky and y'all can't mush me

I warn y'all cornballs I Hush Puppies

The swans in the pond call my duck ugly

But now they hug me, because it's lovely

They love the aroma of a roamer of the world

Got the shakers and the skaters and the players and

the girls

Keep the fakers and the flakers and the haters in a twirl

[Chorus]

You want the flava ma, hey I gotcha

You want the realness, well I gotcha

I know you sick of them players big car and watch ya

Either they pimps or they macks or they mobsters

You want the real shit, hey I gotcha

You see my peoples here, you know we proper

You know we do it right, right, right, right, right, right,

right, right

[Verse 2]

And I'm from Chi-Town, that's where I flies round

Keep some Cartier frames over my eyes now

We used to gangbang a lot of that done died down

Children of the hat tiltin' keepin hope alive now

All with no high, I do it so fly  
Bank caesar tack helicopter with the bow tie  
I love my city really hope that God bless it  
Have my mind moving faster than that hog in the  
hedges  
Welcome all of y'all to my dark recesses  
This is where I keep the bars like bathtub edges  
My Ivories and my Doves my Levers and my Zests  
It takes half of your bubble bath to match the freshness  
The belly of the beast you know I'm from it  
I wrap it in a towel here go my pal in the stomach  
And I be on my green like Irish Spring and I coast  
Fudge wit it and get a mouth full of soap

[Chorus]

You want the flava ma, hey I gotcha  
You want the realness, well I gotcha  
I know you sick of them players big car and watch ya  
Either they pimps or they macks or they mobsters

You want the real shit, hey I gotcha  
You see my peoples here, you know we proper  
You know we do it right, right, right, right, right, right,  
right, right

[Verse 3]

And so to sign off, this beat I rhyme off  
Is from the Thelonious P and Hugo Mind Boss  
You feel it in the air, it's such a fine force  
But you don't hear me though, just like a mimes toss  
That's cuz I'm in Europe, me and my friends tour a  
I'm on my pimp, my temperature is tempura  
I take it easy on my watch I'm watchin TV  
Am I clean as my her-re-shy's, see the hare is trying to  
beat me  
I continue to do Lu's pace  
They say him got two heads and four eyes just like  
screwface  
But see my secret's safe it's in my secret safe  
That's in my secret room on my secret base  
So from the runner of the FNF crew  
Come in hip hop we've come to resurrect you  
You, you, you, you, you, you, you, you, you, you

[Chorus]

You want the flava ma, hey I gotcha  
You want the realness, well I gotcha  
I know you sick of them players big car and watch ya  
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You see my peoples here, you know we proper  
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right, right

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