

## Royce Da 5'9 "She's the One"

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[Royce]

Asshole

Any nigga wit guns, we got guns too

More heated, ready to outgun you

It's too late I already outgunned you

You was around, you know the outcome too

Let's play, lemme show you what Game is

Heartbreak, I'm showin' you what pain is

Please, I'm reppin' a 'd' homeboy

Where your guns, you steppin' to me homeboy

Royce five-nine's the name, niggaz know

And niggaz know, dealin' wit me niggaz know

Aiiyo toots, how you get here, you wanna ride

I got a five in Southside, you wanna drive

Beside, I ain't got no five, you gold-digger

You wanna suga-daddy, go get you an old nigga

I got money, I'm just here to bug you girl

Can't get none, but you know I love you girl

[Hook] [Royce]

She the one that wanna (Whoop, whoop)

Sayin' at the same time what I won't do

And every day I say I want you (To jump off)

Where you come through, for me (I don't know)

And if you come would you (Whoop, whoop)

How you gon' tell me that you want to (Want to)

And then tell me what you won't do (Won't do)

Why you gonna lie to me (I don't know)

[Tre' Little]

What up girl, wit you an' your ugly friend

She a two, you like sun times ten

Anyway I heard you when you did the (Whoop, whoop)

Chicken call (Cluck, cluck), snatchin' up mens

Tell what what you want, baby daddy got that

Gotta get it this week while there's no sales tax

(Awwwww)

You can't detect sarcasm, me I detect a freak who like orgasms (Uhhhhh)

Tre I hold you down matter fact I'll be a blast to pin yo ass down (Damn,

damn)

Tell your friends I'm still in your ear  
She actin' like your pet, what you trained her this year  
Tramp wit a pissy attitude, say I grind food, and I bet  
she be cool  
All she want is attention, lemme give her some  
Take this big face, get a cab, take yo ass home (Least  
he gave you a hundred)  
I wasn't that rude, this ain't Outkast, me and you  
Yo mama, and yo cousin too, I'm tryin' to keep it simple  
I'm tryin' to fuck you, c'mon

[Hook]

[Royce]

Okay, you want money, I want sex  
We can both, take it or leave it, it makes us even  
We like those freak hoes that like our style  
Clean up that pole, go upside down  
Us cuttin' the chains, it's just easy  
I call you mama, you breast feed me  
Wait, your tummy hurts (Oh), you feelin' better  
You can blow, like the Neptunes, after the Jigga record  
Me and my nigga Tre can tag team you  
Grab our two-ways and both beam you  
We can take you out, but your friends talkin' for ya  
Oh, I'm sorry, you hungry, we got some sausage for ya  
All it needs is a bun, and you can see it get pumped  
Extra special sauce, now eat it for lunch  
Size ten is the dick and the heat is the pump  
Oh I see what you want, she so indecisive, 'cause...

[Hook x2]

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