Leo Reisman % Harold Arlen
"I Got 1 For Ya"

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Lit up like the 4th
I'ma happy drunk
Come to papa big mama
Cause your daddys drunk
I wanna pump, pump it up like the Good Year blimp
Make ya holla for a dolla
Thats the way I pimp
Gold links and minks and shrimp dinners on the Bayou
Thems are the things that I ain't gonna buy you
Its like one of them freak thangs
Hit it once - maybe every couple weeks thangs
I got no love
I got no riches
I don't roll vouges
And I ain't got switches
I got no game, I can't reward ya
But if you wanna long one baby...

Chorus x2
I got 1 for ya
This is your shot
(Uh-huh check it)

People always talkin' what they gonna do
They must want their face to maybe taste my shoe
I can't understand all the push and shove
And what the fuck to the peace and love
Who planted that glove man - I don't care
I'm too busy running my fingers thru your mama's hair
I got no time for the fakes and the phonies
The crooks and the creeps and the cops and the cronies
Am I the only one on my side
Test my pride I betcha run and hide
You think I'm weak so you looking for the kill
But theres sixteen shots in my ninemilly...

Chorus x2

Jimmy Jimmy Ji-Jimmy Jimmy
Yeah... Yeah, lay it down brotha

(Lay it down wit it baby)

Record companies stressing cause they all want hits
And yeah I'm bout it bout it so I make 'em like this
They say hey there boy all we need is one song
Shorten up that hook we don't need it that long
Don't wanna hear me cuss don't wanna hear me brag
So I'm grabbing on my thingy while I let my pants sag
Never been what I've written
Just writing what I'm doing
They say they like my records but they're still boo-
hooing
My choice always tight
My rhymes will floor ya
Hey fly you wanna hear money? Ha ha ha...

Chorus to fade