

## **Mr. Lil' One/Lil' Uno f/ Tony Trav**

### **"Never Leave You"**

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[Mr. Lil' One] It all started December 4 2005 (Verse 1) I know you tired, baby Let's hit the islands, baby Get on the plane and conversate and do it all, baby The way you shake it, mama Makin' me want the drama And then I come, and then I beat it up just like a drummer And all I gotta promise You keep it real and honest And make you play and wanna grab it like you really want it I keep it cholo, baby While in my low-low, baby We rendez-vous, it's me and you on the solo, baby Let's ride away together And do this shit forever I guarantee you, ma You never had it better We go to church on Sunday We gettin' drunk on Monday THEY SAY, "WE NEED TO SLOW IT DOWN" Well, maybe one day Chorus: Tony Trav I, can't, sleep When we're not together Every thing I do, makes me think of you You can count on me forever I, can't, breathe When we're not together We're the perfect fit, never gonna quit No, I'll never leave you, ever (Verse 2) Let's have these kamikazes Uno ain't got no posse It's inconceivable for you to ever try to stop me I got my body with me We ride and die together We do it in the front to back, we down for whatever You wish you had it like me I bet you hate it, don't ya My little mama looks so perfect, just like a sculpture Her pretty face and little waist'll drive me so loco We take the vodka and the Henne' straight to the coco We overlook the ocean Just like the movie stars We first class, motherfucker, put it on the boards Say what you wanna say There's nothing you can do And like I told you, baby doll, it's just me and you Repeat Chorus (Verse 3) We do this like Monopoly It's all about the paper So get your money, baby boy, and you just let them hate ya I came from nothing, baby Turned into somethin', baby I'm born and raised in the struggle, you can ask my baby So grab your lady and your babies, and just keep it movin' I'm travellin' the country, Uno steady keep it movin' I got my (???) made, I'm lovin' it, just every day I give a damn about the haters, see they wanna play I keep the Loti in my Gotti like Illuminati I make the music for my people, I mean, every body So make some noise and let me hear you say "HELL YEAH!" You 'bout the paper and

your family, say "HELL YEAH!" Repeat Chorus

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