One Time (Bc Remix) [feat. Bad Azz]

Brotha Lynch Hung

Verse 1:
Man these wicked streets will drive a nigga insane
The week a cock back and put a pistol to da brain
Weed alcohol nicotine and cocaine
The plot to break us all down to eat
You gotta cheat to break the law down
Fuck em buck em all down
Y'all down we can tear this motha fucka up again
Shootin nootin snatchin people out they trucks again
Fuck em den them motha fuckas wanna lock me up again
Have me duck stretched right writin letters home from the pin
Man fuck that id rather be stuck back on my block ssellin rocks wit a glock
Runnin from da cops fuck one time
Grindin in da california sunshine
WHAT am I do get rich bitch fuck money sometimes
Runnin numbas ride the runnas get yo bundles keep it commin when you get IT GET IT GET IT holla
Money money moneychorus:
Like its one time
Grindin in this california sunshine
From la to da bay to sac town and back downthey can take a bird outa town on a greyhound
Or serve on curb in yah hood nigga stay down
Repeat 2xverse 2:
BLOCK SHIT WE ROCK SHIT LIKE COCAINE
HIT THE MEAN STREET TRIPPIN AND DIPPIN SERVIN UP WHOLE THANGS
HOTTA THEN A MA FUCKA
THER GOES THE RIVAL you KNOW THE CITIES TOO SMALL
BETTER NO I'm LIABLE ILL TAKE A STRAP UP IN DA MALL
NO BULL SHIT ILLEAGLE FO CLIPS
GOT THAT DUAL SHIT WE BE SMOKIN EM UP YOU don't KNOW ENOUGH ITS ROUGH
IF LIFE WAS FREE I WOULD SAY FUCK PUSSY NIGGA don't PUSH ME
I'm AN O FACE KILLAJAY FOR he's EVEN IF ITS BLOODY I GET MORE CHEESE
SMOKIN HELLA POUNDS OF WEED OE FUKIN UP MY GUT
BUT I'm AS DRUNK AS CAN BE
AND EATIN RAW MEAT
REAK WHAT you SOW
I GOT THAT HEAT THAT'LL MAKE YAH COLD
DIE AT 21 NIGGA
FUCK GETTIN OLD
MONEY TAH FOLD KILLA

SHOW SHOOTIN LEDGE HOES
LICK THEN SPLIT don't TRUST NO SETUP HOES
WHERE DEM CLOTHES
GRINDIN IN THIS CALIFORNIA SUNSHINE
ONE NINE KILLA FOR HIGHER FUCK MONEY SOMETIMES
CHORUS 2X
VERSE 3:
I LIVE A LIFE OF A MOBSTA
JUST TALKIN MONEY EATIN LOBSTA
AND LIFE SWALLOWS NIGGA JUST LIKE A MONSTA
YA BONES IS THE PROOF OF DEATH
INVESTIGATORS LATER SAID HE DIES A SPOOKY DEATH
YOU don't EVEN WANNA HEAR HOW THEY SAID HE DIED
JUST AS WELL AS CALIFORNIAS HOME FOR HOMICIDE
WE DODGE DEATH ALL DYA TRYIN TA STAY PAID
AND IF OUR RIVALS don't COME THEN THE COPS don't RAID
SO IF A NIGGA ain't HIGH you NO WE DRUNK AS FUCK
AND IF A NIGGA ain't RICH he's TRYIN TA TOUCH A BUCK
CHORUS 2X

Songwriters
JOHNSON, JOSEPH/JORDAN, BRAD /Published by
Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/