

# 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

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