

# Numero Uno

## Clepto-Maniacs

I'm the one, I'm the one  
I'm the one, oh, no, no  
I'm the one, I'm the one  
I'm the one, oh, no, no, baby  
It's the numero uno, number one chulo  
Ridin' on the slab with a top notch cool, oh  
Everybody you know, say they do it big  
Bros do it real sumo, that's what it is  
I'm a Dope House profit, suckers can't stop it  
They might got muscle but they got no logic  
And I got a big heart by the size of a lion  
Five minus four, girl, without even tryin'  
Now stir that up and add it up  
From Mexico to Canada  
Professional, no amateur  
And you gon' bust two times, when I smack it up  
Then beat it up, then spank it up  
'Til the \*\*\*\* DJ crank it up  
I strip the game butt-naked, girl, line by line  
Hold up, let me bust it to you one more time  
I'm the one, numero uno  
I'm the one, numero uno  
I'm the one, hold up, hold up  
Oh, no, no  
I'm the one, numero uno  
I'm the one, numero uno  
I'm the one, hold up, hold up  
Oh, no, no, baby  
Now you can go black or you can go white  
You can go red or brown but it still ain't right  
If the sauce ain't tight and the swag ain't crispy  
  
With that bullshit you can't miss me  
Crissy Lizzy's don't get nathin'  
They about drama, I'm about bakin'  
Never would I fake 'cause I just don't purr  
Ten thousand square feet and you ain't even gotta work  
'Cause I'm the cash and the check one, candy paint wet one  
Space fly like a punk rock Jetson

Always down to holla, holla, let's bet one  
The one your mama told you, "Baby, go get one"  
Extra menace, no disrespect  
Hop on, don't miss the jet  
Extra menace, no disrespect  
Hop on, don't miss the jet  
I'm the one, numero uno  
I'm the one, numero uno  
I'm the one, hold up, hold up  
Oh, no, no  
I'm the one, numero uno  
I'm the one, numero uno  
I'm the one, hold up, hold up  
Oh, no, no, baby  
I tips and dips in Cadillacs  
And I don't even trip off battle raps  
Blow so much purp', I get asthma attacks  
Find this thick little mami and I handle that  
By the way, I'm 'bout these collar greens  
Squares don't know, that's what dollar means  
Straight up out that Vallejo  
H-Town, Texas, Cali, bro

Lyrics provided by

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