

You're the One

Master P

(I'm on some real shit!)
Oh, oh, oh, oh

Tell me, tell me momma,
Tell me what you're sipping
I've been after this woman all day
Frankly, I don't know if it's your kisses
Maybe, it's just a way of foreplay!
Even if I ever get to feel it, feel it
Girly girl, you got that all way
Yeah, just when you know it's on,
It's on, it's on, it's on!
Yeah, she bad, and got all that ass,
But you ain't the one for me!
I'm sipping it off, drunk or sober
You're the one I need!
Yeah, I might sound crazy,
It might sound crazy
She ride round, you're my baby
And she bad, she got all that ass,
But you're the one!

Yeah, I took her to the Louis...
She wanted shoes, I say, "get three or four!"
She just kept it one hundred
I told the bartender, "keep it coming!"
You're so sweet, I call you swisher!
And everything you want,
Baby, I'mma get you!
Last year we didn't have it G
This year we're fucking on them Louis sheets
That new rollie, I let you have it
And all that ass you got, you let me grab it!
You got a friend I'm calling, yeah, ma
You're so bad in the club, about to start a riot!
We're blowing smoke out the Ghost
From the hood, to the plane, to the boat!
Shopping sprees, fuck the price tag!
Toast to the good life, the best shit I ever had! You!

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Let's get it! Fight!

Let's get it, yeah my girl back!

And she got all that ass

I made her shopping till she drop it

Popping Louis V, X

Louis V, only dash

Foreign cars riding fast

Switching lanes, put the time down

It's... from my town.

She bend it over, tip it over

Drunk or sober she my roller

I'm a soldier,

So I flew her from New Orleans

Cross the coast up!

I've been heavy sipping on that Remy all day,

Cause I'm a fight boy,

My private plane is on the runway

You're the one!

Now hop off in that Ghost with me on the shopping sprees

Forget about your problems, Shawty, will you remember me?

And plus, we're sipping on that champagne, the good shit

Drive mile, run that hook, or is that hood shit!

No glamour forever?

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