

# One Time

Audio Push

One heart, one love, one mind  
I ain't the type of jam you play one time  
I been cold with my rhyme since Wyclef used to say "One Time"  
Get up, I ain't talkin' sit-ups when I tell you niggas that it's crunch time  
Middle finger up one time, that's my Fuck Donald Trump sign  
Melanated by the sunshine  
March along on the frontline  
If it's verses, bars or the punchlines  
I got more bodies than lunch lines  
You can miss me with them war rhymes  
This is like Rap Before Time  
You Little Foot niggas wanna walk in my shoes  
But the Vans ain't your size  
Lil nigga 'cause they're my size  
Hundred dollars to a bum on the corner  
Yeah, that's how I pay my tithes  
The church house can't get my dime  
Wanna gold dig, why try?  
You gon' barely get the WiFi  
High as fuck, still rollin' up, yeah that's what they call a high rise  
Audio Push you know we see  
My Turn 3, you know it's here  
I need the green guacamole dip  
I want weed, water, and Chipotle chips  
West side, yeah I'm on the trip  
Touch down, yelling "hold my dick"  
Couple stores and a restaurant  
Black ownership, yeah I'm on my shit  
909-951 'till they pull the plug  
Too cool for clubs, cool for school  
It's true as much true enough  
You talk too much, don't do enough  
Ever since I moved to love, the Jeffersons been movin' up  
Paper preferences, I'm coolin' blunts  
You can't be hesitant if you move with us  
I just blew it up, it's my turn  
Price

One two three, three two one  
Look  
She told me she is not the type of game you play  
And I'm the kinda chance you only take one time  
Try to tell her I can help you if you stay  
Gave the chance of her life, you couldn't make one fine  
Now step back while I do this, hear you and my music  
I know you probably feel stupid 'cause these other niggas is clueless  
This 2017 ruthless, need a 2017 roofless  
With a lady in it that spit out her gum  
And give me some like she toothless  
I'm a simple man out to get these bands, nigga  
Simple plan, give my life, give the game some light  
Never give a damn, My Turn 3  
Hair long, I'm what they would like to be  
One man on this microphone and no one writes for me  
It's a sight to see, couldn't be a boxer and say fight for me  
So I never understood why fans let it slide, it's weak  
7 days, making plays, eleven ways

7/11 and never strayed, hot dice, you ain't never paid  
Look, see the same people I prayed with, I stayed with  
Got paid with, which China outfit they should make quit  
'Cause I couldn't stay up on the same shit  
Can't see the big picture if you're always in the middle of it  
This was just a little of it, flavor I mean  
Nothin' around you can save you, I mean

My Turn 3 boy  
What is it you can't see boy  
This a grown man look at me boy  
You run up on us and get De-stroyed, straight  
My Turn 3, I'm gone