Mr. One Hitta

Chrishan

3 a.m. exit out the bar
Damn I'm so gone off that patron
I might not make it to my car
I need a driver, sexy in them heels
Someone to keep it real, somebody like, you, you
Kissing on your neck, brush between ya legs, damn, damn
Medic, medic, one dose of me and you'll be trippin, trippin
Ayy
I'm mr one hitta, quitta, quitta, quitta, quitta, hitta, quitta
I'm mr one hitta, quitta, quitta, quitta, quitta, hitta, quitta
I'm mr one hitta
One stroke, shawty you bout to be gone
Two strokes, shawty bout to overdose
I'm mr one hitta (hitta)
Shawty go tell all your friends
I'm mr one hitta quitta

Babe, they blowin up ya cell
He didn't know what I got in store don't need nobody else
Climb on top and take it slow, then we switch positions
Like oh, oh, oh, oh, yeah
I'm kinda freaky, doing thangs you wouldn't believe me
When I get done witchu, you gone come down be strung out like a feinbe
Girl you better call a paramedic, cause you about to get it
When I touch down have you scream my name yeah yeah
Bridge:
Do it, do it, like you never had before, never had before
Baby scream
Baby say my name
I'm mr one hitta quitta
Haha let's go

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