

## U R the One

D12

[Kon Artis - Chorus]

Now out of all the women in the place,  
you got me starin' at your pretty face.  
And with that body I could truly say that  
u r the one, u r the one, u r the one, ooh ooh.  
Amazed by the way that you shake them hips,  
shakin' your ass off in my dick.  
I get aroused by them sexy lips cause  
u r the one, u r the one, we r the one that can do.

[Swift]

And you wonder why I call you everyday of the week,  
and have that operator breakin' on your line when you speak.  
And I can say that I'ma make you mine in a blink.  
You nominated just for your behind and I'm ?,  
you a thug with your best of friend, mud-wrestlin'.  
Sittin' in the corner with a mug and a cup of gin.  
See me lookin' for you when you win in a pen,  
see I hug you dirty. You confronting me for flirtin'?  
You wanted me so suddenly, my company's a burden,  
but I won't jump a balcony, and how can I be hurtin'.  
I'm just playin' wit you and it's workin'.  
Your friend's can't save you, they fakin' like they nurses.

[Bizarre]

First time I saw you, up in them guests,  
you the only reason I use Federal Express.  
Shit, I don't be havin' no packages. Naw,  
I'm getting dressers, lamps, and big mattresses.  
I go crazy when I smell your odor.  
I just want to pick you up, and take you to Pan-De-Rosa.  
Steak and potatoes, whatever you want.  
I'll write just the buffet, my publics check then come.  
You don't care about D12, you don't know about Bizarre.  
All you know that I'm weird and I wear a wonder-bra.  
That's fine, I just wanna make you mine.  
niggas say you a 3, I think you a dime.

[Chorus]

[Proof]

I love the way yo' body grindin', gettin' all in my face.  
Only thing on your mind is which wallet to ?.  
Your ass looks so perfect with your thong on your waist,  
built like a stallion, you belong in a race.  
Get money by the barrel, King Kong in the place.  
Movie and a dinner, that's as long as I wait.  
Hey, I ain't on your ear off, talkin' dates.  
Got you dizzy of the crissy, you ain't walkin' straight.  
Got a roomy, bring your booty, and lets cultivate.  
You so pretty, love them titties, they soft and fake.  
Bring your friends, "Damn your skin smell like coffeecake."  
Yo meet me at the place when you get off at eight.

[Kuniva]

The way you move have got me buggin' out.  
And you quick to take off your jacket and slug it out,

we thug it out. Pourin' 40's out and give each other ?. In fact,  
we both hate goin' out, we both hate small gats.  
You the truth I'm for real yo I love you to death.  
And if we break up, I'ma stalk you and bug you to death.  
Till you scared to leave the house because you know I'm in the bushes.  
We went from hugs and kisses into shoves and pushes.  
Tis all love, take it and stride, I'm only jokin' wit you.  
I don't get down like that, you know I'd never hit you.  
But yet and still if I ever feel I'm about to,  
(Gets angrier)  
I'll gently grab the shoulders and shake the shit out ya girl!!!

[Chorus]

[Kon Artis]

I take a light skinned, dark skinned, short and black,  
add in to a sassy and they ass is fat.  
Corporate suburb when you could be a classy rat.  
Louis Votton cost to much to have a bag to match.  
Girl forget all that, I'm gettin' rich off rap,  
and you could be my aid in all as long as you got my back.  
Seditary, there's entrepreneurs, and that's a fact.  
And your birthday's seven days after mine, correct?  
Well that's two things that we got in common, baby.  
Hopin' there ain't a problem that I'm involved in Shady.  
Cause come next year, I will not be datin',  
cause my plan's to be with your stankin' ass OK?

[Chorus]