

Right One

Dame D.O.L.L.A.

You got the right one (The right one)
Come from the trenches and I'm gettin' close to B (B)
Private in public, bitch don't come for me (At all)
Made my sacrifices to live comfortably (Feel me?)
Got no patience for you suckers, I'm stay sucker free
You got the right one (The right one)
I know some shooters that hope they don't shoot again (Shoot again)
I was a hooper that hooped and hung out with hooligans, hooligans
And I'm still laced up by the greats, I changed the pace to win the race
Bust down the face, times is great (Uh)

One of a kind, they know I'm the nigga they recognize, a stepper (Big steppin')
I pull up to my hood, they treat me like I'm regular
Private plane, my Rollie plain, I don't do nothin' extra
All the tires on my foreigners, ball like Uncle Forster
When I was a youngin', I seen all the cars, the good in the streets and all of the flaws
Niggas with money, the rise, and the falls, sent to the yard or a one-way car
I was the chosen one, town shit, I'm the golden son
Next to my bed, keep a loaded gun
Frontline soldier, the boldest one
I say, "It's in me, never on me baby" (Baby)
My partner's like "You goin'?", "Oh you know me baby" (Baby)
8 figures at 24, feel like I'm Kobe baby (Kobe, baby)
10 M's, I built a mansion, bro we goin' crazy

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You got the right one, I'm 'bout to light one
Who got the soda? I'm 'bout to spike one
Bust down the gold one, bust down the white one
I got the plain one, I got the bright one
Ain't got no main one, ain't 'bout to wife one
Ain't gonna rename them, can't reunite one
I got the street one, I got the dyke one
Bitch if you ain't one, you act just like one
Nigga it's Tunechi, I'm bigger than Gucci
They say they want beef, and they really want sushi
I pull some strings, just like acoustic
Bitch I'm a king, just like the smoothie
Somebody stink, sorry, excuse me
That's just the weed, I'm smoking dookie
These niggas fraud, these niggas flukey
Say he a dog, he just snoop
All my cars dark skin, all my boys markmen
All my broads booty poke out, oh my god shark fin

Super like Clark Kent
I'm gettin' close to a B, fuckin' right, arms-length

I'm one of them dudes that come from the zoo
We shoot up the shit when there's nothin' to do
She lovin' the crew, we fuck on your boo
I'm with some niggas, we not finna lose
I got some niggas still stuck in the shoe
I got some niggas still stuck in the hood
We breakin' down signs, stuffin' the wood
Playin' with M's, I know that I would
I'm in this big body, I don't play it
They got the spot, booin' with the onions
You got some money for me, baby run it
I ain't feedin' the family, and you ain't a hunnid
Fly out to London, I'm there for a week
Not in the suites, we in the streets
You ain't gon' slide if one of y'all die
You know how I'm movin' 'cause I'm in it deep
I dare you to leave, there's dirt on my cleats
And I got receipts nigga
I dare you to leave, there's dirt on my cleats
And I got receipts nigga
You ain't contributin' nothin' to this table, then you can't eat with us
I'm huggin' this [?], swimmin' the barrel, and I go to sleep with her

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