

# 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 foreigns, 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 snoopy  
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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