

# One Shot

Frost\*

Yeah dog i ain't lying man  
One shot..uh  
Sometimes it's all you get though man  
One shot..uh..yeah

You only have one shot its fatal  
All your chips on the table  
A baby boy in the cradle  
We'll keep you well enable  
Keep your family stable  
Stay up and stay the fuck out of jail  
???

On your on label  
Kick back and smoke  
Nothin but the KO  
World famous, business on pay roll  
Pimped out we just lay low

When i was young i did pay no  
I never listen to no say so  
I always bubble my centino  
Always keep it on the serio  
Crazy ass vato  
Spittin' nothin but veneno  
On a whole nother level ya mero  
Where it's a brown badboy in romero  
It's a whole nother hueco I'm dealin' with  
Gotta home in the ghetto where I'm livin' in  
If it's on then it's on  
Remember me taking out you suckas  
Especially if it's the enemy  
If you catch me on my worst day  
You'll be needing first-aid  
Three days later your lookin' ?  
Close casket in the valley of assassins  
When your quick to catch your last kiss  
Get a hit with a desas i got this rap shit mastered  
Same book new chapter  
Bring out the ghetto bastas to sign on  
With the Latin rap icon  
It's my turn so high my eyes burn  
Urnin for what I'm earnin'  
I rip it to god's ?

Chorus

Look at the gangsta bitch  
My gangsta ride my gangsta rag  
My gangsta night my gangsta life  
A G model  
Holdin' the microphone like a bottle  
With only a minute until tomorrow  
? guns rapping' to the kick in the drum  
Bangin' with the click to tha one  
Grease, slugs, hoes, scrubs, shows, clubs, drinks, and drugs  
Riding' like a ? in the bloods  
I put my bud in the buck

I took a blood to the dome  
With my mind on my money  
And my hands on my phone alone  
Ridin'i'm gone you know I'm drunk and I'm blown  
Bitch i shit on your motherfucking song  
You gettin' me wrong  
I'm to grown for gangs cadge  
And AK with ?  
Eating heavy like every day  
Best be ready to play  
Spray, ready da rage  
Stained bullets on ?  
So what cha gotta say?

Chorus

Hey no eyes closed allowed on the Eastside  
G's rides on 24/7  
And G rides gonna bubble to ghetto vest  
You never know  
Tech 9's to the chest watch bullets blow  
I roll with the 40 holdin' and rollin' another one  
In the lowered impala  
Gun shots to follow  
Hallow tips and bottles  
See arrest to get wet we smoke out  
On them bouncin' on half an ounce  
And bangin' on them  
Affiliated with the shaved heads  
We spray led  
You better offer is trying to play dead  
Or brained dead  
All you vatos that wanna be rappers  
I'm laughing at chu you  
Like your callin' your shots  
Your block is talkin' bad about chu  
Talkin shit but you down and you AIN'T BROWN!  
You ain't even fuckin' with my town  
Bustin' out with the los on the Glock  
You catch him one shot  
Down fuck up and get dropped

Chorse 2x

Yaaaaahhhh  
Come on  
Pi...pimp out and just lay low  
Haha  
Celeb 2000  
Hehehaha  
That was then, this is now  
Part 2