

# She The 1

YN Jay

(Enrgy made this one)

Okay, like, I ain't even gon' lie, man, like, I think you the one, baby girl  
Like, but I don't know though, you know?  
Like, uh, like, I gotta ask myself that before I  
You know what I mean? Before we  
And then, she the one for sure  
She the one for sure  
She the one for sure, she the one for sure  
She the one, huhhhhh  
Ayy, she the one for sure  
Favorite place to bump and grind while we fuckin' slow  
I just got caught up cheatin' with another ho  
Like, why you always just like catchin' me, though? Like  
You actin' like you ain't did nothin'  
Bitch, you know I, ah!

Bitch, I know I cheated, why you act like you ain't did nothin'?  
I ain't makin' babies but I'm still comin'  
I'll make my nephews beat your ass, left the kids jumpin'  
Bitch asked me, "Who the fuck is Faz?" That's my real cousin  
Shout-out Big Mike, that's my lil' cousin  
Got a small bitch, that's my lil' woman  
That ain't dog shit, that's some lil' money  
Left the trap house but it's still jumpin'  
Got a lil' money but it's still somethin'  
Got a natural bitch, she a real woman  
Left my lil' cousin at the crib because he still somethin'  
I just hope he don't steal nothin'  
I don't drink liquor but I'm still buzzed  
I ain't goin' out but I'm still clubbin'  
I'm not my daddy friend but I'm still clutchin'  
Kick a bitch out, I be still punchin'  
I be in the woods where it's real huntin'  
Make a bitch blow like a real trumpet  
I ain't McDonald's but it's  
Ah, she still love it  
I ain't McDonald's but she still love it  
Kick a bitch out, she was still clubbin'  
I can hear the birds, it was real hummin'  
You heard that, bruh?

She the one for sure but she my second ho, okay (Yeah, ah!)  
Ayy, bro  
She the one for sure but she my second ho  
I bought her so much gold that her necklace swole  
Won't even see a message, y'all won't text her phone  
A hundred 'bows in, get my flexion on  
I'm stackin' all these chips, get my textures on  
I met her at the church, I be blessin' hoes  
I'm prayin' for some money with my necklace on  
This bitch drunk as hell, she gon' crash the boat  
Put a Rollie on the animal, a flashy GOAT  
I ain't gon' trick, I just give her what she ask me for  
Fuck some clothes, I'ma let the morgue tag his toe  
These niggas scared of money, fuck it, I'm a last of hope

Unky in the kitchen whippin' somethin' harder than AP Physics

Out the window, Audemar Piguet and watch the AP glisten  
High as hell tryna record, I'm on take three with it  
Nothin' underneath a three-five, bitch, I'm eighty hittin'  
Up active off the Quavo, you be lazy sippin'  
Fingers cramped loadin' up the drum, I put an eighty in it  
Finna drop BR3, I hope JAY-Z listen  
Boy, put your hands down, we bullet throwers  
Shit, you better buckle up, they flick us, I'm not pullin' over  
War time, slidin' 'round the striker, that bitch full of soldiers  
Alright, look  
Spinnin' 'round in that Hellkitty, can you spell dizzy?  
Velveeta, for that cheese, we'll leave a shell with him  
I think my phone tapped, why the hell my Zelle glitchin'?  
How the fuck is you a hundred but ain't never felt fifty?  
Quarter-ticket hit my bank account, that's just today  
Seven calls back to back like, shit, man, that's just a play  
No ARP, no Glock, just a K  
Skippin' LA out in Cali', this time, it's just the Bay  
Spent twelve-fifty on just the BAPE  
Wanted a zip? No nuts, he got just the shake  
Sick he caught a headshot, like wasn't he just awake?  
Blowed as hell at STK, tell the waiter, shit, just the steak  
Bro on level five with just the shank  
Spent twelve blues on just the drank  
Where I'm goin'? Just the bank  
Bitch, ShittyBoyz, DogShit Militia, you know what the fuck goin' on