

One on One

Yo Gotti

Make sure you put the autotune on
Yeah, yeah
Murda on the beat so it's not nice

If I could talk to God like a real nigga one on one, I'd tell him
Need my homeboys back, and a couple niggas that's jailin'
Couple niggas convicted felons
I like the church but I don't trust the reverend
Soul been absent in my presence
And am I wrong if I bring my weapon?
Yeah, I said my prayers, I got my blessings
I'm still stressing so I'm finessing
Ain't holding back, these my confessions
If I could talk to God like a real nigga one on one, I'd ask him
I see my career goin' to the next level but my mind goin' backwards
I can't shake the street shit, still on the beef shit
Every time I try to do the right thing niggas think I'm on some sweet shit
Then I had to get them choppers out again
I tried to retire Lord
Forgive me for my sins, once and once again
Somebody got to die, Lord
I'm like why Lord?
They think I'm blood, they think I'm vice Lord
I'm overthinking shit 'cause I'm paranoid like my homeboys
Is they right Lord? Is they foul Lord?
Real shit I'll take 'em out Lord

If I could talk to God one on one like a real nigga I'd say
Lord will you please keep me far away from the fake?
Lord, can you teach me? please show me the way
Lord, can you teach me? please show me the way, yeah

Lil Dora seen me with a strap, ask me, daddy, what is that?
Lil son asked me 'bout Cecil, told him he ain't coming back
My bitch came in, asked me why we had to buy a bulletproof
Told 'em gangster baby, one thing about it is I ain't bulletproof
Never hire security 'cause I don't know what they gon' do or not
Wondering is they gon' shoot or not
Interview like how many niggas you done shot?
Old lady in the neighborhood said I'm the devil, she a damn liar
See me bustin' that fire, tryna protect the guys from the other side
Man I love these lil niggas like these my brothers
If any niggas come and touch 'em, I swear to God it'll crush 'em
I can't let that happen, 'fore I ever started rappin'
All that shit I be talking about, I was doin' that shit in the hood
With all the niggas I be talkin' 'bout
If I could talk to God like a real nigga, ask him please give me back Cecil
Please give me Big G and Poochy, then Pinot
Shit hurt Lord, I ain't over 'em
When the tears come it be pourin'
I know this rap shit my blessin' when I ain't in the hood shit be gettin' bo rin'
I'm so used to hustlin', I'm so used to thuggin', I don't know how to ignore it
Grab all my chains, hop in the Lambo and just floor it, vroom

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I used to pray to God to get a million dollars and a Bentley truck
When I was dead broke I didn't have a dollar and I didn't give a fuck
I done ran off on the plug twice, he ain't pickin' up
When we run into 'em when we put it to 'em like give it up
Run it, my nigga, we so one hundred my nigga, it's only a few of us
Talkin' to God, just tryna decide if life really meant for the two of us
'Cause niggas is shady, I tuck the three-eighty
You thought I was slippin', I tore him up
Snap on that nigga, no warm up
I got the A and I pour it up
Touchin' your city, no tour bus
Diamonds they drippin' like water
Have it your way like it's Burger King
Nigga can I take your order?
We sellin' work like it's Medellin
I'm turnin' three in the four-door
Watch for the D's and the tourists
Prayin' we never get caught up, God bless

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