

You Da One

Yo Gotti

Nigga slidin' (Helly, I'm fuckin' with you)
And I'm ridin' with 'em
(Helluva made this beat, baby)

I used to get the pack when I was young (Me too, yeah)
Now I do it for my son
Everybody behind me like I'm the one (You is, nigga)
No strap gon' get it done (Brrt)
Double back but bring a ton
Catch him lackin', we gon' punish you
Sold him one, but yeah, I fronted two
Ran up in a money suit
No mask on, just a monkey suit, fuck you mean? (Facts, look)

My lil' bitch in the D, she a nurse in the day (Oh yeah?)
My lil doggy from the East just put me up on a play (What up, dude?)
My OG 'nem ate with Mech and 'nem, back in the day (Facts)
When you sign with me that shit come with a brick and a K (Ayy, ayy, ayy)

My lil' freaky bitch Tasha used to hang with the costers
Now she one-on-one and mixin', I ain't talkin' no pasta
Yeah, I'm servin' 'em rastas (Ayy), all they coppin' is bales
Yeah, they leave with twenty-four and that's on top of the twelve
They play my shit in the county, bitch, I'm on top of the jail (Yeah)
They say that letter was loud, I got 'em watchin' the mail (Yeah)

I ain't dropped in a year so the streets been fiendin'
I'll hop out that Rolls truck, go and slide in a demon
I'm in a triple white Ghost, snowin', slopes (Yeah)
I fuck with the D, I damn near signed DeJ Loaf (Ask her)
Niggas talkin' big work and ain't never sold dope
My niggas doin' fed time and I'm just here to give 'em hope (Ayy, ayy, ayy)

I brung a hundred grams of tan, Gotti ain't think I knew the ropes
I got a blender in my suitcase, can get it to you for the two-eight
Bitches sayin' I'm two-faced, that debit card my new bae
Once that wire touch, I'm good, I ain't put shit up, baby, I'm Dugg
Which one of these lil' niggas would? (Yeah)
All in Vegas throwin' up my hood
Yeah, I'm straight, baby, get right
Knew you was fuckin', shit, that's light

I had two-fifty at the MGM, me and Dugg, synonym
Both had the trap jumpin', payin' like an ATM
My lil' niggas rockin' soldier rags like they Soulja Slim
Thick lil' bitch from New York named Kim, all she rock is Timbs, look
Niggas hatin' but we don't see 'em
Niggas locked, we hollerin' free 'em
We turned grams into bricks, we turned thousands to M's

I'll turn this bitch into a rat, orderin' tenders, all a tap
Ain't gotta ask, baby, I'm that
Yeah, I'm him, don't do no 'voiding, baby, that's them
Shout out my lawyer, happy I'm free
Text my plug, yeah, I need it

Uh, why would I need a plug, nigga, when I'm the plug? (Duh)

Ain't a hood in America don't show me love (Yeah)
I'm about to put like five mil' on Dugg (Ffft, beep)
Tell him go sign every nigga he know from the mud (Here I come)
Real bosses (Bosses), fuck with only bosses (Ayy, bosses)
Real street nigga, I can sense the crosses (Ayy, on God)
Street nigga, I ain't takin' no more losses (No more losses)
Let's count a mil' by hand, I'm exhausted

Since we against all odds, bro, you can keep all yours
Shit, we gon' split all mines, forever throw my fours
We probably kill all fives, bro, I don't trust no hoes
And I ain't coppin' no pleas, bitch, I been on my toes
Since I done got my cheese, might spend half on my mama
The other half on business, I'm tryna double up
Bitch, you get left if you ain't come with us, let's run it up
Do whatever it take, she like, "Dugg, one enough"
Still bought two to be safe
You know we fuck with the 10, you know we fuck with the Bay
Whatever we spent on the sixth, we gon' make double the eighth
Remember my niggas was starvin', now they stuffin' they plates
The judge dismissed all charges like, "Good luck and be safe"

Ordered up the Rolls truck, that was double the Wraith (Yeah)
Streets say I'm one of a kind (I am), I just can't be replaced (I can't)
Richard Mille, two-fifty for whatever in the safe (Woo)
Glock-10, FN, both of them on the waist (Woo)
My men on the parole, they cannot leave the states (Damn)
Matchin' Dracos for the twins, they were both on the case (Damn)
I fuck with Jay so I ain't sippin' Henn', I'm drinkin' D'usse
I fuck with Dugg and my lil' college bitch at Michigan State

I'm sellin' drugs all in the Nash', I got Michigan plates
That lil' shit they said was a five, I broke it down in a shake
She'll bend it over for me and show me what it is (Ayy)
I took her from a lame, taught her how to live
She like to fuck me in my chains, I even bought her crib (Shawty a freak)
She was starvin' with doggy, before he left she was callin'
Like fuck whoever, I'm all in, I know you heard I was ballin'
She tryna get on the court
I'ma hold it down for us, bro, just pass me the torch
Yeah, this bitch go over two, I never drive it in sport
Shit, I'm just happy I'm ridin'
Shout out to the 10, bitch, we tied in
Anywhere in the country, nigga, we top ten
Facts