

One Day

Shy Glizzy

You hear that?
That's called magic right there
Zay Houdini
They say birds of a feather flock together
This shit so beautiful
Just look at it
Young Jefe, holmes!

If it wasn't for this pain, I wonder where would I be at
If it wasn't for Zaytoven then it wouldn't be no trap
Just run and stay on your grind, yeah you know you gotta get that stack
I done been through hell so many times, thank God I bounce right back
Got a lil' bitch, she so fine and she from way out in Quebec
She fuck me every time we hop inside of my Corvette
Say when she hear Young Jefe then that pussy get so wet
She know you guys can't check, guess that's why you so impressed
J's at the door, gotta try and get the good dope
The feds at the door, tell 'em, "Fuck nah, I won't open"
Got her man in the floor, leanin' out the project door
Big billy ho, I'm the one that all the bad bitches know
Please don't step on my shoes
Or a nigga might see you on the news
Made a hundred on a coupe
I just blew a hundred on some jewels
Stop checking my moves
Know my mama ain't raised no fool
She did teach me how to raise that tool
Just in case a nigga hating on you, yeah

All my niggas gon' ball one day
Told 'em we gon' get on some way
And tell them bad bitches, "I need some space"
Only fucking with hoes on Sundays
Only fucking with hoes on Sundays
Gotta keep it real, only know one way
Now we gon' catch him in the field one day
And he better hope and pray that he 'bout the gunplay
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Bitch, I am from the trap, bitch, used to sell them packs
Yeah, I done got them racks, nah, I don't know how to act
Who that's in this? Got a 'Lac, shooters got them automatics
Like it, I'ma run it back, sorry, I'm just spitting facts
All this money I'm blowin', take a good look what my ho in
Keep the dice rollin', yeah, we gon' keep the night goin'
She ready, she pokin', lemme see you girl do it slow motion
If she choosin', I'm chosen, lil nigga you a loser, stop jokin'
Heard you stunting with your bag, make my niggas rob you
All my bitches they so bad, they look just like models
I'm so high, yeah, yeah, smokin' this gelato
Dope boy, ain't gotta hide, I feel just like Pablo

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