

# One on One (feat. YFN Lucci & Meek Mill)

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' borin'  
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  
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 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  
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

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