

Blueface, One Time

Is that Trey?

I remember that one time I was running from one time (Ah, ah)
Two, three, four-five, Glocks, and .9s (L-L-L-Lethal)
If I ever hit a nine, then I made her a dime (Saucy on the beat)
The show start at ten, I just hopped on the 5
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Big .45, clip rubbing on my thigh
Hip-hop, drip-drop, tip-top, bitch bop
Don't stop, pop lock, dick rock, rock, rock
Keep it goin', got me goin' (Ah, ah, ah, ah)
Show start at ten, it's 11:05
I came in through the back to the front of the line
Four-five on my waistline, six, seven, eight, nine
Minutes 'til showtime, 'member that one time
We slid through that one time? My lawyer on FaceTime
He said I might face time, ten toes on the baseline
Squabble up just to waste time

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One, two, three, four-five, Glocks, and .9s
Up at the five or nine before nine to five
Pour a pint, eat the ice, four hundred a line
Niggas act tough, paperwork say otherwise
Niggas lie, bitches lie for a peace of mind
Bitch-ass nigga told for a piece of pie
I remember that one time I was running from one time
Global Tel Link, to speak gotta press five
Four, three, two, one, caught me a new one
Two, three, four-five, Glocks and they new ones
New poles, new hoes, new toes, new clothes
New goals, new foes, new roads

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