

# One For The

Pigeon John

Ladies and gentlemen boys and girls  
This is the way that you rock the world (2x)

Let me tell you 'bout my gangster wit I dont follow no clique  
I'm quick to flip a dollar out of 15 cents for rent  
I'm a scholar in a blue Impala with dents  
Such is life a stand up man that bent  
I use this mic and MPC to vent  
2000 ways to slay a beat and hint  
At what it all means brothers gonna call me dense  
When I take my brain and let it touch the rain  
And since then I'm a young king in training  
And listening to the wind to see what its saying  
In glimpses sometimes it all seems senseless  
You trapped outside of white picket fences  
Still gotta figure out a way how to make it real  
In 3 ways sports crack or a record deal  
And the homies know how I feel  
Till I'm on the next level I'm a grind at will

One for the money two for the show  
Three for the homies who got in the back door  
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Us rappers we love to tell the stories again and again  
About the burning fire that rages within  
But all you ever hearing everyday from your friends  
Is that if you leave the herd there's no way you can win  
So what you gonna think about?  
When everything around you is negative including your bank account  
Scrapping out a living in a major draught  
With no avenue to let your angry out  
You rattle your cage and shout you pray they  
Break you out you stay truly devout  
Cause you wade through doubt so deep  
that you can't tune it out  
Blood boiling and you ain't cooling out  
And that's why I stand on every stage and kick that verse  
Like it the first and last time I'll ever say it  
I'm nothing if I'm not dedicated  
Every win is celebrated for the soldiers that never made it  
Trying to figure out where Awesome Dre went  
And why Grand Master Caze still ain't been paid yet  
So since I'm blessed to run around the nation  
I'm obligated to find a new lane and pave it  
So if the little homies ever want to disconnect  
From the matrix and jump off the slave ships  
And when they swim they'll have a destination  
And they come right on along and hit the same lid  
Its entertainment but its more than that  
Why you think Slug took me on the tour in fact?  
Why you think El-P put his boys on wax?  
And why you think Little Brother's in the door like that?  
Its because God gave us something that makes us  
More than record breaker we're our own saviors  
Ask the average man about taking his life

In his own hands and he won't understand  
That idea was stolen with the land  
And we scrape for the few crumbs that fall from the hand  
Live life hungry work to get bummy  
Or run we they 3 2 1 for the money

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