

The One

Chubb Rock

[Verse One]

Now here comes the one on the scene to redeem, a dream
seen a couple of years ago when I was just a teen..ager
The need to come off at that particular time wasn't major
Now I have to wear a pager
on my waist just in case I have to go someplace
somewhere can't bear to be late, cause the race is on
for all with the ruffneck song
Even though they weren't born in the Caribbean like me
And others that were all brothers there's a lot in the pot
Floridian(?) Sibian(?) to be Divvian(?)
I waited for a few for mine, I knew the time was gonna come
You can bet I'ma collect the whole lump sum
of the green, the revenue, the ducats, the monies
is whatever you call it there's some complementary honies
I'm just the ultimate Don Juan nig-Jacabozi(?)
Never fell, I can spell, F-E-L-L like Yahtzee
For each I'm gonna reach and teach with the speech
If you riff, I'ma flip like Nadia Comaneci
Win the gold; the bronze is for Hans and Franz
I'm not (?) on no dirty hoes, I know the pros and cons
which will enable me to wear a cable
and collect large sums of funds
and here he - here comes - The One

[Verse Two]

Now here comes the man - the man that had the plan
that in one year he will gain a million fans
Heh - and if you map it out he did
accomplish and astonish, grabbin the hearts of every kid
Yes I've created a realistic mirage in my garage
that one day Chubb'll be large
Not large in the sense that I'll be immense
but my financial status and my pockets'll be the fattest around
with a boomin sound which bounds
to give Hitman Howie Tee a royal crown
on his head or his noggin I don't how be loggin(?)
or the simple sounds you hear in your Walkman when joggin
or toboggan down the hill with a few minutes to kill
You flipped in the tape you just barely escaped
that tree in your way you just realized that hey,
you have to be very careful of the tape that you play
If it's one of mine, you have to sit and relax
and max and prepare to hear funky tracks
and the lyrical storm cause when it rains it pours
into retail stores, a little comedic and yours
But you know, deep in the gut, the nut
was you-know-what, all over the cut
Yes we worked real hard to make it def and it was fun
And made it suitable to be ripped by - The One

[Verse Three]

The One - has the mentality of
an ignorant ruffneck, but then to get loved
is in my heart even though externally I rarely show it
I'm not the guy you want to go wit'
If there's beef, I'm the butcher that will go and settle it
I don't preach their rhetoric
The One hates when you say he's number two

or number eight on the countdown - my sound
is unique, you sleep, you'll weap
You'll wreak of my words dangles in your cheeks
So spit em out now, read about thou - take our your camera
Take a flick of the man with the stamina
to get your girl Tabitha to have a crush on this
I don't use Nautilus - cause I don't pump no weights to get dates
The One is the only one
and I shall not have no other one but this one - word up!
Yo Howie, flick on the beat, show me where the rhyme at
and then the jam will kick like Timac(?)
Howie takes a style when he's developing my track
so you'll have the feeling of the flavor to buy that
so your audible appendages will be numb
And say, "Where did hip-hop get 'em from?"
Long live the ANC, Walter Sisulu
from South Africa, Mr. Mandela you're the real one