

# One Day

## Lords of the Underground

Youknahtsayin B, I mean  
motherfuckers be talkin, you know what I mean?  
Talkin plenty shit  
YouknowwhatI'msayin? Just shit talkin  
And don't know a motherfuckin thing  
But, we gon', we gon' gather all these niggaz from Chicago  
Hehe, Da Brat  
Knahtmean?  
That's right, all them niggaz from Jersey  
Yeah yeah yeah, and we just gon' do it  
Yaknahtsayin?

Aiyyo, put your hands up, way in the sky  
Light up your lighters, flame on the fire (yeah!)  
Aiyyo, put your hands up, way in the sky  
Light up your lighters, flame on the fire

Aiyyo I been on many stages of all sorts  
Banged in many hoopties on blocks of all sorts  
Ran to foreign ports, sippin on Port  
Thinkin rap thoughts while I'm reppin for Newark, WHOAAAAAH  
Down-fall never, I rhyme too clever  
Storm like the weathers, hip-hop for the pleasure  
Feel the texture, how does DoItAll lecture  
you and whoever, the more, the better  
L-O-R-D, back from N-W-K  
The U-N-D-A make me bounce this way  
Why you say - here me from Chi to NJ  
I swear one day it's gon' all come your way, one day

One day, that's when it's gon' come  
For all you muh'fuckers, tell me where you gon' run to

Check it  
Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust  
Blackin out on anybody think they fuckin with us  
We just, live the life of Billboards and mic cords  
Straight buyin shit you can't afford (hah) so put it down  
and stop touchin it, you wanna step to us, see you rushin it  
Watch your head, I'll be bustin it, what's this?  
Who you think you talkin to - you think we slippin?  
Yo Brat, stick the clip in, these niggaz is trippin  
Bustin shots like pimpin (pimpin) hit you in your hip and (hip and)  
take your Bills like Clinton (Clinton) nigga I ain't bullshittin  
You must be lost - thinkin Jersey niggaz is soft  
I should whip out on your niggaz - make you take your rings off  
Now take your fuckin jeans off, for thinkin that we soft  
Before I squeeze off, make you nigga ease off  
Cause me gettin burnt or hurt, won't be tolerate  
Funk Bizzy put a foot to your ass, you're constipated - what?

Dearly beloved, we gathered here today to bust  
Me and the Lords been in the lab, guaranteed to fuck it up - what?  
If you got a problem with Jersey or Chicago  
The revolver'll go POP and the weaves'll DROP  
Rhyme-diesel heffer in it, don't stop, the glock cocked  
Ready to penetrate with every one of my sixteen SHOTS

Don't be deceived by the pigtails, the butter colored ma  
Smothered in cheese, the dopest bitch you've heard thus far  
When in need, of an incredible high, you can flow  
with the L-O-T-U-G and I, as we get lifted  
til we die, all this stuff is weight  
Make the money to buy the bank and the Benz and the vacation  
(Sheeyit) Take time to kick it with niggaz in Jersey  
You weren't worthy and your day is comin  
Motherfucker, you better keep runnin (hahahah)  
And that's all fact and no lie, one day got your name on it  
Be ready to die (bitch, motherfucker!)

[Chorus x2]