

One Day

Lords of the Underground

Youknahmsayin 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
Knahmean?
That's right, all them niggaz from Jersey
Yeah yeah yeah, and we just gon' do it
Yaknahmsayin?

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]