

# The One

Natas

[Chorus: x4]

He could be seen  
He could be hit  
He could be hit  
He could be killed  
Oh! You da one they lookin foe

[T-N-T]

Ah-yo! I see that nigga  
I'm finna kill that nigga  
Keep my finger on the trigga of my 40 cal  
Make the the shot go BLOW!

In the middle of the night, spark light for beef  
I pack heat, fuck a fist fight  
Trained assassin, master of all techniques  
Do yo bitch ass while you sleep, wrap yo body up in bloody bed sheets

I leave no prints or signs of force injury  
My element of surprise is advanced to kill  
or pop is el-e-men-tury  
Put 2 slugs in your memory

Your body goes slump, put yo ass in the trunk  
Another corpse I must dump

[Chorus: x3]

[Mastamind]

If you could be touched you could be got  
If i bust you might you might drop  
Man see me later heavy weighters crush blocks  
I can't believe these niggas tryna play my niggas,

killas runnin' down the street pullin AK triggas  
We all took cover then took out mothafuckas  
Always ready to die always on the look out for suckas  
There's always retaliation after invasion

I guess i better stop whippin' out gats in they face then  
Can't even hold it back can't even hold a strap  
without wantin' to blow a hole in they back  
I guess i better start leavin dead and quiet

'Cause if they silent, won't be so much bloodshed in the riots

[Chorus: x4]