

# One Time

The Roots

[Verse 1: Phonte]

Yo, the spirit in the sky scream homicide  
But it was time to ride  
Then some niggas funny talking and too much money talking  
We make em economize  
Real rap - no tails spinning, such is the life of a  
Kam-I-Ka-Ze pilot  
We wylin out of control until we all make the funny papers like Comic-Con  
Feared in all streets so, if you ever see me out in y'all streets  
Find another one to occupy  
I never hope for the best  
I wish a nigga would  
Turn around and walk away  
I wish a nigga could  
Listen to my instincts and say fuck the rest  
But once you've had the best better ain't as good  
Weak-heartedness cannot be involved  
Stick to the script nigga fuck your improv  
Like the samurai  
The street's Hammurabi Code  
Play your part shut the fuck up and do as I was told

[Chorus 1:]

I was always late for the bus  
Just once can I be on time  
Then I start to think what's the rush  
Who wants to be on time  
Feeling unlucky and if I ever got lucky it was one time  
In this crazy world

[Verse 2: Black Thought]

Not a thing I fear besides fear itself  
This is clearly a lesson learned for someone else  
Reach for the crown of thorns upon the shelf  
Cross around my neck  
I've been taught by stealth  
Capture this moment in time... it's a smash and grab  
And where my party people y'all finna have a blast  
You say goodbye... I say hello first and last  
Hello-Hello... Now all of y'all elevate your glass  
To an example of what time will do to you  
When those nameless things just keep on eluding you  
When shit is new to you and lies is true to you  
Words of suspects-usual... coming though to you  
Man, I guess if I was ever lucky it was one time  
Then I went missing looking for the sublime  
A nigga stayed low left the ladder unclimbed  
Time after time, verse blank, the line unrhymed

[Chorus 2:]

You ever wonder what's the big fuss...  
For everyone be on time  
What's the big deal, why do they feel  
The need to have as marching on line  
Feeling unlucky and if I'd ever got lucky it was one time  
In this crazy world

[Verse 3: Dice Raw]

I wonder when you die do you hear harps and bagpipes  
If you born on the other side of the crack pipe  
Niggas learn math just to understand the crack price

Then drive in head first like the jack knife  
Cause out here, yo you niggas can't belly flop  
If you wanna make the noise inside your belly stop  
One time means being on the front line  
Being on the front line means ducking one time  
The pendulum swinging my way- couldn't be more blind  
Niggas talk to the cops? Not even one time  
Cause we all going down just like the subprime  
Or a cheap ass half gallon of Ballantine  
But hopping over gates to escape is sublime  
Then through the alley way and down to the sub line  
Tales from the streets  
A life of high crime  
To make it to the bottom  
Such a high climb  
[Chorus 1]