

The One

WC

Sing it
For the niggaz with the bumps
Bump, c'mon, ba-bump
Comin through the alley with a trunk full of funk
Nigga who is you?
Who me? Oh, I be that nigga from back in the days
Once again up in ya, Ain't a Damn Thing Changed
Ahh, stage left with the right angle even
We got the MAAD Circle in the house dis evenin
Get down, and ya don't quit
Yeah yeah, that's it damn nigga, rock this shit, rock
it
Aight, check one one, peep the blizzo
My trademark, chanky as fuck, with the slow funky tempo
(what?)
Bumpin, straight bumpin, neck thumpin
Stick out your tongue motherfuckers I'm comin
Hardcore's the way that I swing yo
Back in eighty-eight I used to flow for the crew Low
Pro
A seven year vet still strong as malt liquor
So mirror mirror who's the motherfuckin nigga?
Cause I'm the motherfuckin nigga
Now when I look in the mirror, what do I see?
Besides a shady-ass nigga slash rapper one of the first
to stab ya
Up up and away think quick oh now, images start to
click
I see your reflection, description young male holdin
his dillznick
Chest out like Popeye, deadly as Magic Johnson
Droppin my third album, back for more like Charles
Bronson
Rhymes (what?) hey, hey, I got a million of em
Takin this so-called gangster rap to another level

The capital W to the motherfuckers C-me in a beanie
All-star so clean, saggin with my Turkish earring
Down with the mad-ass zoo, I thought you knew
I bring flavor to the picture, the motherfuckin nigga
Cause I'm the motherfuckin nigga
Horns...
Bring the beat back, bring that beat back, yeah
Like that so I can fuck it up and treat it as if it was
a four track
Locked down for years now releasin myself
Lettin my testicles swing from right left left right
then back to the left
It's that quickster, mad hister, nigga looka
Beast known to make you give your motherfuckin hood up
Cooler than a chollo, gettin my stroll on
Goin solo, fuck all you niggaz should be my logo
Bitches wasn't down now wannabe on my team
Cause I'm kickin raps tighter than Leroy on Fame jeans
But they gets nathin but dug out like a booger
Cause like Abdullah on Car Wash, I'm hip to the game of
hookers

Put the, put, put the needle back in time
And I can still remember when niggaz wouldn't let me
rhyme
Beat it Cleotus I used to hear it from record labels
No doubt, deep down knowin I take all they artists out
But check me out now nigga, you can't stop the reign
Here to reclaim the fame
It's the four fingers up, two twisted in the middle
So who's the nigga, mirror mirror solve the riddle
Cause I'm the motherfuckin nigga
Fuck that, I'm the one, shit
Horns...
Am I the flyest nigga?
Let it ride