One On One

Nas

In the Rotten Apple, take a bite taste the worm
Embrace the world of reality we're faced to learn
Coke connection drug bust, graveyards where thugs rest
I keep my mug blessed, the evil is illegal substance sold
Roll mob deep, guns in the black Jeep
Mac-11's and legends, cracks in the streets
Patroller, gold money-folder, gun happy soldiers
Never sober takin over, my blood is colder
Niggaz respect violence so I become it
I'm from it, I even done it blunted so run it

Yeah son, you know what this is
Take it off (come on dunn, don't even come at me like that)
(dunn, come on dunn)

Imagine this, no guns no knife
It's a one on one so now we gots to fight, son
Imagine this, no gun no knife
It's a one on one now we got to fight, yeah
Imagine that, no gun no knife
It's a one on one now we got to fight, yeah
Imagine this, no gun no knife
It's a one on one, son

Yo I'm a cream fiend, with a mean dream
Brain full of schemes, my crew's rollin fresh out the greens
Give you what you never seen, the ips on the Mac-10
It's 2:10 in the A.M. in the streets of Queens
Try hard and die hard
Chances of survivin the game is like tryin to feed Allah lard
A walk a piece with a deadly shadow
They want to blow me with the double barrel, found no sorrow
I brawl with Blanka, caught Bison in a thinker
Don't make hell your new home, with the blue chrome
Mistakes want me, sauve fellow but raunchy
The soul of a cold body haunts me, I flee the country
But only to shed tears for years
Too wild for my own self, hopin help is near
Street Fightin was cool but in school I brought a new tool
Toolin with the devil, a rebel, a fool

Imagine this no guns no knife
Just a one on one where we got to fight, yeah
Imagine this no gun no knife
Just a one on one where we got to fight, yeah
Imagine this no gun no knife
Just a one on one where we got to fight, yeah
Imagine this no gun no knife
Just a one on one, a one on one

Yeah, take it to the bridge - Queensbridge

Yo whassup money? (Yo yo do you remember this face?)
(Yeah yeah yeah, run these, run these)
[sounds of brawl] (Break you down! Get broke!)
(No hands, run that, run that, run that, no hands)

I hear Jake walkie-talkies in my sleep
Marked money I keep, play the bitches all week
I visualize Coups, alligators in suits
Elevators in my mansion that rises to the roof
Sippin eighty proof, watchin Juice, but hold up
I see some brothers tryin to roll up, wishin I could fold up
It's hard to see their faces in they hoodies, I better boogie
Too late, I tried to swing when they jigged me, I'm out...

Yeah yeah kid, don't front, 360 degrees, knowhatI'msayin?
That's how it comes back at you. Queensbridge, that's how we live.
South side, all that. New York, light it up, light it up.
Yo yo you saw how I snuffed that kid? (Yeah I saw that, I saw that)
You know how we steppin. That's how we do out here in the street fight

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