

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]