

This One

Pete Rock

Special request to each and every one!

Hear dis! All dem likkle soundbwoy weh a go 'round
And gwaan like seh some a dem, dem a di champion!
Let me tell yuh dis! I will electricute a soundbwoy and let dem hold dem cor
na
'Cause when it comes to music we a di gorgon so come!

This one!

This one! A classic shoutout to my borough
Worldwide we stay thorough nuff a dem caan lock it like
This one! A ride out for my P-N-C
My family tree we have di ting set up from
How long! We come fi ram up di dance
Yuh dun know di ting sell off from we step across
From we touch di stage dat's where di niceness start
Promoter and dem friend dem just a laugh (Weh dem seh?)
Dem seh Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la! (Weh dem seh!)
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la!

Yeah! What the blooclaat?! The Brooklyn boy that run blocks
Open up shop and duckin from cops and gunshots
Dollar van Flatbush rudebwoys on back blocks
Got that grand daddy kush I'm back watch the God
Always rollin up that pronto leaf, constantly I'm conquerin
Anyone or anything that's blockin my accomplishments
(Don Gorgon!) We are the king of the establishments
Tek and "Steelie Bashment" control the sound clashes

A hustler's thought, don't get caught
And more showcase diamonds don't get bought
The shortcut twin thing A and B is an angle
So have one, before yuh dangle
Yuh life on di line (Line) Girl yuh look fine (Fine)
Cock up, di body and wine, wine
Now, mami waan grind pon mi (Mi!)
Dem ask if a she a guh happy fi see (See!)
'Cause she figure hardness my apology
Likkle does she know it's fi forty pon mi

Now this man don't need introduction
We lock upon di guns are tucked in
'Til one likkle punk jump like him tough and
Likkle drummer go ra pom pom pom upon dem
This is a warnin, ring di alarm we warrin
Guns drawn when I heard that your boy's an informant
Weh we call him, dat bwoy deh dead man walkin
Fire pon a rass for the trash dat he talkin

Upon inna di dance with a kind a squaddy (Dy)
Three Trini boy and two Yardie (Die)
Team's on sag (Sag) Know y'all mad (Mad)
'Cause the button broke can't turn off the swag
Watch me put wings on bees
Diamonds on bezels, block boys play with heavy metal
If ya violate then you get violated

The style can't beat, tort or even duplicated

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Guns, guns, everyday (Everyday)
From London, Canada and the U.S.A (U.S.A)
Guns, guns, people spray (People spray)
Look out for two shotta mi from di AK
Mi have a trailor load a gun if yuh waan to pop off
Any pussy in my way mi haffi, kill dem off
Yuh try to seh we fell off I laff (I Laff!)
Yuh can neva catch mi dwellin in di past (In di past)
Gimme a shot just hit my glass (Hit my glass)
Di soldier girls they got ya caught up inna draft
Mi have a trailor load a gun if yuh waan to pop off
Di pussy in my way mi haffi, kill dem off

Nineteen! drum pan sound a come fi test di champion sound!
And none a dem can neva catch we!

Trailor-Trailor load a double barrel, pack di trigga and fire like this!

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