

# The One

Prodigy

These niggas know the deal, it's easy to get killed  
Wet that pussy up, see now you got the chills  
Your bright idea shooting at me, the fuck yeah  
Bright idea, 'til I blew out his light bulb  
I'm more than a hip hop legend, I'm iconic  
My sixteen is strong as fuck, I'm bionic  
Apparently... you a parody of real nigga shit  
Pop your forehead like a zit  
I don't fuck with no snitches so I need to know who telling  
And I need to know who they told on so I can fact check it  
The alpha and omega, Mobb nigga I'm a fixture  
Black culture, bougie niggas get they bitch took  
Like bad bitches get they body shook  
From Jamaica Ave. to the boulevard in Hollywood  
From the projects, Nam and Oslo  
Rocketman Elton John, call me P-iano

Yeah now I'm on my shit, got me on my shit  
I'll hit a nigga with the clipper  
And fade a nigga real quick, see  
Keep me on my shit, wiling on that shit  
I will ruin your life, I promise you that shit

Swedish features through the window of a Lincoln on the Bell swerving  
I felt certain I was born to be the best Earthling  
Felt worthless, so many Xs and circles  
On my mother neck I know I serve a purpose  
Smoke the same shit that turns a normal turtle to a ninja turtle  
Neo-ninja doing? on Myrtle  
The motherfucker making a drug look like Urkel  
Forward shooters like Türkoğlu  
740 with the curtain and set to 1020 degrees  
Eyes closed switching speeds, hitting the weave  
I shapeshift to a disease, attack your lung and cripple your knees  
R&b chicks are twisted with ease, blitzkrieg  
You still posing for your little-league pictures  
I'm drinking beer straight out the pitcher  
I'll put your moms in an armbar at the bar-mitzvah  
Irish linen on the king  
I'm guaranteed I'm gonna win another ring

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I supercede that crap, now bitches want this hard shit  
Niggas want this crack, them songs you got that's garbage  
Paralyze your ears, stop talking, this P rapping  
Been doing this for years, know money I keep racking, up  
Come with it nigga, get beat the fuck, up  
Next to me you're chuck meat  
Yeah, we just committed suicide  
With this swammi I get busy B; do or die  
Big bar champion, the Henny and the rap flow  
The great black shark, you just a little mackerel

My bitch appetite for power surpass yours  
Now imagine my thoughts while I'm alone and you paused  
That's 600 horses stomping on your neck strap  
That's me, g-leaning with the pistol on my lap  
Got a 3: 00 your death, I could pencil you in  
Ya'll niggas is chow, my gun fit to dig in

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