

Number One

The Game

Dr. Forrest, dial one eighteen please
Dr. Forrest, please dial one one eight

Diddy ain't tell ya'll I run the city now?
Play wack rappers like a stewardess, I sit 'em down
Take flight like Holyfield and Mike, number one or two
Lend me a ear I will chew you niggas like tobacco
Major League shit, get hotter than Tabasco
Make you eat shit
'Cause niggas can't see me, even with no tint
On the Bentley, I'm simply
A motherfuckin' magician when it come to dissapearin' rappers
Shit happens
Drama lead to bullshit, bullshit to foul play, foul play to gun play
Then you see the Tahoe swervin' down the one-way
Bangin' Big Poppa 'till the red dots spot ya
Pop ya, drop ya, like the Rasta-
Farian marijuana I blow like Sinatra
Better call a docta', I gotcha nigga
I'm number one

I'm number one
I'm number one
I'm number one
I'm number one

Who got you niggas gassed up?
Treat em' like a bitch, fuck 'em, leave em' with they ass up
Screamin' like K-Ci & JoJo's last cut
'If ya think ya lonely", wait until tonight's up
Black tape around ya wife and your daughter
My lyrical slaughter's on time for your departure
Look what all that slick shit bought ya, this rap torture
Brought to you by your's finest, your highness
Drop to your knees, say your fuckin' prayers
Thou shalt not fuck with he who is greater
The emcee slayer, put niggas to sleep, have em' counting sheep
Get up in that ass real deep
Like a dildo, for real do', I let the steel blow
Get real low, I show you motherfuckers how it feel, so
You can watch me, kick shit like a steel toe
While you fall off the charts real slow
I'm number one

I'm number one
I'm number one
I'm number one
I'm number one

Put whoever at number two, fuck number three
Time to show 'em what them numbers do
Fist album five mil, second; four and a half
Subtract two quarters After the Math (I'm number one)
Like that Lil' Penny nigga
Play yo position, that go for any nigga
Big or tall, Bruce Bruce or a skinny nigga
Die fast, my nine milli is surgical

Give niggas gastric bypass when I murder yo
I WILL creep, dim the lights on the fuckin' Jeep
Gotta aim for his head cause them bullets ain't cheap
If I load the Glock nine, count the bodys on the street
I was born hardcore: A Menace II Society
Caine and O-Dog in one, nigga I just begun
To break niggas o' they disrespectful habits
I got ta have it, talkin' the green and the fuckin' carrots
I'm number one (I'm number one)

Evil Empire, laughing all the way to the bank hahahaha