

# 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