

## W.C. "The One"

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Sing it  
For the niggaz with the bumps  
Bump, c'mon, ba-bump  
Comin through the alley with a trunk full of funk  
Nigga who is you?  
Who me? Oh, I be that nigga from back in the days  
Once again up in ya, Ain't a Damn Thing Changed  
Ahh, stage left with the right angle even  
We got the MAAD Circle in the house dis evenin  
Get down, and ya don't quit  
Yeah yeah, that's it damn nigga, rock this shit, rock it  
Aight, check one one, peep the blizzo  
My trademark, chanky as fuck, with the slow funky  
tempo (what?)  
Bumpin, straight bumpin, neck thumpin  
Stick out your tongue motherfuckers I'm comin  
Hardcore's the way that I swing yo  
Back in eighty-eight I used to flow for the crew Low Pro  
A seven year vet still strong as malt liquor  
So mirror mirror who's the motherfuckin nigga?  
Cause I'm the motherfuckin nigga  
Now when I look in the mirror, what do I see?  
Besides a shady-ass nigga slash rapper one of the first  
to stab ya  
Up up and away think quick oh now, images start to  
click  
I see your reflection, description young male holdin his  
dillznick  
Chest out like Popeye, deadly as Magic Johnson  
Droppin my third album, back for more like Charles  
Bronson  
Rhymes (what?) hey, hey, I got a million of em  
Takin this so-called gangster rap to another level  
The capital W to the motherfuckers C-me in a beanie  
All-star so clean, saggin with my Turkish earring  
Down with the mad-ass zoo, I thought you knew  
I bring flavor to the picture, the motherfuckin nigga  
Cause I'm the motherfuckin nigga  
Horns...  
Bring the beat back, bring that beat back, yeah  
Like that so I can fuck it up and treat it as if it was a four  
track

Locked down for years now releasin myself  
Lettin my testicles swing from right left left right then  
back to the left  
It's that quickster, mad hister, nigga looka  
Beast known to make you give your motherfuckin hood  
up  
Cooler than a chollo, gettin my stroll on  
Goin solo, fuck all you niggaz should be my logo  
Bitches wasn't down now wannabe on my team  
Cause I'm kickin raps tighter than Leroy on Fame jeans  
But they gets nathin but dug out like a booger  
Cause like Abdullah on Car Wash, I'm hip to the game  
of hookers  
Put the, put, put the needle back in time  
And I can still remember when niggaz wouldn't let me  
rhyme  
Beat it Cleotus I used to hear it from record labels  
No doubt, deep down knowin I take all they artists out  
But check me out now nigga, you can't stop the reign  
Here to reclaim the fame  
It's the four fingers up, two twisted in the middle  
So who's the nigga, mirror mirror solve the riddle  
Cause I'm the motherfuckin nigga  
Fuck that, I'm the one, shit  
Horns...  
Am I the flyest nigga?  
Let it ride

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