

Wc And Maad Circle

"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, chunky 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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