

Grace Johns

"One by One"

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[Verse 1 - J-Hill]

(One by one) Rule one up in this bitch for real
Roll wit a couple niggaz, like Dave Seville
Cause niggaz-a, clean you out, like a golden seal
Put ya hands up, gimme ya scrill, what

[Obie Trice]

(Two by two) Ya bucket is clean, you ride mean
Pull up at the light on them gees (Proof: Gimme that!)
Them crab niggaz, wanna jingle ya keys
What chu bout to do, bleed (3-1-3)

[Proof]

Y'all don't run the streets, the streets run you
But a gun to ya kids, art of war, sun sue
In the jungle, stay humble, stumble and fumble
Til death inside'll rumble (Four by four)

[J-Hill]

Rule four, better get this down
Before niggaz go beef, better have that four pound
And bust like four rounds, kick the door down
Get yo ass up outta town, dog (Five by five)

[Obie Trice]

Niggaz conive, I thought you know it
Ya main man setting up, nigga ya blew it
Told him what you doing, baby, ya ruined
You ain't knowing (6-6-6)

[Proof]

The Devil's ya man, the ghetto's ya land
When you got not, to blot, turned yellow and ran
When you got sugar, why settle for sand
Never snitch when you clip, and put yo medal's in cans

[J-Hill]

(Seven by seven) Rule seven, cattle where my heart at
You want beef in the street, don't start that
Cause we will have some niggaz, up in yo apartment
Jumping outta places, where it's real dark at

[Obie Trice]

(Eight by eight) Ya carrying weight, hey, but wait
A lot of hungry niggaz, know where you stay
Address ya address, change ya place
Before ya spray nigga (Nine by nine)

[Proof]

I learned a lot from the stank, if you got bank
Fuck buying gats bitch, get a tank
Fuck a fire arm, get a wire bomb
Cause when you blow yourself up, at least you dying
warm {*explosion*}

[Chorus]

[Proof] Ten reasons, nine glocks, eight shots
[Proof] Seven cops, six drop on five blocks (JH: Fo' sho')
[Proof] Three cousins, two hot, one law, family
[Proof] We putting no man befo', ten jewels, now tell
'em
[J-Hill] It's one purpose, one goal, two halves
[J-Hill] Get it hold, three niggaz, one soul (Proof: Fo'
sho')
[J-Hill] Five ways, six days, seven plus
[J-Hill] AK we could let the nine spray (Proof: Ten
jewels)

[Verse 2 - Proof]

(Nine by nine) Oh I'm not real, cause I pop pills
Bring ya BLOCK, to my BLOCK, nigga get ya whole
block killed
Don't let the purple pill, shit confuse you
When outta my head, a life'll lose you nigga

[Obie Trice]

(Eight by eight) You lay at ya weight, you was played
Slug struck ya Escalade, ya brain
Rest on what Motor City paved
No more sunny days (Seven by seven)

[J-Hill]

Rule seven, somethin you better tell 'em
Good coke, good weed, y'all better sell 'em
Cause they'll put something, up in ya cerebellum
Proof you better tell 'em (Six by six)

[Proof]

Assume it's only for conversations
Let's conversate, super the nigga the .38 and
Dip, mono set trip, empty out the clip
Hold up! a .38 ain't got clips (Five by five)

[Obie Trice]

Niggaz be live, before they die
Until they test the wrong animal, then they spirit fly
Just know the game, why you playing the tough guy
That's yo life (Four by four)

[J-Hill]

For all you niggaz, think this rap shit's a joke
You get smacked and choked, bring the dagger and
cloke
I put my fucking heart into this shit that I wrote
You motherfuckers on some dope (Three by three)

[Proof]

Watch who near you, fuckers on ya rearview
Outta life, yo the trife wanna clear you
Don't get caught on E, and fought on streets
Be a victim of "Grand Theft Auto 3" (Two by two)

[Obie Trice]

Trust no one, when ya getting 'em
Put ya life in perspective, ya killing 'em
Envious niggaz, stay jealousy driven
Niggaz need to be listening (One by one)

[J-Hill]

It's one reason, why I still let you breath
It's one reason, why the fucking Tech won't squeeze
It's one reason, why you ain't +Gone+ like +N'Sync+
That's cause it's, one other nigga that'll do it for me

[Chorus]

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