

Lords Of The Underground

"One Day"

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featuring Da Brat

* cough * Youknahmsayin B I mean

motherfuckers be talkin you know what I mean?

[Da Brat] Talkin plenty shit

Youknowwhat!msayin? Just shit talkin

[Da Brat] And don't know a motherfuckin thing

But we gon' we gon' gather all these niggaz from
Chicago

[Da Brat] Hehe Da Brat

Knahmean?

[Da Brat] That's right all them niggaz from Jersey

Yeah yeah yeah and we just gon' do it

[Da Brat] Yaknahmsayin?

[all together]

Aiyyo, put your hands up, way in the sky

Light up your lighters, flame on the fire (yeah!)

Aiyyo, put your hands up, way in the sky

Light up your lighters, flame on the fire

[DoItAll]

Aiyyo I been on many stages of all sorts

Banged in many hoopties on blocks of all sorts

Ran to foreign ports, sippin on Port

Thinkin rap thoughts while I'm reppin for Newark,
WHOOAAAAAH

Down-fall never, I rhyme too clever

Storm like the weathers, hip-hop for the pleasure

Feel the texture, how does DoltAll lecture

you and whoever, the more, the better

L-O-R-D, back from N-W-K

The U-N-D-A make me bounce this way

Why you say - here me from Chi to NJ

I swear one day it's gon' all come your way, one day

Chorus: Da Brat (repeat 4X)

One day, that's when it's gon' come

For all you muh'fuckers, tell me where you gon' run to

[Mr. Funke]

Check it

Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust

Blackin out on anybody think they fuckin with us

We just, live the life of Billboards and mic cords

Straight buyin shit you can't afford (hah) so put it down

and stop touchin it, you wanna step to us, see you
rushin it

Watch your head, I'll be bustin it, what's this?

Who you think you talkin to - you think we slippin?

Yo Brat, stick the clip in, these niggaz is trippin

Bustin shots like pimpin (pimpin) hit you in your hip and
(hip and)

take your Bills like Clinton (Clinton) nigga I ain't
bullshittin

You must be lost - thinkin Jersey niggaz is soft

I should whip out on your niggaz - make you take your
rings off

Now take your fuckin jeans off, for thinkin that we soft

Before I squeeze off, make you nigga ease off

Cause me gettin burnt or hurt, won't be tolerate

Funk Bizzy put a foot to your ass, you're constipated -
what?

Chorus

[Da Brat]

Dearly beloved, we gathered here today to bust

Me and the Lords been in the lab, guaranteed to fuck it
up - what?

If you got a problem with Jersey or Chicago

The revolver'll go POP and the weaves'll DROP

Rhyme-diesel heffer in it, don't stop, the glock cocked

Ready to penetrate with every one of my sixteen SHOTS

Don't be deceived by the pigtails, the butter colored ma

Smothered in cheese, the dopest bitch you've heard
thus far

When in need, of an incredible high, you can flow

with the L-O-T-U-G and I, as we get lifted

til we die, all this stuff is weight

Make the money to buy the bank and the Benz and the
vacation

(Sheeyit) Take time to kick it with niggaz in Jersey

You weren't worthy and your day is comin

Motherfucker, you better keep runnin (hahahah)

And that's all fact and no lie, one day got your name on
it

Be ready to die (bitch, motherfucker!)

Chorus 2X

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