

## Mc Lyte

### "One Plus One"

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[Intro: Nas]

Large Pro., Nas. Traveling through your mind one time.  
Get bliss to this.

[Verse One: Nas]

The greatest lesson ever learned, has yet to be taught  
niggaz running outta court like "what the fuck they  
thought?"

It made me somber, my mans I just can't picture being  
locked up

they used to being mad fly

850 I style

Cherokee, letters read Nas they could never bury me  
but kill me, my nigga you free

Truly, reppin' QB

my life is like a movie

The credits at the end

and the film plays again

The script is every rhyme I ever said  
off the head

Infinity drive

Without a sound Queens bound

Paully got a call for war out from 40

Meeting out in Beach Channel

with peeps from Hammel

Blunted niggaz get roasted in they rides

soak they tongues to Remy

Heat's in the 5 series high and leery

when those blue and white cars drive near me

Avirex, Gore-TeX wet with fly jewelry

Israelite original insight and lethal

first Hebrew

God sent golden Asian phenomenal

you can't say the name Nas without saying the  
honorable

Wealthy, Wall Street read the chronicle

I fuck big titty chicks

who sip the Long Island City lix

Drunk off the Azay (Alize) with Henny mixed

Mad niggaz is jail like TCB teach me

everything you see ain't always what it be

Hardly able to chill night ills feeling slight chills  
finding out that rich nigga got to write wills  
High 'til I die Eldorado red pack the Uz-o  
pretty thug Last Don by Mario Puzo

[Verse Two: Large Professor]

Stages and places that we go through  
in a lifetime, maybe more than a few  
'Cuz one day you're A and the next you may  
have a brand new topic and see a new way  
Like history, while it's repeating  
I'm beating the drum on the dumb and blurry don't  
worry  
The least bit  
about shit when the weak split  
The raw brain remains  
long range  
This is possible I know and charge like a rhino  
bro, I gotta let this music go  
For the maestro  
climbs higher heights yo  
Season a bass line  
and mind of a Bandog shrine  
In hell, can't tell  
all the times I fell  
But can  
tell the thing called man I stand  
In the eyes of the father tasteful like guava  
unravel and break down a tec and solve a  
Problem, in no time you'll lose your mind  
tryin' to calculate the rate of the Large's incline  
Out of nowhere, I go where few can go  
on the strength I be rising on tunes and flow  
with the flock very seldom  
words when I weld them  
Connect for the perfect brew  
I you

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