

## **One.Be.Lo**

### **"Dick Head Tracy"**

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[Intro: DJ Scene]

We're gonna start this thing off right  
My man One.Be.Lo, DJ Scene on the mix  
And this is the official mix CD, "S.T.I.L.L.B.O.R.N."  
For the brand new album "S.O.N.O.G.R.A.M." which is in  
stores right now  
Make sure you go pick it up  
Shouts out to Boom Bap Project, take one  
Let's go!

[One.Be.Lo:]

The life of a gangsta, danger  
Known to bust glocks, rush spots underworld, nuttin  
major  
Been to the pen, I was in it for the paper  
Stick 'em up, try to get with us get sprayed up  
Came up hustlin, I'm comin to your city smugglin  
Dopeheads lovin it, Feds buggin it  
Don't say it twice, peep my latest heist  
Most wanted, skills most flaunted, that's my way of life

[Boom Bap Project:]

Tellin cats all this summer, run the funds through the  
numbers  
Accounts on free status; I let my G's have this  
We got this stored up through the routes and through  
regions  
We keep 'em short-changed so they thugs pledge  
allegiance  
Run a monopoly, monopolize economy  
Let's operate it sloppily with quantity over quality  
Two fuckin riddlers, true to life swindlers  
The check's in my hand and I'm callin off my ninjas  
Dick Head Tracy

[One.Be.Lo:]

Tryin to play me  
Especially when it comes to money things might get  
ugly  
Call me every day tryin to make that sale  
Tall tales, cash advance when all else fails  
We sell retail, make noise, well

When it's time to get paid all I get is voice mails  
Now I gotta threaten your life and heckle your wife  
And kidnap your kids just to get the rest of my rights  
Dick Head Tracy

[Boom Bap Project:]

The well-known bigot  
I cut a deal with you, knock you out the next minute  
Thugs in suits and we know when you recouped  
If my worker bee's happy, I hit them on some smooth  
shit  
Street executives through bars substance, sedatives  
With emphasis on conniving your mentality's  
prejudices  
Fuck bein sensitive, I'm clockin when you rockin it  
It's all signed and sealed in these top secret  
documents

[Chorus: One.Be.Lo (Boom Bap Project)]

To all you shady record labels (fuck you, pay me)  
To all you distribution companies (fuck you, pay me)  
And all you wack-ass promoters (fuck you, pay me)  
And if you bootleggin my shit (fuck you, pay me)  
To all you shady record labels (fuck you, pay me)  
And all you distribution companies (fuck you, pay me)  
And all you wack-ass promoters (fuck you, pay me)  
And if you bootleggin my shit

[Boom Bap Project:]

Dick Head Tracy, I'm one in one-five  
I'll take that signin bonus on the New Jersey Drive  
It's, organized crime through the, scope of a rhyme  
Ex-tortions design for, payin on time  
Strong arm and side swipe, we scheme for necessity  
Intricate instances like cats see complexity  
Blacktops and laptops, discreet with the cameras on  
We'll laminate a card, read "Welcome to Babylon"  
Dick Head Tracy

[One.Be.Lo:]

Walk into the room  
Like everything is cool, room four-thousand-and-eighty  
Smile fake handshakes, hide they hate  
Anything to capitalize/capital-I's like sideways H  
Criminal mindstates increase crime rates, find  
waistlines  
Laced with nines, don't waste my time  
Fake cats waitin in line to take my place, they can't fade  
me  
Or make me or break me, they hate me  
Dick Head Tracy

[Boom Bap Project]

John Wayne Gacey

You beat around the bush cause you scared to come  
face me

Even the arch repeat flaws on complacents  
And head-crackin video budget to Big Tigga's  
"Bassment"

You want success when you F and suck the minimum  
And the pendulum shifts through your time space  
continuum

Kareem swarms with the OneManArmada  
Ingredients for jack moves and the whole enchilada  
Dick Head Tracy

[One.Be.Lo:]

Street credibility

I push weight with more intensity, mostly mentally  
Moses ministry, all of y'all cats is mortal men to me  
Who am I is more a mystery, moral victory  
Normal tendencies for me to form an infantry  
Swarm your airwaves, sound speed oral symphonies  
Mass capacities, yo I'm doin this for salaries  
Fuckin with my dough I fuck up your whole anatomy

[Chorus: Boom Bap Project (One.Be.Lo)]

All you shady record labels (fuck you, pay me)  
All the distribution companies (fuck you, pay me)  
All you wack-ass promoters (fuck you, pay me)  
If you bootleggin my shit (fuck you, pay me)  
All you shady record labels (fuck you, pay me)  
All the distribution companies (fuck you, pay me)  
All you wack-ass promoters (fuck you, pay me)  
If you bootleggin my shit

[Scratches by DJ Scene:]

"So for the cake I spit this for you to pay me..."

"My money, my my money, my money"

"So for the cake I spit this for you to pay me..."

"My, money"

"No equation"

"For real I'm just watchin, watchin my dough..."

"Tryin to stop my checks..."

"Hell no..."

"So for the cake I spit this for you to pay me what you  
owe me" [echoes]

...

"So for the cake I spit this for you to pay me what you  
owe me"

[Lo:] I'm just curious y'know, I got a question... aiyyo

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