

**DJ Babu F/ Jurassic 5****"One Day"**

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(now one day)

Yo, who stepped off rage  
Broke cracked bottle tops, spilled this forever  
Whites, no trace, leather jacket zipped up to his face  
He dipped behind the wall, Shalenka couldn't aim to touch it  
These cats have started something that they couldn't finish  
Now they flee the country  
Yo, shot guy, God please forgive this life we're living  
Takin' mans for diems, aiyo, hands on your head  
where I can see 'em  
The chron's shone, spit out the combine  
I'm tryin' to make my exit real quick  
We leave no form of evidence

[Chorus]

Bakin' slugs out the dark  
Wild shoot-outs through the park  
These jail houses overcrowdin'  
All my thugs remain calm  
Money turnin', trees is burnin'  
But one day, it'll be gone  
(now one day)  
I'm your suspect

Yo, heavy chrons with small engravments  
Digits wit' small letters that name it  
Man created, but always to blame it  
I'm far rusted, pushin' your glusted, you busted and pussy  
Open your face and get chopped, just like a cussy  
You're pyro, I got one eye lookin' straight down the barrell  
Don't mistake me for shhhh, I'll eat your food and real quick  
Burn up the gear I dressed in  
Meanwhile the motive got them itchin' questions and guesses  
What would you ask God if you had one question?

Aiyo, deal wit' your family in your life  
Don't try to flop mine, they puttin' over dates and trials  
Little snitches turn into coffins and push six  
A man could be my worst enemy, I'll take this  
>From pyramids, beer caps to dollar bills with faces  
Got me chasin' bloody papers  
Scatterd 'cross the floor like forty acres  
So tired that, better yet, picture this from beer caps  
To dollar bills, black clips, lyrical high tips

[Chorus]

Yo, half a dutch inside a candle seed  
Liquor bottles in cemetarys  
'Nuff built up inside my body, but the Lord is my  
salvation  
Still have to make a move, cause just put off  
Broken fingers on metal tables, hands off, I'll pull off  
Black caddies and starlen windows that's bulletproof  
All you could see is fog off the door  
And richotched to the floor  
thirty-four fours, align your back, all straight to your  
jaw's jaws  
All pause, lookin' through the barrell, it's all yours

[Chorus]

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