

Talib Kweli

"One Two"

Visit "[One Two](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Verse 1)

One time for the husslers
Everyday block hunters by any means necessary
Out to get that money even if they on crutches
Tryna to ride foreign, coupes instead of city buses
And two times for the greens
That keep it tie and clean when they kin in the bin
Hold a nigga down like a thousand pound ankle
bracelet
When that love is real look you be killing places
Nigga you fit in to the front
So you can see where I'm from before I tell you what I
want
And I want it all,
I spit summer heat all through the winter
'Cause when I spring to the top I don't wanna fall
All I'm in this bitch RIP Big L
Brooklyn in this bitch RIP BIG as well
And ride to the studio I bump life after
I walk into the booth and kill shit right after

(Verse 2)

One time for the guns , one time for the butter
We spread it like parkee
One time for the hunters , one time for the prey that's
running
One time for the prey that almost got away
Two times for the rappers, two times for the singers
Two times for the players , two times for the ringers
To string us to be dodging the wires
To share bubbles and the problems who they are to say
They say you fucking up the game , you swear it isn't
you
Ain't no subliminals but where if it fit the shoe
It's sorta cute of these rappers tryin' to be a natural
My attribute, give me your type acolytes when I'm
passing through
I got draft, whipping is so priceless
Don't need your permission, a New York nigga with no
license
Soon I might submit that you ackle me
Force honesty, better than force modesty

(Verse 3)

One time for my thug niggers
Is smartest then nerds, one time for my hood sub
fading the 'burbs
Two times for the motherfucker that's hating our nerf
Tell 'em bite on the curp
Two times for the herbs when they working my nerves
Put your money where your mouth is nigga then
change your words
I be hearing with a curve it ain't nobody skirt
Till we run into the city like rebels out in divert
Pick a side, any side it's like the war zone
They televise beef to let you know the war zone
I see shots, numbs niggers like quarter zones
They be acting hard but your body lacks a chromosome
MJ is like I'm playing on a quarter dome
'Cause their style's dumb like tripping over a chords
phone
I should hang 'em up with that same chords
They acting like they don't know what the brain's for
Nigga

Visit [Talib Kweli](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.