

Glover Roger

"1, 2, 3"

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[Intro/Chorus: repeat 6X]

1 motherfuckin 2 motherfuckin 3

"1, and here comes the 2 to the 3, and" -> D.O.C.

[Verse 1: Lakim Shabazz]

???? rappers are full of this

Since I'm a Don I'm pullin out a hit

cos I'm fired up, I'm tired of all the bullshit

Flavor Unit, it's time to attack the prey

So make way for hip-hop's green beret

Bring on the refills, you see we feel

the name of the brain game is kill or be killed

I'm an expert, who will be the next jerk to try?

Let me explain you got 8 million ways to die

We torch and scorch ya, make ya feel real sore

Have that ass lookin just like *?this boo-boo?* slipped
the door

Known to kill, dunk skills, e-rupt

You ask why? My reply is 'I don't give a fuck!'

I'm a Panther, I love fresh meat

After I kill ya, I'ma leave ya body across 110th Street

My tactics are drastic and real fast

I tie one to a truck and go drag ya ass

I'm more than a threat, I'm a problem

To hell with cotton, watch out when I come to Harlem

So don't whisper or make a sound or croak

Shit ya prop, go straight back down ya throat

Everyday all day this be the hard way

Puttin rappers outta commission even on an off-day

Flavor Unit rules G, we're takin rappers out

1 motherfuckin 2 motherfuckin 3

Chorus (x3)

[Verse 2: Apache]

Here comes trouble and it's all that, in fact contact

You're next of kin, friend, follow the flow format

While you slip, I grips so expect to get bruised

Ask me if I give a fuck cos I ain't got shit to lose

Fuck around, lay around and get stuck up

You beat me? Wait a minute, hold the fuck up!

If I was deaf, dumb, blind, stupid, lame
Handicapped, crippled and "pussy" was my middle
name
You couldn't beat me slick, snap that neck like a Chico
stick
I know who'll getcha quick (Who?) My dick!
Tell me, is this some type of tournament?
I cut ya fuckin head off and use it as a Christmas tree
ornament
Come and give me a test whoever claims to be the best
Leaves with a 40-below footprint on his chest
Fucked up, got stuck, go press your luck
Both of his legs were found in back of a garbage truck
Head found in the bar of a limosune
The rest of his body at a dump-site in Queens
Damn man, Mr. Handman, you like braggin
Ya fucked up, made a wrong turn and entered the
dragon
I told you I'm out to stalk,
Last nigga tried me, died G, felt my tomahawk
Apache, that's me, I'm gettin rappers' ass
1 motherfuckin 2 motherfuckin 3

Chorus (x4)

[Verse 3: Treach]

You coulda been my main shit but you scrap and will
wack, black
The only thing I smoke witta pipe is an ass crack
You challenge Treach, I'll seal you quick, you can't
touch that
I thought you did a triple cos you said "Aw, fuck that!"
Diamond Hill how ya feel, *?hey Ben Hef?*
Give me a hearin aid or two then I'm thru cos I'm that
def
That's how we all be, tighter than small leaves
Club rappin all be, I'm wreckin on all 3
This drill means chill, Guard Ya Grill, trouble
Is that your head or is your neck blowin a fuckin
bubble?
A-B-C, skip to the S-T
U-V-W-X, fuck the Y-Z
Brand new, Brand Nubian, Grand Puba-in
Tape dem and cruise me then, if I'm wrong, sue me
then
Wait let me hear another tune, tune me in
so I'm straight, if I hear "drop the bomb" I have to go
Break this nig' for anytime or any day, as many rhymes
are played
Erase, forgive me not cos shit I'm hot, if I can get then
you'll get got

Au contraire mon frere this is all my hair
I wouldn't cut it for the biggest butt-ocks out there
Put on a tip or hittin hips, I'm more than quick
I Grease my Lightnin', it's frightening how I get, a slick
schooled, dark, cool Sagittarian
Two types of marryin: very thick or very thin
Naughty By Nature and the Flavor U-N-I-T
1 motherfuckin 2 motherfuckin 3

Chorus (x4)

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