

Kurupt F/ Latoya**"The One"**

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[Verse 1]

They might just lock me up for sound abuse
Bite like a brown recluse, I found a noose
that grips the ground tight enough to break a town a
loose
Reach back and smack you cause you questioned my
validity
It took a month for my hand to hit him cause my swing
started in Italy
I'm finna diss my nemesis, till he's removed from the
premises
I'm a twisted chemist with brain cells that are limitless
The mic chord strangles, a life of course dangles
My inner-changeable language hangs with a snake by
your ankles
We can do this for fun or we can make bets
I break necks with threats while your cassetts get
regurgetated from tape decks
You can't digest my words the first time, so you rewind
I'll write a verse across your brain and let the people
read your mind
You're tryna get at me, not knowin my words are
crushin the South
The style I left so super sick, it left preachers cussin
you out
Your stumbelin, over my words that will leave your skin
crumbelin
All they found was his mouth on the ground hoppin and
mumblin
... I'm The One!

[Chorus]

I'm The One, not the 2 or the 3
I'm the aggravated lyricist straight of the S.P.C. (South
Park Coalition)
I'm The One, not the three or the fo'
Y'all get knocked out of the frame tryin to step to K-Rino

[Verse 2]

I love to release with steel my hollows fool
My knowledge left scholars bruised

My esophagus rockets fumes, solid pools of kinetic
acidic molecules
I'm never rattled, in hand, lyric or gun battle
I strattled hurds of untamed cattle with one saddle
Dyin from the pain, tried to complain, but see I knew it
mane
Once a month I take out my brain and let the fluid drain
Battelin me is like you and your girlfriend so you resent
it
Cause when it comes to either one, yo ass couldn't last
a minute
My lyrics trigger hypnosis and doses of multiple
sclerosis
My high explodes infected most with tuberculosis
I slap men, half of his raps I leave them trapped in
Adapt in any climate, absorbin oceans with one napkin
I'll focus, and set up your stomach with dead locas
The head explosions scares MCs more then a red
notice
Put rappers to work, instead of a check I send them a
page
5 lyrics a week is equal to more loot then minimum
wage

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Now I done witnessed every move plus I done pulled
every stunt
They call me period cause I come visit your girlfriend
once a month
You keep throwin disses at me and here's what your
goin to witness
Enough shoes up in yo ass to put footlocker out of
business
Your calculations were way off, your practice didn't pay
off
How the hell you gonna win a ring and you ain't even
much met the playoffs
Erase your name off the map and start engravin mine
And set yo ass back like a clock, when it's daylight
savings time
When it's over, all your partners are gonna know you
got tossed
You couldn't handle me if I was a basketball and your
name was hot sauce
If I got beef with a grown man then Imma say his name
clean
I wouldn't care if you were underground, local or
mainstream
I'll spit 3 raps to make things rehabilitate then relapse

Yo flow is dead, they couldn't find yo skill with 12 key
maps
Styles shifted, these fake rappers tryin to be cool with
me
His dead relatives comin back warnin him not to fool
with me
K-Rino

[Chorus]

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