

Nate Dogg F/ Daz**"The One"**

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[Busta Rhymes talking]

Silkk the Shocker, Busta Rhymes
Never been done before you motherfuckers
Tanks and armored trucks bitches
Don't get it fucked up
Don't even look at me diagonally
You better look at me straight up and down
Six o'clock bitch, check it out now

[Busta Rhymes]

First and foremost I'm only here to knock shit down
And push ya shit back and completely lock shit down
And make sure niggas know how to act
The way we blaze shit, imagine if we really had to
resort to the gat

[Silkk the Shocker]

Yeah, we treat niggas like audiences just clap em'
down
Well fuck what happened before this what's happenin'
now
For you niggas who hate, really can't stand for this
Break both ya legs, now ya can't really stand for shit

[Busta Rhymes]

You motherfuckers thought the game was the same
Now a days niggas in the hood got dabs to shoot down
a plane
We bloody niggas so quick and so fast
Instead of givin' niggas that gat I prefer to put a foot in
they ass

[Silkk the Shocker (Busta Rhymes)]

I got something for them dudes who be tryin' to be too
hard
A street sweeper and I ain't talkin' about kind that can
move ya car
I'm a bad dude (Oh yeah, I'm really talkin' about bad)
I'm a big ol' problem (And he ain't really talkin' about
math)

[Hook: Busta Rhymes]

To all my thugs in the street puttin' it down with us,
come on

My real live soldiers puttin' it down with us, come on
My street corner colonels, uh, get down with us, come
on

My dogs who hold they post down is down with us,
where you at

Now all my people in the East is down with us, come on
My hustlers in the West is down with us, come on
My Dirty South gangstas, yeah, is down with us, come
on

And forever keepin' it gully, ya know it's a must
I'm number one, one, one, one, one, one, one, one,
one, one
One, one, one, one, one, one, one, one, one, one
I'm number one

[Silkk the Shocker]

I know I'm the one, I'm supposed to win it
No type showin' lots of chips but they mostly twenties
Lots of Cris, mostly bottles
Lots of chicks, mostly models
Lots of bullets solid but they mostly hollow
Ya ain't gotta say nothin' nigga for me to dump off
Here my nuts can say right hear it's the jump off
I'm in the car, smoked when I drive, tear the roof of the
coupe off
Me jump in the club, make em' tear the roof off

[Hook]

[Busta Rhymes]

To all my cats who think they thuggin' only doin' it
wrong
The church bell rings only to play ya funeral song
You wack nigga throw them lyrics away
Before I turn ya to a ghost make angels carry ya spirit
away
Even though my broad be holdin' a snub
A bottle of Cris can end up becomin' the worst weapon
inside a club
The way we beat you with and the way we come with
such brute force
This how we party and next time me and my whole crew
floss
The new boss of this old shit
Before ya move me probably there's a million dudes ya
have to go get
So Busta-Bus be makin' em' run
Under studio, every level I say it with conviction

I'm number one, one, one, one, one, one, one, one,
one, one
One, one, one, one, one, one, one, one, one, one

[Hook]

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