

Pigeon John f/ Brother Ali

"One For The"

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[Intro] Yeah. C'mon now. The whole planet. Join in. Right now Ladies and gentlemen boys and girls This is the way that you rock the world (2x) [Verse One: Pigeon John] Let me tell you 'bout my gangster wit I don't follow no clique I'm quick to flip a dollar out of 15 cents for rent I'm a scholar in a blue Impala with dents Such is life a stand up man that bent I use this mic and MPC to vent 2000 ways to slay a beat and hint At what it all means brothers gonna call me dense When I take my brain and let it touch the rain And since then I'm a young king in training And listening to the wind to see what its saying In glimpses sometimes it all seems senseless You trapped outside of white picket fences Still gotta figure out a way how to make it real In three ways: sports, crack or a record deal And the homies know how I feel Till I'm on the next level I'm a grind at will [Chorus: X2] One for the money two for the show Three for the homies who got in the back door One for the money two for the show Three for the honies who got in the back door [Verse Two: Brother Ali] Us rappers we love to tell the stories again and again About the burning fire that rages within But all you ever hearing everyday from your friends Is that if you leave the herd there's no way you can win So what you gonna think about? When everything around you is negative including your bank account Scrapping out a living in a major drought With no avenue to let your angry out You rattle your cage and shout You pray they break you out You stay truly devout Cause you wade through doubt so deep that you can't tune it out Blood boiling and you ain't cooling out And that's why I stand on every stage and kick that verse Like it the first and last time I'll ever say it I'm nothing if I'm not dedicated Every win is celebrated for the soldiers that never made it Trying to figure out where Awesome Dre went And why Grand Master Cas still ain't been paid yet So since I'm blessed to run around the nation I'm obligated to find a new lane and pave it So if the little homies ever want to disconnect From the matrix and jump off the slave ships And when they swim they'll have a destination And they come right on along and hit the same lick Its

entertainment but its more than that Why you think Slug
took me on the tour in fact? Why you think El-P put his
boys on wax? And why you think Little Brother's in the
door like that? Its because God gave us something that
makes us More than record breaker we're our own
saviors Ask the average man about taking his life In his
own hands And he won't understand That idea was
stolen with the land And we scrape for the few crumbs
that fall from the hand Live life hungry work to get
bummy Or run we they 3, 2, 1 for the money [Chorus:
X2] One for the money two for the show Three for the
homies who got in the back door One for the money
two for the show Three for the honies who got in the
back door

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