Only One Me

Ice Cube

That's some gangsta shit
Check the original, y'all niggas digital
The pyroclastic flow, this insaneMotherfuckers love me
Young ass niggas they wanna thug for me
Wish I was they Godfather, sell drugs for me
But all they can do is tap cuz for me
Look homie, you can be my crony
If you figure how to get a check out of Sony
Oh Lord, thought I watch preaching to the choir
When I'm in this pool, bet I might catch on fire
Ass full of gas, do you got a lighter?
Hand full of ass, why should I retire
The shit I spit might inspire a messiah
To throw these lies in a lake full of fire
Ain't nothing flier than my fuckin' rims and my tires
And a word to the wise, you better fuckin' recognize
That I been on the block since bitches did the wop
Since Floyd and Damian kept rocks in they socks, nigga
Taught 2Pac how to keep it gangster
I showed Biggie Smalls how to release his anger
Who came before me? Melle Mel, Ice T
King T, KRS and the homie Chuck D
P.E, DMC, nigga know your history
If Cube ain't top 3, then you's a bitch to me
Ice Cube, the name will live in infamy
Ask the young nigga that invented Eazy-E
West Coast bitch, yeah that's all me
With Too Short and the D-R-E
We made it too hard, check our family tree
See you try to make a snapple out of all them bad apples
Nigga 'nough
Leave you baffled then, careful then
Running through your house like it's a motherfuckin' raffle
I'm a asshole with tabasco, you the last hoe I would ask for
If I had to leave your house walked into a ho house
The drink that I pour out, the weed that I blow out
It's all for my nigga Big Hurt, when I show out
Picture this in a frame, get tore out
When I wanna go out, red carpets get rolled out

There's a lot of you's, there's only one me
They are not confused by a wannabe
There's a lot of you's, there's only one me
They are not confused by a wannabe
Original, original, I'm the prototype
Original, original, he the copy right
Original, original, I'm the prototype
Original, original, he the copy rightSo what you from the gutter
We all had to struggle if you got a black mother
We all had to scrap with our uncles and our brothers
Bedroom window, no curtains, used covers
Motherfucker always claim to be the hardest
But these motherfuckers never claim to be the smartest
I'm a artist that'll paint your rigor mortis
You silly rabbit nigga, here come the tortoise
Fast is smooth and smooth is slow
And that's how you get it, 20 years in a row
Advance how you get 20 years in a hole
Bet 10 that you ass ain't got no soul
Grab that cold ass white men steel
Cap peels, run like an oil spill
Big drills, found him in the landfill
You got 30 years but you my man still
Fuck them tears, Tony Montana
Caught you in Montana, extradited to Atlanta
This ain't the banana nigga, this is Alabama
Nail in your coffin when the judge rock the hammer, nigga
There's a lot of you's, there's only one me
They are not confused by a wannabe
There's a lot of you's, there's only one me
They are not confused by a wannabe
Original, original, I'm the prototype
Original, original, he the copy right
Original, original, I'm the prototype
Original, original, he the copy rightGangsta Shit!
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/