

# 1,2,3

## La Gente

[Chorus: x6]

1 motherfucking 2 motherfucking 3  
1 and here comes the 2 to the 3, and[Lakim Shabazz]  
? rappers are full of this, since I'm a Don I'm pulling out a hit  
'cause 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 looking 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  
Putting rappers outta commission even on an off-day  
Flavor Unit rules G, we're taking rappers out  
1 motherfucking 2 motherfucking 3[Chorus: x3][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 'cause I ain't got shit to lose  
Fuck around, lay around and get stuck up  
You beatnit, wait a minute, hold the fuck up  
If I was deaf, dumb, blind, stupid, blame  
Handicapped, crippled and "pussy" was my middle name  
You couldn't beat me slick, snap that neck like a Chico stick  
I know who beat'cha quick (who?), my grip  
Failing this to some type of tournament  
I cut ya fucking head off and use it as a Christmas tree ornament

Come and give me a test whoever claims to be the best  
He's with the 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 limousine  
The rest of his body at a dove site in Queens  
Damn man, Mr. Handman, you like bragging  
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 getting rappers' ass  
1 motherfucking 2 motherfucking 3[Chorus: x4][Treach]  
You could of been my main shit but you scrap and will wack, black  
The only thing I smoke with a pipe is an ass crack  
You challenge Treach, I'll seal you quick, you can't touch that  
I thought you did a triple 'cause you said "Aw, fuck that!"  
Diamond Hill how ya feel, hey Ben Hef  
Give me a hearing aid or two then I'm through 'cause I'm that def  
That's how we all be, tighter than small leaves  
Club rapping all be, I'm wrecking on all 3  
This drill means chill, Guard Ya Grill, trouble  
Is that your head or is your neck blowing a fucking bubble?  
A-B-C, skip to the S-T  
You-V-W-X, fuck the why-Z  
Brand new, Brand Nubian, Grand Puba-in  
Tape them 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 'cause 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 hitting 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 marrying very thick or very thin  
Naughty By Nature and the Flavor you-N-I-T  
1 motherfucking 2 motherfucking 3[Chorus: x4]

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