One Love

Nas

What up kid? I know shit is rough doin' your bid
When the cops came, you shoulda slid to my crib
But fuck it black, no time for looking back it's done
Plus congratulations, you know you got a son
I heard he looks like you, why don't your lady write you?
Told her she should visit, that's when she got hyper
Flippin', talk about he acts too roughHe didn't listen, he be riffin' while I'm tellin' him stuff
I was like yeah, shorty don't care, she a snake too
Fuckin' with the niggaz from that fake crew that hate you
But yo, guess who got shot in the dome-piece
Jerome's niece, on her way home from Jones beach, it's bugged
Plus little Rob is selling drugs all the time
Hangin' out with young thugs that all carry 9'sAnd night time is more trife than ever
What up with Cormega, did you see 'em, are y'all together?
If so then hold the fort down, represent to the fullest
Say whats up to Herb, Ice and Bullet
I left a half a hundred in your commissary
You was my nigga when push came to shove
One what? One loveOne love, one love, one love, one love
One love, one love, one love, one love
One love, one love, one love, one love
One love, one love, one love, one loveDear Born, you'll be out soon, stay strong
Out in New York, the same shit is goin' on
The crack-heads stalkin', loud-mouths is talkin'
Hold, check out the story yesterday, when I was walkin'
The nigga you shot last year
Tried to appear like he hurtin' somethin'
Word to mother, I heard him frontin'
And he be pumpin' on your block
Your man gave him your glockAnd now they run together, what up son, whatever
Since I'm on the streets, I'm a put it to a cease
But I heard you blew a nigga with he ask for the phone piece
Whylin' on the island, but now in Elmira
Better chill, 'cos them niggaz will put that ass on fire
Last time you wrote you said, they tried you in the showers
But maintain when you come home, the corner's ours
On the reals, all these crab niggaz know the dealWhen we start the revolution all they probably do is squeal
But chill, see you on the next V I
I gave your mom dukes loot for kicks, plus sent ya flicks

Your brother's buck whilin' and four Maine, he wrote me
He might beat his case, 'til he come home I play it low keySo stay civilised, time flies
Though incarcerated, your mind dies
I hate it when your moms cries
It kinda wants to make me murder, for real
I've even got a mask and gloves to bust slugs
For one loveOne love, one love, one love, one love
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One love, one love, one love, one loveSometimes I sit back with a buddha sack
Mind's in another world thinkin'
How can we exist through the facts?
Written in school text books, Bibles, etc
Fuck a school lecture, the lies get me vexed
So I be ghost for my projects
I take my pen and pad for the week
And hittin' Ls while I'm sleepin'A two day stay, you may say I need the time alone
To relax my dome, no phone, left the 9 at home
You see the streets have me stressed somethin' terrible
Fucking with the corners have a nigga up in Belle View
Or H D M, hit with numbers from 8 to 10
A future in a maximum state pen is grim
So I comes back home, nobody's helpin' shorty doowop
I roll two phillies together, in the prison we call them oowopsHe said Nas, niggaz cold be bustin' off the roof
So I wear a bullet proof and pack a black tres-deuce
He inhaled so deep, shut his eyes like he was sleep
Started coughin' when I peeked to watch me speak
I sat back like the mack, my army suit was black
We was chillin' on these benches
Where he pumped his loose cracks
I took the L when he passed it, this little bastard
Keeps me blasted, he starts talkin' mad shitI had to school him, told him don't let niggaz fool him
'Cos when the pistol blows the one that's murdered, be the cool one
Tough luck when niggaz are struck, families fucked up
Could've caught your man, but didn't look when you bucked up
Mistakes happen, so take heed, never bust up
In a crowd catch him solo, make the right man bleedShorty's laugh was cold blooded as he spoke so foul
Only twelve trying to tell me that he liked my style
Then I rose, wipin' the blunts ash from my clothes
Then froze only to blow the herb smoke through my nose
And told my little man that I'm a go cyprose
There's some jewels in the skull that he could sell if he chose
Words of wisdom from Nas, try to rise up above
Keep a eye out for Jake shorty, wop
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