

# As One

## IPC

We're the ones with the flame

(Yeah)

We're the fire that remains

(Turn Rell up a little bit)

We're controllin' the game from now on

(Huh)

Yeah! It's the world renowned

Internationally connected

Locally accepted

Roc'-a-fella records

Don't get it confused

(Roc', baby)

Doin' what we do

(It's the Roc', baby)

B. Sig., Rell, Peedi Crakk, Free, Young H-O, Bleek

(You understand)

Introduc'in'

It's Young C

(Young C!)

Home of Philly, young and hungry

All the girlies wanna fall in lust with me

And every hood in the world discussin' me

I hated once when I didn't give it up to Neef

It's Neef Buck

(Neef Buck!)

Out the cut

(Out the cut!)

All the haters wanna claim that they fuck with us

It ain't a game, niggas know that they Toys R Us

They can't fuck with us

Aaw

I'm the one

Man I'm money, hoes, clothes and shows

To do with your ho all wrapped in one

I'm not done

Man, I'm the shit after it's all said and done

The one to cop one, come back for another one

Quick fast, like rapid refund

I'm the grr mean green out the money machine

I'm not done  
I'm Omilio and interviews thought you could hold Sparks in the hood  
Give me hon'  
And you like it  
All those haters talkin' shit we don't like it  
We love it  
That black mask, black glove shit  
Roll up on him don't budge, bitch  
With my mack and my tech  
And my vest, just like that  
For them niggas thinkin' Mack Milli not really from the streets  
I'm that gallstone trapped in the belly of the beast

Those seen here we'll lead you forever  
And we will not leave you, never  
And our voices will ring  
(Ring)  
Together  
As one  
Aaw  
It's young Free  
Move, workin' the wheel  
Hand jerkin' the V  
Busters don't let you crossed the line  
Thinkin' I'm off my job  
But I'm on like Chris when he popped his 'cuz  
Thinkin' them slugs'll fly  
Call me P.C  
Tempers feelin', I peel  
Look how I'm killin' the wheel  
The fitted tilt to the left  
The shirt blend with the sweats  
Your girls skirts invest  
She undressin', don't stare  
Check the picture nigga  
I'm the one  
Young H-O, a game of one  
What you think I'd do to the brain of that dame you bring  
Listen hon, twist one, this Armi, sip some  
It's only 40 proof, it feel like 151  
When I'm done  
Make a run with the Roc  
Rock Air Force 1's  
Rock a bun, hide shit in her hair when I come  
Through customs, cops can't bust him

It's Hov the Hustler, I'm having one hell of a run  
And you like it  
All those haters talkin' shit we don't like it  
No, we love it  
I got a mommy with a body, don't touch it  
You can't fuck wit  
Young Easy, I on the Just Blaze production  
You get nothin'  
We get enough spins  
Can't stop us from coppin' bottles while we clubbin'  
It's the R O C forever, tell the public, huh!  
Those seen here we'll lead you forever  
And we will not leave you, never  
And our voices will ring  
(Ring)  
Together  
As one  
Aaw

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