

# As One

Jay-Z

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 reknown  
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")  
Introducin' It's Young see ("Young see!")  
Home of Philly, young and hungry  
All the girlies want to 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 want to claim that they fuck with us  
It ain't a game, niggas know that they Toys are Us  
They can't fuck with us 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 its all said and done  
The one to cop one, come back for another one  
Quick fast, like rapid refund  
I'm the, mean green out the money machine  
I'm not done  
I'm Omilio, and interviews thought you could hold Sparks in the hood And you like it All those haters talking  
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 It's young Free  
Move, workin' the wheel  
Hand jerkin' the V

Busters don't let you crossed the line  
Thinking I'm off my job  
But I'm on like Chris when he popped his 'cause  
Thinking them slugs'll flyCall 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 niggasI'm the one  
Young H-O, a game of one  
What you think I'd do to the brain of that dame you brung  
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 runAnd you like itAll those haters talkin' shit we don't like itNo,  
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 are-O-see 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

Songwriters

White, Maurice / Carter, Shawn C / Grant, Dwight / Del Barrio, Eddie / White, Verdine Adams / Mohammed,  
Hanif / Ries, Chris / Johnson, Kenneth / Alwan, Ummar / Pridgen, Leslie / Cox, Malik Deshawn / Zayas,

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