

One Love - LG Main Mix

Nas

What up kid? I know shit is rough doing your bid
When the cops came you should of slid to my crib
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
Flip it, talk about he acts too rough
He didn't listen he be riffin' while I'm telling him stuff
I was like yeah, shorty don't care, she a snake too
Fucking with the niggas 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 joes beaches club
Plus little rob is selling drugs all the time
Hanging out with young thugs that all carry 9's
At night time there's more trife than ever
What up with Cormega, did you see 'em, are y'all together?
If so then hold the fort, now I 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 loveDear born, you'll be out soon, stay strong
Out in new york the same shit is going on
The crack-heads stalking, loud-mouths is talking
Hold, check out the story yesterday when I was walking
The nigga you shot last year tried to appear like he hurtin' something
Word to mother, I heard him fronting
And he be pumping on your block
Your man gave him your glock
And now they run together, what up son, whatever
Since I'm on the streets I'm a put it to a cease
When I heard you blew a nigga with the ? for a phone piece
Whylin' on the island but now with ?
Better chill 'cause them niggasz will put that ass on fire
Last time you wrote you said they tried you in the showers
I maintain when you come home the corner's ours
On the reels, all these crab niggaz know the deal
When 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 ? flicks

Your brother's buck whylin' in four Maine he wrote me
He might beat his case, 'til he come home I play it low key

So stay civilized, time flies

Though incarcerated your mind (dies)

I hate it when your mum cries

It kinda wants to make me murder, for real-a

I've even got a mask and gloves to bust slugs

For one love Sometimes I sit back with a Buddha sack

Mind's in another world thinking how can we exist through the facts

Written in school text books, bibles, etcetera

Fuck a school lecture, the lies get me vexed-er

So I be ghost from my projects

I take my pen and pad for the week and hittin' nails while I'm sleeping

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 something terrible

Fucking with the corners have a nigga up in belle vue

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 helping shorty

Do I roll them two phillies together and the friends we call them oowops

He 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 coughing when I peeked to watch me speak

I sat back like the mack, my army suit was black

We was chillin' on these bitches where he pumped his loose cracks

I took an l when he passed it, this little bastard

Keeps me blasted he starts talking mad shit

I had to school him, told him don't let niggas fool him

'cause when the pistol blows a shot that's when a murder be the cool one

Tough luck when niggas 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

If the crowd catch him solo, make the right man bleed

Shorty's laugh was cold blooded as he spoke so foul

Only twelve trying to tell me that he liked my style

Then I rose, wiping the blunts ash from my clothes

Then froze only the bolder 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 can sell if he chose

Words of wisdom from nas try to rise up above

Keep an eye out for jake shorty what

One love

Songwriters

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