# 1,2,3

## 1,2,3

[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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