As One

Tragedian

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)
Introducin'
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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