The One

WC & The Maad Circle

Oooohh--ooohhh---ooh-ooh-ooh
You are the one, you are the one
Baby
You are the one you are the one
You are the oonnnneeee
(Sing it)
You are the one, you are the one
Baby
You are the one you are the one
(For the niggas with the bumps)
You are the oonnnneeee
Bump, c'mon, ba-bump
Comin through the alley with a trunk full of funk
Nigga who is you?
Who me? Oh, I be that nigga from back in the days
Once again up in ya, Ain't a Damn Thing Changed
Ahh, stage left with the right angle even
We got the MAAD Circle in the house this evening
Get down, and ya don't quit
Yeah yeah, that's it damn nigga, rock this shit, rock it
Aight, check one one, peep the blizzo
My trademark, chanky as fuck, with the slow funky tempo (what?)
Bumpin, straight bumpin, neck thumpin
Stick out your tongue motherfuckers I'm comin
Hardcore's the way that I swing yo
Back in eighty-eight I used to flow for the crew Low Pro
A seven year vet still strong as malt liquor
So mirror mirror who's the motherfuckin nigga?
You are the one, you are the one
Baby (Cause I'm the motherfuckin nigga)
You are the one you are the one
You are the oonnnneeeeNow when I look in the mirror, what do I see?
Besides a shady-ass nigga slash rapper one of the first to stab ya
Up up and away think quick oh now, images start to click
I see your reflection, description young male holdin his diz-nick
Chest out like Popeye, deadly as Magic Johnson
Droppin my third album, back for more like Charles Bronson
Rhymes (what?) hey, hey, I got a million of em
Takin this so-called gangster rap to another level

The capital W to the motherfuckers C-me in a beanie
All-star so clean, saggin with my Turkish earring
Down with the mad-ass zoo, I thought you knew
I bring flavor to the picture, the motherfuckin niggaYou are the one, you are the one
Baby (Cause I'm the motherfuckin nigga)
You are the one you are the one
You are the oonnnneeeeHorns...Bring the beat back, bring that beat back, yeah
Like that so I can fuck it up and treat it as if it was a four track
Locked down for years now releasin myself
Lettin my testicles swing from right left left right then back to the left
It's that quickster, mad hister, nigga looka
Beast known to make you give your motherfuckin hood up
Cooler than a chollo, gettin my stroll on
Goin solo, fuck all you niggas should be my logo
Bitches wasn't down now wannabe on my team
Cause I'm kickin raps tighter than Leroy on Fame jeans
But they gets nathin but dug out like a booger
Cause like Abdullah on Car Wash, I'm hip to the game of hookers
Put the, put, put the needle back in time
And I can still remember when niggas wouldn't let me rhyme
Beat it Cleatus I used to hear it from record labels
No doubt, deep down knowin I take all they artists out
But check me out now nigga, you can't stop the reign
Here to reclaim the fame
It's the four fingers up, two twisted in the middle
So who's the nigga, mirror mirror solve the riddleYou are the one, you are the one
Baby (Cause I'm the motherfuckin nigga)
You are the one you are the one (Fuck that, I'm the one, shit)
You are the oonnnneeeeHorns...Am I the flyest nigga?
(Yeaahhh, yeah-yeah)
Let it ride
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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