

## ONE LOVE

[Verse 1]

What up kid? I know shit is rough doing your bid  
When the cops came you should have 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 ya, why don't your lady write ya?  
Told her she should visit, that's when she got hyper  
Flipping, talking 'bout he acts too rough  
He didn't listen he be rifting while I'm telling him stuff  
I was like yeah, shorty don't care, she a snake too  
Fucking with them 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 Jones Beach  
It's bugged, plus little Rob is selling drugs on the dime  
Hanging out with young thugs that all carry nines  
And night time is more trife than ever  
What up with Cormega, did you see him, are y'all together?  
If so then hold the fort down, represent to the fullest  
Say what's 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 love)

[Hook: Q-Tip x4]

One love  
One love  
One love  
One love

[Verse 2]

Dear Born, you'll be out soon, stay strong  
Out in New York the same shit is going on  
The crackheads stalking, loudmouths is talking  
Hold, check out the story yesterday when I was walking  
That nigga you shot last year tried to appear  
Like he hurting 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'mma put it to a cease  
But I heard you blew a nigga with a ox for the phone piece  
Wilding on the Island, but now in Elmira  
Better chill cause them niggas will put that ass on fire  
Last time you wrote you said they tried you in the showers  
But maintain when you come home the corner's ours  
On the reals, all these crab niggas 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 sent you flicks  
Your brother's buckwilding in 4-Main, he wrote me

He might beat his case, 'til he come home he'll play it low key  
So stay civilized, time flies  
Though incarcerated your mind dies, I hate it when your moms cries  
It kinda makes me want to murder, for reala  
I even got a mask and gloves to bust slugs but one love

[Hook x4]

[Verse 3]

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, et cetera  
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 weekend hittin L's while I'm sleeping  
A two day stay, you may say I need the time alone  
To relax my dome, no phone, left the nine at home  
You see the streets had me stressed something terrible  
Fucking with the corners have a nigga up in Bellevue  
Or HDM, hit with numbers from 8 to 10  
A future in a maximum state pen is grim  
So I comes back home, nobody's out but Shorty Doo-Wop  
Rolling two phillies together, in the Bridge we called 'em oo-wops  
He said "Nas, niggas could be busting off the roof  
So I wear a bulletproof and pack a black trey-deuce"  
He inhaled so deep, shut his eyes like he was sleep  
Started coughing, one eye peeked to watch me speak  
I sat back like The Mack, my army suit was black  
We was chilling on these benches where he pumped his loose cracks  
I took the L when he passed it, this little bastard  
Keeps me blasted and starts talking mad shit  
I had to school him, told him don't let niggas fool him  
Cause when the pistol blows the one that's murdered be the cool one  
Tough luck when niggas are struck, families fucked up  
Coulda caught your man, but didn't look when you bucked up  
Mistakes happen, so take heed never bust up  
At 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 blunt's ash from my clothes  
Then froze only to blow the herb smoke through my nose  
And told my little man I'm ghost, I broze  
Left some jewels in his 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 Wop, one love