

# Nas, One Love (LG Main Mix)

Verse One:

what up kid? i know shit is rough doing your bid  
when the cops came you shoulda 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 niggaz from that fake crew that hate you  
but yo, guess who got shot in the dome-piece?  
jeromes 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  
Whattup with Cormega, did you see 'em, are y'all together?  
if so then hold the fort, now i represent to the fullest  
say whassup to herb, ice and bullet  
I left a half a hundred in your commisary  
You was my nigga when push came to shove  
One what? one love

Verse Two:

dear 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 an ox for a phone piece  
whylin' on the island but now with el mara  
better chill 'cos them niggaz 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 hit ya 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 civilised, 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

Verse Three:

sometimes i sit back with a budda 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' Ls 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 out but shorty doo-wop  
rollin two phillies together, in the bridge we call them oowops  
he said nas, niggaz caught me 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 benches 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 niggaz fool him  
'cos when the pistol blows a shot that's when a murder be the cool one  
tough luck when niggaz are struck, families fucked up  
could've cought 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 blow the 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