

One Session, We Back

B-Dub shit, O.S., yeah
The reunion, c'mon
Let's go

[Verse One]

Sometimes I wonder what we writin for, fightin for
Fuck it y'all the game ain't even tight no more
But this is what I do y'all, this is the life
A street warrior with words and I blast on sight
No remorse, motherfuckers gotta pay the cost
And if you floss then I guess you gots to take that loss
In the zone and I'm focused, can't leave it alone
Like the mic keeps calling when the beats is on
O.S. lace the track, thank God for that
Cause when we get it goin ain't no rewindin it back
Cause destiny's the music y'all, move it or lose it
Independently or major, streets gon' choose it
Take it or leave it but you better believe it
We layin motherfuckers down with lines to meet Jesus
Sleepin on O.S. you sleepin on death
Eventually we catch you and we take your breath

[Chorus]

We back, Tri-State Cringe and Minus
If you lookin for the shit you know where to find us
We back, straight from the L.A. streets
To compose a perfect melody and bring the heat
We back, back to regain the crown
And leave the jewels on top with the signature sound
We back, just in the nick of time
We signed with Sub Noize to deliver the rhyme

[Verse Two]

Aiyyo, most effective, young and restless
Flows so hot I burn the ice off your necklace
You get the message? This is chemistry
Formulate a formula then pour it on lyrically
And witness symptoms of the sickness
Overdose pimpin, game attract chickens
But not Farmer John's, we smoke marijuan'
March like Farrakhan, and taste parmegan
With the talk of a V-12 turbo
High speed engine drive the fans loco
Hand to hand throw the perfect dish
Show power like {?} and reverse the pick
Metal, my DNA read rhymes and hooks
E MC double E pies and jux
With a, batch of the conscious black
P.E. "Terrordome" when I launch this rap
Like Chuck on the monstrous track
You better call Bobby B to get your flavor back

[Chorus]