

# 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]