

# Junior Reid, One Blood

(Junior Reid)

Run'din from fires of the city, and tee blood  
Bloood, blood, bloooood.. bloood  
You two ta both from EE-hee-ma, ah ya both from Jahnker  
You ta both from fire outside  
You both from To-ah-ee  
One blood, one blood, one blood

(RZA)

I was rollin, showin my age, unshaven  
rugged with my Timberland boots that paid  
I walk with a slight lean from the way that my heat  
givin a green the shine infra-red beam  
at the stret traffic light recorders  
Takin pictures of our corners  
Cameras on the side of the buildings, we destroy 'em  
The Chameleon throws cream to children, out the window  
We movin in unmarked vans, disguised as a light tan  
with plastic phasers in rubber hands  
Fuck fame, I shoot a hole in a 50 cent piece to test my aim  
How dare you call the Gods in vein!  
Not knowin the seriousness of this and why I came  
to Earth, feet first  
I dare you lion tame to the beat of the drum  
No questionin to the session, I walk with gun  
The magnum of bust-es head for many directions unknown  
Another statistic, change the bolistics  
on the nozzle, make em goggle and swallow  
Scrape the craters of the brain for data  
Old scriptures on withered paper  
beginnin take shape and form  
when the gods get on it and crash your college dorm

(Junior Reid)

You two ta both from uptown, ah your both from downtown  
Your ta both from An-ah-town, ah yah both from 'roundtown  
One blood, one bloood, one bloooood  
The pussy 'nit find it  
Travel w'on, raise your wine  
That's bloood yuud, bloood

(RZA)

Now verse 2, even more deadly than the first, unrehearsed raw footage  
Part 2 for you, I give this dedication, project elimination