

I'm On One

DJ Khaled

(Get 'em up)
I'm on one
(Get 'em up)
I'm on one
(Get 'em up)
I said I'm on one

I'm getting so throwed
I ain't went this hard since I was 18
Apologize if I say, anything I don't mean
Like what's up with your best friend?
We could all have some fun, believe me
And what's up with these new niggas?
And why they think it all comes so easy

But get it while you here boy
'Cause all that hype don't feel the same next year boy
Yeah and I'll be right here in my spot with a little more cash than I already got
Tripping off you 'cause you had your shot
With my skin tanned and my hair long
And my fans who been so patient, me and 40 back to work but we still smell like a vacation
Hate the rumours, hate your bullshit
Hate these fucking allegations, I'm just feeling like the throne is for the taking
Watch me take it!

All I care about is money and the city that I'm from
I'ma sip until I feel it, I'ma smoke it 'til it's done
And I don't really give a fuck, and my excuse is that I'm young
And I'm only getting older so somebody should've told ya

I'm on one
Yeah, fuck it, I'm on one
Yeah, I said I'm on one
Fuck it, I'm on one

Two white cups and I got that drink
Could be purple, it could be pink
Depending on how you mix that shit
Money that we got, never get that shit

'Cause I'm on one
I said fuck it I'm on one

I'm burning purple flowers
It's burning my chest
I bury the most cash and burning the rest
Walking on the clouds, suspended in thin air
Do ones beneath me recognize the red bottoms I wear
Burner in the belt
Move the kids to the hills (BOSS)
Bend shawty on the sink, do it for the thrill
Kiss you on ya neck and tell ya everything is great
Even though I'm out on bond I might be facin' 8's
Still running with the same niggas til the death of me

Ever seen a million cash, gotta count it carefully
Ever made love to the woman of your dreams
In a room full of money out in London and she screams
Baby, I could take it there
Call Marc Jacobs personally to make a pair
So yeah, we on one, the feeling ain't fair (Khaled)
And it's double M G until I get the chair

I walk around the club, fuck everybody
And all my niggas got that Heat I feel like Pat Riley
Yeah, too much money, ain't enough money
You know the feds listening, nigga what money?
I'm a maid nigga
I should dust something
You niggas on the bench
Like the bus coming
Huh, ain't nothing sweet but the swishas
I'm focused might as well say cheese for the pictures
Oh, I'm about to go Andre the Giant
You a sell out, but I ain't buying
Chopper dissect a nigga like science
Put an end to the world like the Mayans
This a celebration bitches, Mazel Tov
It's a slim chance I fall, olive oil
Tunechi be the name, don't ask me how I got it
I'm killin' these hoes I swear I'm tryna stop the violence

Young mula baby, YMCMB