

On to the Next One (feat. Swizz Beatz)

Jay-Z

I got a million ways to get it, choose one (choose one)
Hey, bring it back, now double your money and make a stack
I'm on to the next one
On to the next
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On to the next
Hold up, (freeze, hey)

Somebody bring me back some money pleaseHov on the that new shit, niggas like how come?

Niggas want my old shit, buy my old album
Niggas stuck on stupid, I gotta keep it moving
Niggas make the same shit, me I make the blueprint
Came in the Range, Hopped out the Lexus
Every year since, I've been on that next shit
Traded in a gold for the platinum Rolex's
Now a niggas wrist match the status of my records
Used to rock a throwback, balling on the corner
Now I rock a teller suit, looking like a owner
No I'm not a Jonas, brother I'm a grown up
No I'm not a virgin, I use my cojones
I moved onward, the only direction
Can't be scared to fail, search and perfection
Gotta keep it fresh girl even when we sexing

But don't be mad at him when it's on to the next oneFreeze (yeah)

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Somebody bring me back some money pleaseFuck a throwback jersey, 'cause we on to the next one

And fuck that auto-tune, cause we on
And niggas don't be mad cause it's all about progression
Loiterers should be arrested.
I used to drink Cristal them fuckers racist,
So I switched gold bottles onto that spaceship.
You gon' have another drink or are you just gonna babysit
On to the next one, somebody call the waitress
Baby I'm a boss, I don't know what they do
I don't get dropped, I drop the label
World can't hold me, too much ambition
Always knew it be like this when I was in the kitchen.
Niggas in the same spot, me I'm dodging rain drops
Meaning I'm on vacay, chilling on this big yacht,
Yeah I got on flip flops, white Louie boat shoes
Y'all should grow the fuck-up, come here let me coach you Freeze (yeah)
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Somebody bring me back some money please Big Pimping in the house now,
Bought the land tore the motherfucking house down.
Bought the car, tore the motherfucking roof off.
Ride clean, I don't even take the shoes off.
Bought the Jeep, tore the motherfucking doors off.
Foot out that bitch, ride that shit like a skateboard.
Navigation on tryin' to find my next thrill,
Feelin' myself I don't even need an x pill,
Can't chill but my neck will,
Haters really gon' be mad off my next deal,
Uh, I don't know why they really worry 'bout my pockets,
Meanwhile I had Oprah chillin' in the projects,
Had her out in Bed Stuy chillin' on the steps,
Drinking quarter waters I gotta be the best,
M-J at Summerjam, Obama on the text,
Y'all should be afraid of what I'm gonna do next.
Hold up Freeze (yeah)
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Songwriters

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