## The One

## **Slaughterhouse**

Slaughterhouse
Sex and drugs and dirty money
On the race to rule the world
You cut your teeth on fame and diamonds
Your time is up now, three, two, one
(One, one, one, one, one, one)
We number one

(One, one, one, one, one, one)

Yeah, yeah, we them Slaughterhouse rock stars

The pitch is black, we signin' every titty out

We goin' tit for tat, now can you picture that?

And how ironic is it that I'm ridin' 'round listenin' to Nickelback

I'm back, on a pill, I'm tryin' to have Rod Stewart cars

I'm back, on a pill, I'm tryin' to have Rod Stewart cars And Ozzy Osbourne motor skills

I'm tryin' to have a rich bitch like Paris Hilton That like to get her ass smacked like Keri Hilson

Ha, ha, I'm the one, who you tryna be?

Nuttin' to hide, the Jimi covers up my Tommy Lee

The one, I stage dive to a pot of gold

I'm empty, nothin's inside me but rock 'n' roll

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Your time is up now, three, two, one

(One, one, one, one, one, one)

We number one

(One, one, one, one, one)

Crooked's got a gun, I'm reckless with Led, Zeppelin instead Let's get a keg, let's split a mescaline that messes wit'cha head I'm sexin' a lez and her best friend in bed, I love these freak women Somethin' in my denim need a Kiss, call it Gene Simmons

They wanna ban me like Marilyn Manson

For all the whores in my Baltimore, Maryland mansion

I'm the one who wants to Spear Britney

Give Pink some black, put it near her kidneys, here kitty

I'm the one who always cause an affair

So every time your bitch burp, you smell my balls in the air, yeah

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On the race to rule the world

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Your time is up now, three, two, one
(One, one, one, one, one)
We number one

(One, one, one, one, one, one) Yeah, yeah, see I'm a on-stage rock star, backstage porn star Khloe on her Kar-dash, Kourtney on the OnStar Zoe Kravitz stumblin' out the telly in a torn bra They dribble on my balls in the whip, now that's a sports car Dawg, you gotta see him when he drive by Cockeyed, have all the Ladies goin' Gaga Me? I'm more mellow, so I'm lookin' for a la la You sure? I want a whore, a Gabor, a young Zsa Zsa The one, a OutKast, I don't need to rock So I could put my love below by her speaker box The one Kate Perry try and kiss my wife And gave me dome at Katie's Holme, baby, this the life Sex and drugs and dirty money On the race to rule the world You cut your teeth on fame and diamonds Your time is up now, three, two, one (One, one, one, one, one, one) We number one (One, one, one, one, one, one)

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