

# The One

## Kanye West, Big Sean, 2 Chainz & Marsha Ambrosius

The storm is on the horizon  
I'm standing here alone  
Got a pistol on my hip  
And it's gonna be some shit  
If you want it then bring it on  
See I'm a motherfuckin' soldier  
And I'ma be here till it's done  
And when they asking who I'm is, shit  
You just tell them that I'm the one  
(One, one, one)  
Tell them that I'm the one  
(One, one, one)  
Tell them that I'm the one  
I'm the one, baby  
Yeah, I'm the one, baby  
Since God gave his only begotten son, baby  
It's hard preachin' the gospel to the slums lately  
So I had to put the church on the drums, baby  
You on a run, baby  
You on a run, baby  
You think you free but you a slave to the funds, baby  
You think you me, but you ain't me, what you done lately?  
Mhm that's cool but I been runnin' on the sun, baby  
We on a galaxy that haters cannot visit  
That's my reality so get off my Scott Disick  
If you ever held a title belt you would know how Michael felt  
Tyson, Jackson, Jordan - Michael Phelps  
Yeah, had to take it to another realm  
Cause everything around me got me underwhelmed  
Best way to describe my position is at the helm  
Best way to describe my new whip - Yeeaaaaalmmmp  
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If you want it then bring it on  
See I'm a motherfuckin' soldier  
And I'ma be here till it's done  
And when they asking who I'm is, shit

You just tell them that I'm the one  
(One, one, one)  
Tell them that I'm the one  
(One, one, one)  
Tell them that I'm the one I told Detroit I'ma fuckin' get it  
I told my brother we'll be fuckin' winnin'  
Ye told me I'm the man for the job  
So I told my mom, call her's up and tell 'em that she quittin'  
Started off in that Chevrolet, but it's Ferraris I gotta drive  
I'm on HBO with my Entourage  
I'm 5'9" fuck a 9 to 5  
I need a hundred million no compromise  
I'm a double XL nigga  
Magazine and condom size  
See what I seen and be traumatized  
I don't wait, I marinate, variate erryday  
Erry state, sold out, fuck around and need a barricade  
My weed loud I need a hearing aid  
Livin' life behind a pair of shades  
I be a billionaire if I could get a dollar  
For all the bullshit that I hear a day  
I did it The storm is on the horizon  
I'm standing here alone  
Got a pistol on my hip  
And it's gonna be some shit  
If you want it then bring it on  
See I'm a motherfuckin' soldier  
And I'ma be here till it's done  
And when they asking who I'm is, shit  
You just tell them that I'm the one  
(One, one, one)  
Tell them that I'm the one  
(One, one, one)  
Tell them that I'm the one Treat the back seat like a sofa bed  
Break bread with my niggas, call it profit share  
This some good shit, but it get better  
And yeah my bitch cold, nigga thin sweater  
Like my verse suede and the beat leather  
Just tryin' to stay above sea level  
When my nigga went to jail, I said, "Free Gucci"  
I done bought so much shit, I should get free Gucci  
Bought my baby momma anaconda bags  
I shouldn't have bought it all  
I should've went and cut the grass  
Snake ass niggas in my fuckin' face

Bring your girl here nigga so I could fuck her face  
Yeah I run this place, this is cash mill swag  
niggas treadmillin' goin' nowhere fast  
Sittin' courtside at the Hawks game  
Louie's on, I could trip a fuckin' ball playerfuck yeah, awesome, yeah I lost some of my mind  
And then I found weed was really kind of awesome  
It's possible, goddamn right  
I've been honest the whole time  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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