

On to the Next One

JAY Z

I got a million ways to get it
Choose one
Bring it back
Now double your money and make it stack

I'm on to the next one
On to the next
On to the next one
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On to the next
Freeze, somebody bring me back some money please

Hov on that new shit
Niggas like how come
Niggas want my old shit
Buy my old album
Niggas stuck on stupid
I gotta keep it movin
Niggas make the same shit
Me, I make the Blueprint
Came in the Range
Hopped out the Lexus
Every year since
I been on that next shit
Traded in the gold for platinum Rolexes
Now a nigga wrist match the status of my records
Used to rock a throwback
Ballin on the corner
Now I rock a tailored suit
Lookin like a owner
No I'm not a Jonas
Brother, I'm a grown up
No I'm not a virgin
I use my kahonas
I move onward
The only direction

Can't be scared to fail
Search ya perfection
Gotta keep it fresh girl
Even when we sexin
But don't be mad at him
When it's on to the next one

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Fuck a throwback jersey
Cause we on to the next one
And fuck that auto-tune
Cause we oooooon
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 you just gon babysit
On to the next one
Somebody call a 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'd be like this
When I was in the kitchen
Niggas in the same spot
Me, I'm dodging raindrops
Meaning I'm on vacay
Chillin on the big yacht
Yeah, I got on flip-flops
White Louis boat shoes
Yall should grow the fuck up
Come here lemme coach you
Hol'up

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Big pimpin in the house now
Bought the land tore the mufuckin house down
Bought the car tore the mufuckin roof off
Ride clean, I don't never take the shoes off
Bought the jeep tore the mufuckin doors off
Foot out that bitch ride the shit like a skateboard
Navigation on tryna find my next thrill
Feelin myself I don't even need a X pill
Can't chill but my neck will
Haters really gon be mad off my deal
I don't know why they worried bout my pockets
Meanwhile, had Oprah chillin in the projects
Had her out in Bedstuy, chillin on the steps
Drinkin quarter waters, gotta be the best
MJ at Summer Jam, Obama on the text
Yall should be afraid of what I'm gon do next

Hol'up

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Lyrics submitted by reggie.

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