

I'm On One

DJ Khaled [ft. Drake, Rick Ross, and Lil Wayne]

[Intro - Drake]I'm on one

Fuck it, I'm on one

I said I'm on one

[Verse 1 - Drake]I'm getting so throwed

I ain't went this hard since I was eighteen

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 easily?

But get it while you here boy

Because 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 because 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 rumors, hate the bullshit, hate these fucking allegations

I'm just feeling like the throne is for the taking

Watch me take it!

[Chorus - Drake]All I care about is money and the city that I'm from

I'ma sip until I feel it, I'ma smoke it till it's done

I don't really give a fuck, and my excuse is that I'm young

And I'm only getting older so somebody should of told you

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

Because I'm on one

I said fuck it I'm on one

[Verse 2 - Rick Ross]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
Bend shawty on the sink, do it for the thrill
Kiss you on your neck and tell you everything is great
Even though I'm out on bond I might be facing eight
Still running with the same niggas till the death of me
Ever seen a million cash? Got to 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
And it's Double M G until I get the chair
[Chorus - Drake][Verse 3 - Lil Wayne]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 made nigga
I should dust something
You niggas on the bench
Like the bus coming
Huh, ain't nothing sweet but the swishers
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 your 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 killing these hoes, I swear I'm trying stop the violence
[Chorus]

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