

# I'm On One

## DJ Khaled

(Get 'em up) I'm on one  
(Get 'em up) Fuck it I'm on one  
(Get 'em up) I said I'm on one, DJ Khaled uh

I'm getting so throwed  
I ain't work this hard since I was eighteen  
Apologize if I say, anything I don't mean  
Like whats up with your best friend?  
We could all have some fun, believe me  
And whats up with these new niggas?  
And why they think it all comes so easy

But get it while you here boy  
Cause 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  
Trippin' off you 'cause you had your shot  
With my skin tanned and my hair long  
And my fans who been so patient,  
Me and forty back to work but we still smell like a vacation  
Hate the rumors, hate your bullshit  
Hate these fucking allegations,  
I'm just feeling like the throne is for the taking, watch me take it

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  
And I don't really give a fuck, and my excuse is that I'm young  
And I'm only getting older so somebody shoulda told ya 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 to be gotten and I'ma get that shit  
Cause I'm on one, I said fuck it I'm on one

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 (Boss)  
Bend shawty on the sink, do it for the thrill  
Kiss you on ya neck and tell ya everything is great  
Even though I'm out on bond I might be facin' eight's  
Still running with the same niggas 'til the death of me  
Ever seen a million cash, gotta count it carefully  
Ever made love to the woman of your dreams  
In a room full of money out in London as 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 (Khaled)  
And it's double M G until I get the chair

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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 swishas  
I'm focused might aswell 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 the world like Mayans  
It's 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 killin' these hoes I swear I'm tryna stop the violence

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(Get 'em up, get 'em up, get 'em up)

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