

I'm On One

Drake

(I Get em on)
I'm on one
(I Get em on)
F-ck it I'm on one
(I Get em on)
I said I'm on one DJ Khaled [Drake]
Uh
I'm getting so throwed
I aint went this hard since I was 18
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 room 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 40 back to work but we still smell like a vacation
Hate the rumours, hate the bullshit
Hate these fucking allegations, I'm just feeling like the throne is for the taking
Watch me take it! [Drake - Chorus]
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 f-ck, 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 got, and I'm a git that shit Cause I'm on one
I said fuck it I'm on one [Rick Ross]
(HUH)
I'm burning purple flowers
It's burning my chest
(HUH)
I bury the most cash and burning the rest
(STUNTIN)

Walking on the clouds, suspended in thin air
(YEAH)
The ones beneath me recognize the red bottoms I wear
(CHECK ME)
Burner in the belt
Move the kids to the hills
(BOSS)
Bend shawty on the sink, do it for the thrill
(WOO)
Kiss you on ya neck and tell ya everything is great
(RIGHT)
Even though I'm out on bond and might be facin' 8
Still running with the same niggas til the death of me
Ever seen a million cash, gotta count it carefully
(HAHA)
Ever made love to the woman of your dreams
(WOO)
In a room full of money out in London
(WOO)
and she screams
(WOO UNH)
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[Drake - Chorus][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, aint enough money
You know the feds listening, nigga what money?
I'm a maid nigga
I should dust something
You niggas on the bench
Like the bus coming
Ha, aint nothing sweet but the swishas
Im focused might as well say cheese for the pictures
Ohhh, I'm about to go Andre the Giant
You a sell out, but I aint buying
Chop a dissect a nigga like science
Put an end to your world like the Mayans
Its 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[Chorus]Young mula baby,
YMCMBI Get'em on
I Get'em on

I Get'em on

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>