

Jay-Z f/ Swizz Beatz "On to the Next One"

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{"On to the next one, on to the next one" - *repeat in background*} [Intro: Swizz Beatz] + (Jay-Z) I got a million ways to get it (uh-huh, geah) ... Choose one (choose one, hey) Ay, bring it back, bring it back (uh-huh) Now double your money and make a stack I'm on to the next one, on to the next one I'm on to the next one, on to the next one I'm on to the next one, on to the next one I'm on to the next one, on to the next one (Hold up) Freeze! Ay! Somebody bring me back the money please, hey [Jay-Z] Hov' on that new shit, niggaz like "How come?" Niggaz want my old shit, buy my old album Niggaz stuck on stupid, I gotta keep it movin Niggaz make the same shit, me I make +The Blueprint+ Came in the Range, hopped out that Lexus Every year since, I been on that next shit Traded in the gold for the 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 teller 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 cojones I move onward, the only direction Can't be scared to fail, searchin perfection Gotta keep it fresh girl, even when we sexin But don't be mad at him when he's on to the next one [Chorus: Swizz Beatz] Freeze! Ay! Somebody bring me back the money please, hey I got a million ways to get it ... Choose one Ay, bring it back, bring it back Now double your money and make a stack I'm on to the next one, on to the next one I'm on to the next one, on to the next one I'm on to the next one, on to the next one I'm on to the next one, on to the next one (Hold up) Freeze! Ay! Somebody bring me back the money please, hey [Jay-Z] Fuck a throwback jersey cause we on to the next one And fuck that Auto-Tune cause we *onnnnn* And niggaz don't be mad cause it's all about progression Loiterers should be arrested I used to drink Cristal, the muh'fucker's racist So I switched gold bottles on to that Spade shit You gon' have another drink or you just gon' baby-sit On to the next one, somebody call the 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 Niggaz in the same spot, me I'm dodgin
raindrops Meanin I'm on vaca', chillin on a big yacht
Yeah I got on flip-flops, white Louie boat shoes Y'all
should grow the fuck up, c'mere let me coach you Hold
up [Chorus] [Jay-Z] Uhh, +Big Pimpin'+ in the house
now Bought the land, tore the muh'fuckin house down
Bought the car, tore the muh'fuckin roof off Ride clean,
I don't ever take the shoes off Bought the jeep, tore the
muh'fuckin doors off Foot out that bitch, ride the shit
like a skateboard Navigation on, tryin to find my next
thrill Feelin myself, I don't even need an X pill Can't
chill but my neck will Haters really gon' be mad off my
next deal Uhh, I don't know why they worry 'bout my
pockets Meanwhile I had Oprah chillin in the projects
Had her out in Bed-Stuy, chillin on the steps Drinkin
quarter waters, I gotta be the best M.J. at Summer Jam,
Obama on the text Y'all should be afraid of what I'm
gon' do next Hold up [Chorus]

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