

Big K.R.I.T.**"Only One"**

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You thought you were the only one balling
You thought you were the only one slow at that
You thought you were the only one pimping
In the VI with the broads and their ass out
You thought you were the only one, no, player

You thought you were the only one, no, player

Now I apply pressure, yes sir, gold on my dresser
Effortlessly perfecting this pimping to the neck up
And with it I could wrestle any pro into a pretzel
Figure four, she figure more dick might destroy her
vessel
For most none the lesser, it's high, judge my work
'Cause the last time I tripped over pussy was probably
at my birth
And the last time I didn't pop my trunk was probably at
my church
But as soon as I left the parking lot I maxed it out till it
bursts
Wood reign my wheel, princess cut my grill
Butterfly in my state, tripping out, on chill
Do it how I feel 'cause doing what you love won't hurt
you
Plus they all say they could never understand the
complexity of my story
Or the dynamics of a drunker, or the inner workings of
a squirter
It's like chemistry with this Codeine, to pour a cup when
purple
Three more times it's a charm, bad bitch on my arm
Come and go as I please, whole world in my palm

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Chocolate chip cookies on my tray, true stoner

I get high just as sure as the sun come up to light up
the day
A real boss up in the game, don't have to pay to play
We burning down, come smoke a pound, I'm just a
flight away
Earn the right to say I'm rich off what I write today
And stick it to my G's like a microwave
Broke niggas, they don't like us, they don't wanna fight
Shut out the mask 'cause you can never ride the wave
with me, I got the title
OJ kush in my joint, boo, all my niggas on point
Rider rapping that gang, TGO become joint
You niggas do a show there and get no love
I sell 100, 000 tickets when I show up
They say the game done changed, what that mean you
need to change, too
And stop with all that fucking hating 'cause that's what
motherfucker lames do

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I'm the only nigga getting money, got it down to a
science
Big nigga, bank teller, think I play for the Giants
Death fresh walk by and get a moment of silence
Don't be mad because we living, dog, be mad at the
Mayans
Ride and decide in live Maine or Pecking
Who said hustlers can't be king?
Wrists got crowns on them, bad hoes as bees sting
Mister slide the first day, instant upgrade
Thompson my jacket, Black Label my denims
Very rare my kicks these petty cash I'm spending
With the rich folks 'bout to blend in, got an obsession
for this game, 'lemon
Gangster, hustler, shit, I lead it, keep these niggas
heated
I don't do reservations, I walk in and get seated
Best believe it, these Harlem kids the meanest,
Trippy stick and at the table smelling smoke, but they
don't see it, nigga

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