

Jay-Z

"On To The Next One"

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I got a million ways to get it, choose one
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
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Hold up, freeze, hey
Somebody bring me back some money please, hey

Hov' on that new shit, niggaz like, "How come?"
Niggas want my old shit, buy my old album
Niggas stuck on stupid, I gotta keep it movin'
Niggas make the same shit, me I make "The Blueprints"

Came in the Range, hopped out that Lexus
Every year since, I been on that next shit
Traded in the gold for the platinum Rolex's
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

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Fuck a throwback jersey 'cause we on to the next one
And fuck that Auto-Tune 'cause we on
And niggas don't be mad 'cause it's all about
progression
Loiterers should be arrested

I used to drink Cristal, them fuckers racist
So I switched gold bottles on to that Spade shit
You gonna have another drink or you just gonna
babysit?
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

Niggas 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, come here let me coach
you, hold up

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Big Pimpin' in the house now
Bought the land, tore the motherfuckin' house down
Bought the car, tore the motherfuckin' roof off
Ride clean, I don't ever take shoes off

Bought the Jeep, tore the motherfuckin' 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 gonna be mad off my next deal
Uh, 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 gonna do next, hold
up

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