

## Only 1

Ab-Soul

And I don't keep my head up, I keep it down cause God do  
Ay look, don't worship me, I'm not Christ  
I'm not God, but I try to be

Check, check, check check  
Damn right, I'm selling out  
In case one of my niggas go to jail, I can bail em out  
I heard that Lucifer's the angel of music  
This is preposterous, so much for Gospel we all stupid  
Look, toast to the gods, Del Amo Boulevard  
That's where I was, pacing back and forth like I was on drugs  
And I was, but I was comin' up with some raw shit  
It was either this or hittin' licks with what's-her-name and them  
They had that work, turns out I'm sellin' crinack anyway  
She been standin' in line since the AM just to hear my statements  
I ain't the black lipped bastard no more, I'm more mature  
Call me the black lipped pastor, I walk on holy water  
And Joseph ain't my father, holla

Many gon' come, many gon' go  
Only time'll tell, only God knows  
Coldest under moon, hottest under sun  
Many gon' come, but there is only one  
Soul-o, soul-o, soul-o  
S-soul-o, soul-o, soul-o (There is only one)  
Soul-o, soul-o, soul-o  
S-soul-o, soul-o, soul-o (There is only one)  
Soul-o, soul-o, soul-o  
S-soul-o, soul-o, soul-o (There is only one)  
Soul-o, soul-o, soul-o  
S-soul-o, soul-o, soul-o (There is only one)

I told Punch I'll probably get assassinated by the government  
Reverse psychology, they gotta keep me alive  
To make like what I'm sayin' is lies, surprise!  
I just left Burberry and dropped five, like I went half on a dime  
But not this time, Soul-o  
And I don't find it odd, I'm breakin' even  
Maybe I should've prayed to Jesus instead of Herbert Stevens  
I'd rather murder beats than murder people, for this reason  
I seek an instrumental in attempts to leave it bleedin'  
You a menstrual cycle with flower pedals to a Harley  
Rap Genius'll decode it for me  
Homie  
I came from nothin'  
No really, I came from nuttin'  
You got here, but you came for nothin'  
No really, you came for nuttin', bitches, and money  
Me too, I came for change, too much pussy in this game  
What's my motherfuckin' name?

Many gon' come, many gon' go  
Only time'll tell, only God knows  
Coldest under moon, hottest under sun  
Many gon' come, but there is only one  
Soul-o, soul-o, soul-o  
S-soul-o, soul-o, soul-o (There is only one)

Soul-o, soul-o, soul-o  
S-soul-o, soul-o, soul-o (There is only one)  
Soul-o, soul-o, soul-o  
S-soul-o, soul-o, soul-o (There is only one)  
Soul-o, soul-o, soul-o  
S-soul-o, soul-o, soul-o (There is only one)

Yo-yo-yo-yo look (Soulo)  
Who else could rhyme like me  
I'm making profit off of prophecy  
We built this dynasty on democracy and philosophy  
A lil geometry some vagina and a lot of weed  
A fifth of Hen, a pint of lean and a bible, G  
OD flow, A-B-Soul, if you forget the dash you uh wish you didn't  
Who am I kiddin' I'mma artist arsonist a good samaritan with bad habits  
Kendrick Lamar on the acid tablet  
And a groove between Q and Langston Hughes  
Rock if he was a Rockefeller that was signed to Roc-A-Fella  
(Fuck Black Hippy)  
Huge views we need a telescope to tell you dope  
I'm not like you, I close my eyes and I see Metatron's Cube  
No dream to sell you though my mind move like a monsoon  
Lagoon it's true I wore the waves back in high school  
Life's a bitch with STDs that I just hit  
The next ten years is T.D.E.'s  
I got dough but I used to shine poor unlike Shyne Po  
Cause now Shyne po'and Shyne shine no mo'  
That's how it goes when ya cons outweighin' ya pros  
I got three eyes two lungs full of OG but only one-