

# One

B.o.B

"One, is the loneliest number that you'll ever do" [3X]  
Yeah... two! Two! Two! Two  
"One, is the loneliest number that you'll ever do"

Tell me, who don't wanna be at the top of this?  
The top of the game, that's obvious  
I'm like Superman in Metropolis  
But you cain't see me through binoculars  
As I fly high over the populace  
Tryin to find where the hell my childhood is  
I cain't even see it with my irises  
The only thing that I see is the irony  
Think about the past and the life I lived  
All of the days and the nights I spent  
in the bottomless pit called poverty  
Locked in a room, don't bother me!  
So if you plan on stoppin me  
you need more than your vitamins  
The rap game ain't a lottery  
Go to school, get a scholarship  
Cause you still gotta deal with the politics  
How you gon' not deal with it?  
That's like goin up inside of a brothel  
and comin out remainin monogamous  
It just don't make a lot of sense  
so I just stay positive  
And if you ain't where you tryin to get  
then it's a prison of the mind you in

"One, is the loneliest number that you'll ever do" [4X]

You know who this is, mayyyyne  
Big Kuntry Kainnnng  
Only one it's only me, who gives a fuck 'bout 2 and 3?  
You suckers been played out, like them damn Ferrari jeeps  
I see you niggaz on the creep but y'all never next to me  
Cain't see you rock climbers when I'm on my mountain peak  
Why peep? Open yo' eyes - you see the cherry Mase' right?  
You see the streets, rollin with me, cause my notary certified  
You a hundred deep, but they be respectin me when it's only I  
Green pie, back it up, tell Matty pass the mic  
Know what I'm sayin I'm nasty right, my lyrics got me creamin dykes  
I'm by myself when takin flight, and fuckin them girls that keep it tight  
Redbox, is the movement, Tim, where's they (Home Improvement)?  
While you rappers keep on tryin, I'm #1 already proven

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What is the numero uno?  
I dip and I slide in my two-do'  
Deez niggaz be watchin while bitches be jockin  
but Boney jack keep it so cool doe  
I'm seein 'em checkin my moves out  
Be careful while keepin my tool down  
They know that I'm reppin that A-Town  
So why do these fuck niggaz play 'round?  
I guess you can hate now - we straight

We got cake, we got bread, we got made clown  
While you broke niggaz stayed down  
I stayed up on my game and my business I'm paid now  
I'm never gon' lay down  
We (Grand) and we (Royal) y'all niggaz just stand down  
For yo' homey be man down, we done ran down  
Tyler bent on his ass now  
I'm the head of my class now  
So I'm never gon' bet for these boys that stick hands out  
I prefer to keep hands down  
so I know who you are when I'm throwin my fans out  
Why swing on my Denzel?  
I've been ridin and swervin these niggaz since oh-fo'  
But in one-oh, I drop one mo'  
So these niggaz'll know I'm the one hoe!

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