

# 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 Kainnng

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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