

Only One

Big K.R.I.T.

You thought you were the only one ballin'
You thought you were the only one slabbed out
You thought you were the only pimpin'
In the V.I with the broads and they ass out
You thought you were the only one...
Naww playa...
You thought you were the only one...
Naww playa...

Now I apply pressure, yessuh, gold on my dresser
Effortlessly perfected this pimpin' to the neck up
And with it, I can dress up, any pro into a pretzel
Figure before she figure more dick might destroy her vessel
Mo mo most not the lesser, it's high to my worth
Cause the last time I tripped ova 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 burst
Wood grain in my wheel, princess cut in my grill
Butter fly my steak, shrimp and lobster on chill
Do it how I feel, cause doin' what you love won't hurt ya
Plus an L7 could never understand the complexity of my circle
Or the dynamics of a twerker, or the inner workings of a squirter
It's like chemistry with this codeine, two park up, one perker
3 more time that's charm, bad bitch on my arm
Come and go as I please, whole world in my palm

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 burnin' down come smoke a pound I'm just a flight away
I earned the right to say I'm rich off what I write today
And stickin' to my cheese like a microwave
Broke niggas they don't like us they don't wanna fight
Shout out to Max cause you could never ride the wave but me I got the title
OG kush in my joint
All my niggas on point
Ride around reppin' that gang
T.G.O.D. come join
You niggas do a show there and don't get no love
I sell a hundred thousand tickets when I show up

They say the game done changed
What that mean, you need to change too
And stop with all that fuckin' hatin'
Cause that's what motherfuckin' lames do

Righttt
The only nigga gettin' money got it down to a science
Big nigga, bank teller, think I play for the giants
Dead fresh, walk by and get a moment of silence
Don't be mad because we livin' dog, be mad at the Mayans
Ride in the side In live man the P king
Who says hustlers can't be king
Krit's got crowns on him bad hoes is bee sting mista
Slide the first day
Instant upgrade
Thompson my jacket

Black Label my denims
Berry Red my kicks
This petty cash that I'm spendin'
With the rich folks bout to blend in
Got a obsession for this game Bob Lemon
Gangsta, hustla
Shit I bleed it
Keep these niggas heated
I don't do reservations I walk in and get seated
Best believe it this harlem kids the meanest
Trippy stickin' at the table smell the smoke but they don't see it