## On One (feat. ScHoolboy Q)

## **RJmrLA**

[Intro: RJMrLA]
Swift
On? God, they be tellin' me, me

[Chorus: RJMrLA]
I,? I jumped out the bed on one
Jumped up out the bed and go dumb
I was taught to fear no one
I? jumped out the bed on one
Yeah,? I jumped out the bed on one
Jumped up out the bed and go dumb
I? could never fear no one, huh
I jump out the bed on one

[Verse 1: RJMrLA]

Ay, I jumped out the bed, it was go time Money and respect is my cosign Hangin',? that's best made for clotheslines Time out the field just to tell who played both sides Walk in my shoes, couldn't do if they was your size I'm on the moon, makin' room for my whole squad Skipped on some interviews, stepped over goal lines My independent views got me gettin' profiled Nigga, I jumped out my bed, I was on, ah Diamonds project on the gold What's understood can't be said on no phones Drop bread on the wood, money good, it's a go It's a four, it's a ten, it's a hit, it's a lick It's the flick of the wrist, wet the pens like a fish Hop back in the field, face fears like a zit Interfere without a flinch, in her mirror lookin' rich On God

[Chorus: RJMrLA]
I jumped out the bed on one
Jumped up out the bed and go dumb
I was taught to fear no one
I jumped out the bed on one
Yeah, I jumped out the bed on one
Jumped up out the bed and go dumb
I could never fear no one, huh
I jump out the bed on one, yeah

[Verse 2: ScHoolboy Q] Woke up this morn', I could lose Ride for the nights I was bruised Can't move how I move, you would crawl in these shoes I done blanked out my face, I done crashed all they rules All these hoes I done flew, dropped a bag to my troop I was taught how to shoot, now my checks say I hoop For the set, I prestige from the groove that I bleed On the kids that I feed I ain't fakin' my dreams I done woke up, I jumped out my bed and went go Would sleep in my bucket, from bucket, I rose Been grindin', you still on your phone You niggas been fakin' too long The moment I'm hungry, I'm gone Push start, got the Rolls with the kit This thing ain't for show on my hip Why you chasin' that bitch? My money work angle, it flip I tripled my balance, my gift I count 'til I callus my tip

[Chorus: RJMrLA]
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Yeah, I jumped out the bed on one
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