

# On to the Next One (feat. Swizz Beatz)

JAY-Z

I got a million ways to get it, choose one  
Bring it back, bring it back  
Now double your money and make a stack I'm on to the next one, on to the next  
I'm on to the next one, on to the next  
I'm on to the next one, on to the next  
I'm on to the next one, on to the next Hold up, freeze, hey  
Somebody bring me back some money please, hey Hov' on that new shit, niggaz like, "How  
come?"  
Niggas want my old shit, buy my old album  
Niggas stuck on stupid, I gotta keep it movin'  
Niggas make the same shit, me I make "The Blueprints"  
Came in the Range, hopped out that Lexus  
Every year since, I been on that next shit  
Traded in the gold for the platinum Rolex's  
Now a nigga wrist match the status of my records Used to rock a throwback, ballin' on the corner  
Now I rock a Teller suit, lookin' like a owner  
No I'm not a Jonas Brother, I'm a grown up  
No I'm not a virgin, I use my cojones I move onward, the only direction  
Can't be scared to fail, searchin' perfection  
Gotta keep it fresh, girl, even when we sexin'  
But don't be mad at him when he's on to the next one Freeze, hey  
Somebody bring me back some money please, hey  
I got a million ways to get it, choose one  
Hey, bring it back, bring it back  
Now double your money and make a stack  
I'm on to the next one, on to the next  
I'm on to the next one, on to the next  
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I'm on to the next one, on to the next Hold up, freeze, hey  
Somebody bring me back some money please, hey Fuck a throwback jersey 'cause we on to the  
next one  
And fuck that Auto-Tune 'cause we on  
And niggas don't be mad 'cause it's all about progression  
Loiterers should be arrested I used to drink Cristal, them fuckers racist  
So I switched gold bottles on to that Spade shit  
You gonna have another drink or you just gonna babysit?  
On to the next one, somebody call the waitress Baby, I'm a boss, I don't know what they do  
I don't get dropped, I drop the label  
World can't hold me, too much ambition  
Always knew it'd be like this when I was in the kitchen Niggas in the same spot, me, I'm dodgin'  
raindrops  
Meanin' I'm on vaca', chillin' on a big yacht

Yeah, I got on flip flops, white Louie boat shoes  
Y'all should grow the fuck up, come here let me coach you, hold up Freeze, hey  
Somebody bring me back some money please, hey  
I got a million ways to get it, choose one  
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Now double your money and make a stack I'm on to the next one, on to the next  
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I'm on to the next one, on to the next Hold up, freeze, hey  
Somebody bring me back some money please, hey Big Pimpin' in the house now  
Bought the land, tore the motherfuckin' house down  
Bought the car, tore the motherfuckin' roof off  
Ride clean, I don't ever take shoes off Bought the Jeep, tore the motherfuckin' doors off  
Foot out that bitch, ride the shit like a skateboard  
Navigation on, tryin' to find my next thrill  
Feelin' myself, I don't even need an X pill Can't chill but my neck will  
Haters really gonna be mad off my next deal  
Uh, I don't know why they worry 'bout my pockets  
Meanwhile I had Oprah chillin' in the projects Had her out in Bed-Stuy, chillin' on the steps  
Drinkin' quarter waters, I gotta be the best  
M.J. at Summer Jam, Obama on the text  
Y'all should be afraid of what I'm gonna do next, hold up Freeze, hey  
Somebody bring me back some money please, hey  
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Somebody bring me back some money please, hey

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