

The One

Kanye West, Big Sean, 2 Chainz & Marsha Ambrosius

[Produced by Kanye West, Hudson Mohawke, The Twilite Tone, Anthony Kilhoffer, Mannie Fresh & Lifted]

[Chorus: Marsha Ambrosius]

The storm is on the horizon
I'm standing here alone
Got a pistol on my hip and it's gonna be some shit
If you want it then bring it on
See I'm a motherfuckin' soldier
And I'ma be here 'til it's done
And when they asking who I'm is, shit
You just tell them that I'm the one
(One, one, one)
Tell them that I'm the one
(One, one, one)
Tell them that I'm the one

[Verse 1: Kanye West]

I'm the one, baby, yeah, I'm the one, baby
Since God gave his only begotten son, baby
It's hard preachin' the gospel to the slums lately
So I had to put the church on the drums, baby
You on a run, baby, you on a run, baby
You think you free but you a slave to the funds, baby
You think you me, but you ain't me, what you done lately?
Mhm that's cool but I been runnin' on the sun, baby
We on a galaxy the haters cannot visit
That's my reality so get off my Scott Disick
If you ever held a title belt, you would know how Michael felt
Tyson, Jackson, Jordan - Michael Phelps
Yeah, had to take it to another realm
Cause everything around me got me underwhelmed
Best way to describe my position is at the helm
Best way to describe my new whip - yeaaaalm!

[Chorus: Marsha Ambrosius]

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[Verse 2: Big Sean]

I told Detroit I'mma fuckin' get it
I told my brother we'll be fuckin' winnin'
Ye told me I'm the man for the job
So I told my mom, call her's up and tell 'em that she quittin'
Started off in that Chevrolet, but it's Ferraris I gotta drive
I'm on HBO with my entourage, I'm 5'9" fuckin' 9 to 5
I need a hundred million no compromise, I'm a double X-L nigga
Magazine and condom size, see what I seen and be traumatized
I don't wait, I marinate, variate, everyday
Every state, sold out, fuck around and need a barricade
My weed loud, I need a hearing aid
Livin' life behind a pair of shades
I be a billionaire if I could get a dollar
For all the bullshit that I hear a day
I did it

[Chorus: Marsha Ambrosius]

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[Verse 3: 2 Chainz]

Treat the back seat like a sofa bed
Break bread with my niggas, call it profit sharing
This some good shit, but it get better
And yeah my bitch cold, nigga thin sweater
Like my verse suede and the beat leather
Just tryin' to stay above sea level
When my nigga went to jail, I said, "Free Gucci"
I done bought so much shit, I should get free Gucci

Bought my baby momma anaconda bags
I shouldn't have bought it all, I should've went and cut the grass
Snake ass niggas in my fuckin' face
Bring your girl here nigga so I could fuck her face
Yeah I run this place, this is cashmere swag
Niggas treadmillin' goin' nowhere fast
Sittin' courtside at the Hawks game
Louis on, I could trip a fuckin' ball player

[Outro: James Fauntleroy]

Fuck yeah, awesome, yeah I lost some, of my mind
And then I found peace, it was really kind
Of awesome, it's possible, goddamn right
Yeah I've been honest the whole time
Fuck yeah, awesome, yeah I lost some, of my mind
And then I found peace, it was really kind
Of awesome, it's possible, goddamn right
Yeah I've been honest the whole time

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