

# 5 A.M. In Toronto

Drake

Yeah, this on some "old Tommy Campos Dice Raw" shit  
For my niggas, though You underestimated greatly  
Most number ones ever, how long did it really take me  
The part I love most is they need me more than they hate me  
So they never take shots, I got everybody on safety  
I could load every gun with bullets that fire backwards  
You probably wouldn't lose a single rapper  
Niggas make threats, can't hear 'em over the laughter  
Yeah, that's cause I'm headed to the bank, nigga  
Sinatra lifestyle, I'm just being Frank with you  
I mean, where you think she at when she ain't with you  
Wildin', doin' shit that's way out of your budget  
Owl sweaters inside her luggage, you gotta love it  
Damn, this shit could go on a tape  
Bitches lovin' my drive, I never give it a break  
Give these niggas the look, the verse, and even the hook  
That's why every song sound like Drake featuring Drake  
Straight, Y pree? Why is it always me?  
Got us watchin' our words like there's wire taps on the team  
Cause I show love, never get the same outta niggas  
Guess it's funny how money can make change outta niggas  
For real  
Some nobody started feelin' himself  
A couple somebodies started killin' themselves  
A couple albums dropped, those are still on the shelf  
I bet them shits would have popped if I was willin' to help  
I got a gold trophy from the committee for validation  
Bad press during the summer over allegations  
I ain't lyin', my nigga, my time is money  
That's why I ain't got time for a nigga who's time is comin'  
A lot of niggas PR stuntin' like that's the movement  
And I'm the only nigga still known for the music  
I swear, fuck them niggas this year  
I made Forbes list, nigga  
Fuck your list, everything's lookin' gorgeous  
Without me, rap is just a bunch of orphans  
But if I stay in the shit, there's a bunch of corpses  
And me and my dread nigga from New Orleans  
Stashin' money like hoarders off multi-platinum recordings

Eat it like I'm seated at Swish, Sotto, and Joso's  
Nothing Was The Same, this shit for Easy and Cocoa  
This shit for Kareem, this shit for Jaevon  
This shit for Julius, Milly Mill  
Boy we do this shit for real  
All them boys in my will  
All them boys is my Wills  
Anything happen to pop and I got you like Uncle Phil  
Weezy been on that edge, you niggas just need to chill  
If anything happen to papi, might pop a nigga for real  
Comin' live from the screwface, livin' out a suitcase  
But I'm feelin' good, Johnny got me pushin' two plates  
My weight up, I refuse to wait up, I started a new race  
It's funny when you think a nigga blew up after Lupe  
Niggas treat me like I've been here for ten  
Some niggas been here for a couple, never been here again  
I'm on my King James shit, I'm tryin' to win here again  
A young nigga tryin' to win here again  
Man, what's up Yeah, a young nigga tryin' to win here again  
If I like her, I just fly her to the city I'm in  
I got her drinkin' with your boy  
I got her fucked up, shorty, aw yeah

Songwriters

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