Wanna Know Remix (feat. Drake)

Dave

They try to send for me
Envy and jealousy is everything I wish upon my enemies
All that for them, right back at them
What my mind keeps telling me
Mind keeps telling me
I hear everything, I don't ask if it's all there 'cause it better be
Trust me it better be, no long talking or settling
Jizzle never won no wrestling
But he's on a big bell metal ting
Streets unruly
More life for my brother's tryna better things, 'cause'Cause all my man dem are running to the money
We'll be running like ah, ah, ah, ah
And all my man dem are running from them hoes on the roads like whoa whoa whoa, whoa
Like whoa, a month ago you didn't wanna know, but now I'm seeing dough
These catties they be calling off my phone
All these man dem and they applaud me on the roadI put corn in for my bro
Man dem keep on talkin' on a low
Man dem keep talkin' on a low, but all my man are bros
And all my man, all my man are bros
My man dem will have your mandem on the ropes
I'll have man dem on your road
Man dem in a batch or on they own
With a bat or with a pole
I got man dem that will slap a man with both
Nike jacket on my back I'm looking cold
It's funny how these catties wanna know, butAll my man are running to the money
We'll be running like ah, ah, ah, ahhh
And all my man are running from them hoes on the roads like whoa whoa whoa, whoa
Like whoa, a month ago you didn't wanna know
But now I'm seeing dough, these catties they be calling off my phone
All these man dem, they applaud me on the roadFree smoke, anybody want it they can get it
No joke, call up landlord, nigga that's bro
I only link with the real ones, Lord knows
On fo', I love to see a fake nigga go broke
I don't run to Twitter with the things I know
I fall back just to see how it unfolds
Yeah, like whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa
Like whoa, years ago they didn't wanna know
But now I'm seeing dough

Catties they be calling off my phone
Trying to get tickets to a show
Yeah, I got U.K. tings on the WhatsApp now
Like +44 on the codeLike whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa
Like whoa
A month ago you didn't wanna know, but now I'm seeing dough
These catties they be calling off my phone
All these man dem they applaud me on the road
I put corn in for my bro
Man dem keep on talking on a low
Man dem keep talkin on a low, low, low

Songwriters
David SantanPublished by
Lyrics Â© BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941.
Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/