

Dreams Money Can Buy

Drake

Don't f-ck with me, don't f-ck with me
Don't f-ck with me, don't f-ck with me I got car money, fresh start money
I want Saudi money, I want art money
I want women to cry and pour out their heart for me
And tell me how much they hate it when they apart from me
Yeh, and lately I do bitches the meanest
Tell em I love em and don't ever mean it
We go on dates I send the Maybach out the neighbourhoods, they never seen it
That shit is dangerous but it so convenient
I aint lying, yeah
And comfortable I sit
That manual Ferrari Italian, some fly shit
It's sittin' at the house like I bought it in '9-6
Cause honestly I'm too f-cking busy to drive stick
I swear, too f-cking busy, too busy f-cking
This nigga girl, but to me she wasn't
Been hot before they open doors for me
Preheated oven, I'm in this so
But I aint finished though
It's been a minute though
My newest girl back home, got issues with parents
And some charges, how the f-ck can I get her to Paris
Luckilly, I'm the greatest my country's ever seen
So chances are I get the border to issue me clearance
Dreams money can buy
Everybody yelled surprised I wasn't surprised
Thats only cause I been waitin' on it, nigga
So f-ck whoever hatin on a nigga
Of course
Don't f-ck with me, don't f-ck with me
Dont, don't f-ck with me, don't f-ck with me Dont, don't f-ck with me, don't f-ck with me
me, don't f-ck with me
Don't? Food from India, she in Charlotte Olympia's
We talked music for hours she never mentioned ya
Can't tell you how much I love when niggas think they got it
And I love the fact that line made 'em think about it
YMCMB these niggas make it so hard to be friendly when I know part of it's envy
Tryna fill the shoes, nigga so far these are empty
I take 'em off in the house because the throw carpets are Fendi

Ohh, I never seen the car you claim to drive
Shit I seen it, you just aint inside
And I feel like lately I went from top 5 to remaining 5
My favourite rappers either lost it or they aint alive
And they tryna bring us down me, Weezy and Stunna
We stayed up, Christmas lights in the middle of summer
And if the girl standing next to me got a fat ass
Then I'll probably give her my number
Yeah, I throw my dollars up high
And they land on the stage, dance on
We got company coming over
Would it kill you to put some pants on
Dreams money can buy
They told me it's like a high, it wasnt a lie
Yeah, just have some good p-ssy waiting on a nigga
And f-ck whoever hatin' on a nigga Don't f-ck with me, don't f-ck with me
Dont, don't f-ck with me, don't f-ck with me
Dont, don't f-ck with me, don't f-ck with me
Dont, don't f-ck with me, don't f-ck with me
Don't?

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