

The Motto (Ft. Lil Wayne)

Drake

I'm the f***in' man, you don't get it do ya?
Type of money everybody acting like they knew ya
Go uptown, New York City b*****
Some Spanish girls love me like I'm Aventura
Tell Uncle Luke I'm out in Miami too
Clubbing hard, f***in' women ain't much to do
Wrist bling, got a condo up in Biscayne
Still getting brain from a thang, ain't s*** changed
How you feel? How you feel? How you feel?
Twenty five sittin' on twenty-five mil uh
I'm in the building and I'm feeling myself
Rest in peace Mac Dre, I'mma do it for the Bay, okay
Getting paid well holla wen ever that stop
My team good, we don't really need a mascot
Tell Tune "light one, pa** it like a relay"
YMCMB you n*****s more YMCA
Me, Freddie, Marley Marl at the cribbo
Shout goes out to Niko, J and Chubbs, shout to Gibbo
We got Santa Margarita by the liter
She know even if I'm f***in' with her, I don't really need her
Ahhh, That's how you feel man?
That's really how you feel?
Cause the pimpin' ice cold, all these b*****es wanna chill
I mean maybe she won't
Then again maybe she will
I can almost guarantee she know the deal
Real n***** wassapNow she want a photo Ya
You already know though
You only live once, that's the motto n***** YOLO
We 'bout it every day, every day, every day
Like we sittin' on the bench, n***** we don't really play
Every day, every day, f*** what anybody say
Can't see 'em 'cause the money in the way
Real n***** wassup?One, time f*** one time
I'm calling n*****s out like the umpire
Seven, grams in the blunt
Almost drowned in her p***** so I swam to her butt
It's Eastside, we in this b*****
Wish a n***** would like a tree in this b*****

And if a leaf fall put some weed in that b****
That's my MO add a B to that s****
I'm f****ed up, torn down
I'm twisted: door knob
Talk stupid, off with your head!
N**** money talks and Mr Ed! Ya
I'm so Young Money got a drum on the gun
Energizer bunny
Funny how honey ain't sweet like sugar
Ain't s**** sweet n****s on the street like hookers
I tongue kiss her other tongue
Skeet skeet skeet: water gun
Oh my God Becky look at her buttTunechiNow she want a photo Ya
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Can't see 'em 'cause the money in the way
Real n**** wassup?Wassap, wassap

Songwriters

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