

Club Paradise

Drake

They say that all your old girls got somebody new
I said, "Damn, really? Even Rose Mary? Even Leanne Sealey?"
They said, "Fucking right, they were the first to go", it's nothing personal
It's just that all them women that you slept on been working though
They've been saving up, new niggas came around, they been waking up
With "I swear, you don't know this city anymore
They might have loved you before
But you're out here doing your thing, they don't know you"
Ah, sure they do, they just not as sincere
It's crazy all the emotions forgot in a year
She like "why you even give a fuck, you not even here?"
Well, out there there ain't nothing for me and I think I need to come home Tell me, who did I leave behind?
You think it got to me, I can just read your mind
You think I'm so caught up in where I am right now
Uh, but believe I remember it all I be with my nigga Chubbs, he in love with street shit
No wonder why I feel awkward at this Fashion Week shit
No wonder why I keep fucking up the double-cheek kiss
And long for that ignorant Young Money Miami Beach shit
Couple artists got words for me, that's never fun
They say it's on when they see me, that day don't ever come
I'm never scared, they never real, I never run
When all is said and done, more is always said than done
And I was told once, things will change
By a nigga named Tip when my deal came
Told me it's all good, even when it feel strange
Now I'm that guy that know them strippers by their real names
Rochelle, Jordan
Thick bitches, they just talked me out of four grand
How'd a pile of kush become a mountain of truth?
How'd a bottle of wine become the fountain of youth?
Damn, my biggest fear is losing it all
Remember how I used to feel at the start of it
And now I'm living a mothafucking fairy tale
And still trying to keep you feeling a part of it
Yeah, just lie to my ears
Tell me it feel the same, that's all I've been dying to hear
Lights get low and that's when I have my brightest ideas
And I heard my city feel better than ever, that's why I gotta come home Tell me, who did I leave behind? You
think it got to me, I can just read your mind

You think I'm so caught up in where I am right now
Uh, but believe I remember it allMy mother is back to who she was years ago
It's like a new page me and her are beginning on
I wish she'd stop checking up on women I can't stand
Cause I got new girls I could use her opinion on
She thinks I've become a slave to the wealth
But I'd never break the promises I made to myself
And I would never make up names for myself
Then change the names that I just gave to myself
Certain rappers would call me to say "What up, though?"
I used to brag about it to my friends
And now I'm feeling like all of these niggas cutthroat
And maybe that's all they do is just pretend
Damn, but I bought it though, I believed it
Yeah, I thought it and I achieved it
Yeah, so show me love, show me fucking love
Cause I thought it was all I needed
Yeah, clearly I was wrong about it all along
And this'll be the year that I won't even feel shit
They trip off the amount of people that I brought along
But I'm just trying to be surrounded by some real shit
Need credentials for every one of these Toronto kidsI promised they'd see it with me, we just trying to live
I told 'em we about to get it and we finally did
Listen closely to my shit
I swear it's sounding like homeTell me, who did I leave behind?
You think it got to me, I can just read your mind
You think I'm so caught up in where I am right now
Uh, but believe I remember it allWell, you see, the way I feel about the music, it can be copied, you know?
But, it's not copy do it, it's the feel, you know?
It carry a feel
Well, you ask plenty musicians
them know it, but them can't do it
Some people still searching for this truth here

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