Closer

Bill Vega & New Decade

[Intro: Drake talking]
Yeah I remember me and, me and D used to talk about this kind of stuff all the time
Like what it's gonna be like when you get closer to your dreams
I didn't know much then but, probably tell you a lil' somethin' now

[Verse 1: Drake]
Mr. Big Dreams no tolerance
Cut you at the house and haven't hollered since
Get bored quickly
He stay grown
So the p-a-trÃ£n had to get poured quickly
Ex girl strippin'
I can't stop her
New girl trippin' but I can't drop her
'Cause I need somethin' to balance out the fact
That it's hard to find a woman when you' talented and black
When you hollerin' at labels
And they silencing you back
'Cause you fail to thoroughly discuss some violence in ya track
Well
Gunshot for the young yacht owner
See there's everybody else then there's one top loner
First place is often the worst place
But fuck it I love it here I call it my birthplace
Whenever I walk in they makin' the worst face
Surrounded by Fillipinos I think of the worst case
Watch blue and green diamonds I call it the earth face
I'm gettin' ya cake I tell you how ya dessert taste
I get a dessert plate
Y'all eat pedigree as ya meal
I've been Urkel for some years it's better bein' Jaleel
Though I rock lean snap it's better bein' this real
It's better drivin' a car with the letter B in the wheel
Seat back
Light sayin' tank on E
I got the drank on me
You better bank on me
To be the one and only nigga that you ain't gon' see
In the club with a model spillin' drinks on me

Nah
Gimme 20 in the tank on 3
I'm in the Range bumpin' Keyshia Cole
Singin' off-key like [Andreena harmonizes]
I'mma spare y'all
Why you wanna judge me
I don't ever compare y'all
The city is mine
I know it because I'm there y'all
It ain't even started I'm really tryna prepare y'all
Spring '07 second quarter I'm droppin'
With or without a label man I'm committed to poppin'
And take over the summer
Tour to tour hoppin'
I'mma meet a lot of women I'mma do a lot of shoppin'
Really no other option
Spend a lot of money just to make it back
Anybody I dissed in a song I don't take it back
Same rappers that's all in ya face sayin' Drake is wack
Are checkin' my availability just to make a track
I promise mama
I'mma do it 'cause I know I put you through it (I know I put you through it baby)
And I just want you to sit around with ya friends at a dinner table
And say "my baby's famous and I knooow it" (yeah)
And it wasn't nothin' tooo it
I've drawn it and drew it 'til the pen was out of fluid
The ballpoint run out
Then all joints come out classic
Rappers are fake we can all point one out

[Drake Talking]
Yeah
I'd like to introduce you to the first lady of the ATF (uhh)
Miss Andreena Mill

[Chorus: Andreena Mill]
Closer to my dreams I'm gettin' higher
Yeah I feel it in my sleep
I said I'm gettin' higher
Yeah
And closer to my dreams
Whoa
Sometimes it feels like I'll never move on
Closer to my dreams

[Verse 2: Drake]
Look
I took a plane to Hawaii with D
And we was trippin' off of the speed at which life progressed
From meetin' Trey in Atlanta to doin' a cameo in his video
Which made everything right with X (Songz)
I got too many records and not enough shows
For too many rappers and not enough __
Well
You can fill the blank in
They tryna be the best
Just tryna place in the rankin'
Day care play pen drop out
To grade ten drop out
To summer '05 with the grey Benz drop out
Charcoal Charger
Racin' through back streets
On my (Craig David) shit the (Artful Dodger)
Shola Ama
I told her I'mma
'Bout to get my run on so hold the commas
Times've changed now I'm older mama
And these niggas ain't solid they fold in drama
And that's the realest shit I ever wrote
A compilation of mental thoughts that I never note
And hi, haters
I'm back off of hiatus
How ya album doin'?
I'm gettin' cake off of my latest
Anticipated like the iPhone
Respected in any city that I roam
Summertime
Wintertime
Dinnertime
Anytime
Bet I am the nigga in my town when I arrive
Home

[Outro: Drake talking]
Yeah one more time 'fore we turn the lights out ladies and gentleman
(Sing it to' em 'Dreena) lights 'bout to go down, curtains 'bout to close but
I want y'all to enjoy yourself on the way out, yeah man
(Yeah man)

[Chorus]

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