

# Lord Knows (feat. Rick Ross)

Drake

All we wanted was opportunity  
Just Blaze, Lord Knows! It's your worst nightmare, it's my first night here  
And this girl right here, who knows what she knows?  
So I'm going through her phone if she go to the bathroom  
And her purse right there, I don't trust these hoes at all  
But that's just the result of me paying attention  
To all these women that think like men with the same intentions  
Talking strippers and models that try to gain attention  
Even a couple porn stars that I'm ashamed to mention  
But Weezy and Stunna are my only role models  
Heffer and Jordan my only role models  
That's why I walk around with all this gold on  
And every time I run into these niggas they want no problems  
Bottom sixes and chains, and some bracelets and rings  
All of the little accents that make me a king  
I never hear the disses they try and point out to me  
But it's whatever if somebody wan' make it a thing  
I'm more concerned what niggas thinkin' about Christmas in August  
Do anything to buy gifts for they daughters  
Get some shake a brick in the press  
And chef it like Mrs. Fields they're making the cookie stretch  
I know it so well, I know the hustle so well  
Stunt like I'm workin' overnights right by the motel  
Drug money, outfit record clean  
Spend it all on me and my fuckin' team  
Matchin' Rollies for real, matchin' Rovers for real  
Places they say they've been, we've actually going for real  
I'm really killin' shit, fuck all the jiggy rappin'  
I'm going trigga happy just to see my niggas happy  
Mixtape legend, underground kings  
Lookin' for the right way to do the wrong things  
With my new bitch that's living in Palm Springs  
Young ass nigga, lifelong dreams  
They take the greats from the past and compare us  
I wonder if they'd ever survive in this era  
In a time where it's recreation  
To pull all your skeletons out the closet like Halloween decorations  
I know of all the things that I hear they be pokin' fun at  
Never the flow though, they know I run that

Fuck you all, I claim that whenever  
I change rap forever, the game back together, yup  
YM, I remain that forever  
In the same place my brother Wayne at forever  
I'm a descendent of either Marley or Hendrix  
I haven't figured it out cause my story is far from finished  
I'm hearing all of the jokes, I know that they tryna push me  
I know that showin' emotion don't ever mean I'm a pussy  
Know that I don't make music for niggas who don't get pussy  
So those are the ones I count on to diss me or overlook me  
Lord knows, Lord knows, I'm heavy, I got my weight up  
Roberson boost the rate up, it's time that somebody paid up  
A lot of niggas came up off of a style that I made up  
But if all I hear is me, then who should I be afraid of?  
Bought a white Ghost, now shit is gettin' spooky  
Very, very scary, like shit you see in the movies  
In this bitch all drinks on the house like Snoopy  
That's why all the real soldiers salute me  
Trill nigga, for real You know I love this  
Yolo, "You Only Live Once"  
I'm going so hard my nigga, I swear homie  
Everyday is another opportunity to reach that goal I fell in love with the pen, started fucking in ink  
The hustle's an art, I paint it what I would think  
Still allergic to broke, prescription straight to the paper  
Destined for greatness, but got a place in Jamaica  
Villa on the water with the wonderful views  
Only fat nigga in the sauna with Jews  
Went and got a yacht, I'm talkin' Carnival cruise  
And these niggas talkin' like hoes, they mad they not in my shoes  
It's the red bottom boss, came to buy the bar  
Every by week, shit, I'm bound to buy a car  
Murder-cedes Benz of that bubble double R  
Headlights flickin', lookin' like a fallin' star  
Everyday them hammers bang, whippin' ye' like anime  
I run the game but the ladies think I'm running game  
Mink coats making women wanna fornicate  
Rosay and Drake, I'm gettin' cake, nothin' short of great huh!

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