

# Over My Dead Body (feat. Chantal Kreviazuk)

Drake

How I'm feeling, it doesn't matter  
'Cause you know I'm okay  
Instead, I ask myself "why do you hurt me?"  
When you know, you know I'm the same  
I know, I know that you love me baby  
They're trying to take you away from me  
Only over my dead body I think I killed everybody in the game last year, man fuck it I was on though  
And I thought I found the girl of my dreams at a strip club, mm  
Fuck it I was wrong though  
Shout out all to all my niggas living tax free  
Nowadays its six figures when they tax me  
Oh well, I guess you lose some and win some  
Long as the outcome is income  
You know I want it all and then some  
Shout out to Asian girls, let the lights dim sum  
Shots came, I don't know where they was sent from  
Probably some bad hoes about to take the hemp from  
Yeah, you know me well nigga  
Yeah, I mean you ain't the only real nigga  
They got me on these white women like Seal nigga  
Slave to the pussy but I'm just playing the field nigga, yeah  
Are these people really discussing my career again?  
Asking if I'll be going platinum in a year again  
Don't I got the shit the world wanna hear again?  
Don't Michael Jordan still got his hoop earring in?  
Man all of your flows bore me, paint drying  
And I don't ever be trippin' off of what ain't mine  
And I be hearing the shit you say through the grapevine  
But jealousy is just love and hate at the same time  
It's been that way from the beginning  
I just been playing, I ain't even know that I was winning  
And this is the only sound you should fear  
Man, these kids wear crowns over here and everything is alright I know, I know that you love me baby  
They're trying to take you away from me  
Only over my dead body You say I'm old news, well who the new star?  
'Cause if I'm going anywhere, it's probably too far  
Just performed at a Bar Mitzvah over in the States  
Used half of the money to beat my brother's case  
Red wine over Fed time

But shout out to the niggas that's doing dead time  
And shout out to the bitches there when it's bedtime  
And fuck you to the niggas that think it's their time  
Yeah, don't make me take your life apart boy  
You and whoever the fuck gave you your start boy  
Or you wanna be a muthafuckin' funny guy?  
Don't make me break your Kevin heart boy  
Yeah, it's whatever. You know, feeling good, living better  
I think maybe I was numb to it last year  
But you know I feel it now more than ever  
My city love me like Mac Dre in the Bay  
Second album, I'm back paving the way  
The backpackers are back on the bandwagon  
Like this was my comeback season back, back in the day  
And I met your baby moms last night  
We took a picture together, I hope she frames it!  
And I was drinking at the Palms last night  
And ended up losing everything that I came with  
Feel like I've been here before huh?  
I still got ten years to go huh?  
And this is the only sound you should fear  
These kids wear crowns over here  
And everything is all right

Songwriters

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