

Grammys

Drake

Yeah, yeah

Yeah, yeah

Jheeze, yeah

Right, look, look Tell me how you really feel

Tell me how you really feel

I would ask you what's the deal

But you don't even got a deal

Most niggas with a deal

Couldn't make a greatest hits

Y'all a whole lot of things

But you still ain't this

I don't know no one

That could tell me what to do

Heard you never claimed the hood

Hear the hood claimed you

That can't sit well

Oh well, ship sailed

Still mine, all mine

Cosign, cosign

I pull up in yachts so big that they try to hit me with boat fines

Hype Williams, Big Pimpin'

Yeah, Just like the old times

Same niggas from the old days

Lot of sides on the same side

OVO we a gold mine

But I'm goin' gold in no time

Doing plat, plat only

Boys better back off me

Hall of fame, hall of fame

Like I'm shirt off, like I'm shirt off

Like I'm shirt off shorty

Whole city goin' crazy, whole city goin' crazy

Top 5 no debating

Top 5, top 5, top 5

And the whole city rave me

And I'm back inside a matrix

And I said that we would make it

Aim squad with some traitors

Knew my niggas from the basement

This ain't no metal-on-the-way shit
We done really put some days in
Hey why you so excited? You know what I'm sayin'?
What happened?
Did you win the Grammy? God damn
You acting like you fucking won a trophy and shit
This nigga turnt the fuck up They gon' think I won a Grammy
They gon' think I won a Grammy
Swervin' out the Panoramic
I'm hangin' out, they can't stand me
They gon' think I won a Grammy
They gon' think I won a Grammy
They gon' think I won a Grammy
They gon' think I won a Grammy
I'm showin' out, they can't stand me
I'm showin' out, they can't stand me
I'm swervin' off, they can't stand me
I'm err off, can't stand me
They gon' think I won a Grammy
They gon' think I won a Grammy
They gon' think I won a Grammy
They gon' think I won a Grammy
Gonna peel off like a bandit
I'm noddin' off on a Xanax
Get pissed off, start airin' it
Get a head start, ain't friendly
I stand out, I don't blend in
When I say that I meant that
I don't want to talk to you has-beens
I don't want features or ad-libs
I don't want features or nothin'
You can't even get on my guest list
They want me to go to the Met Gala
I want a Percocet and a gallon
That Actavis Hi-Tech it don't matter
We sittin' right on the courtside
I know the players on both side
I'm cashin' out, fuck a cosign
I wear the chain like a bowtie
I wear the ring like a fo'-five
Keep a fo'-five for the po' guys
Black tints, low profile
Celebratin' everyday cause I'm really really fresh out the coke house
Countin' up every single day
'Bout to bring a whole 'nother whip out They gon' think I won a Grammy

They gon' think I won a Grammy
Swervin' out the Panoramic
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