

Two Birds, One Stone (Radio Rip)

Drake

[Intro]

Yeah

Yeah, more

Yeah[Verse]

More time with family and friends, more life

More time to get it right

It's only me but I'm seeing four shadows in the light

My demons visit me every night

To the most high I'm forever indebted

I know I gotta pay something, I know that day's coming

I put it all in the music

Because if I don't say it here then I won't say nothing

Could feel my hand getting tired from holding the grudges

Two birds, one stone, my aim is amazing

I need to start losing my shit

Just to show you niggas who hatin'

Too reserved like I called ahead for me and my lady

Free C5, how the fuck we got the boss waiting

Ever since the blue basement I found God and I lost patience

Between rocks and hard places of all places

Spotted everywhere like Dalmation

Cops snoop around cause all my dogs famous

Please welcome the October fall baby

Vaughan Road Academy, star player—my mind's not all there

Used to carry a lot of dead weight like a pallbearer

People too scared to tell the truth so it's all dares

Counted us all there and we all square

Quick money, I'm in and out

My dad used to use a soap bar till it's thinning out

But shit, look at Dennis now

All Stacy Adams and linnen'd out

More blessings for Sandy and him, more life

My parents never got it right, but

God bless 'em both, I think we all alike

We all wide awake late at night, thinking on what to change

If we do get to do it twice in a another life

Scared to go to sleep now

Cause being awake is what all my dreams were like

Back when the bar I set for myself was out of sight

Tell me how I went and did chin ups
On this shit when I can't see it
Pin ups of Meagan Good and Pam Grier, soul sisters
Inspired my old scriptures
Now that feeling gone like them old pictures
Mixing liquors got us both twisted
Words get so viscious, you just stare at me
While you roll swishers
Girl I love you, but I don't miss you
And no matter what year it is I'm an old 6'er
Go figure, cold nigga, stay in school man
Fuck the rap game, it's all lies and it's all filthy
2 percent of us rich and the rest of these niggas all milk it
Got two of my niggas off with a not guilty
Gave back to the city and never said it
If I didn't live it but still they try to tell you I'm not the realest
Like I'm some privileged kid that never sat through a prison visit
Or like it was just handed to me tied with a ribbon
I never worked to get it
But really it's you with all the drug dealer stories
That's gotta stop though
You made a couple chops and now you think you Chapo
If you ask me though you ain't lining the trunk with kilos
You bagging weed watching Pacino with all your niggas
Like "this what we need to be on," but you never went live
You middle man in this shit, boy you was never them guys
I can tell cause I look most of you dead in your eyes
And you'll be trying to sell that story for the rest of your lives
Can't show us where the cash is
Me, I don't judge, I'm just going off what the math is
Numbers inflated
They all look at me like, "What have you done for me lately?"
I like your older shit but wasn't in love with the latest
Awe baby, stop debating, I'm just a creative
My numbers out of this world
No wonder they got me feeling so alienated
You were the man on the moon
Now you just go through your phases
Life of the angry and famous
Rap like I know I'm the greatest
Then give you the tropical flavors
Still never been on hiatus
You stay xanned and perked up
So when reality set in you don't gotta face it
I'm down 200 in Vegas but winning life on a daily basis

It seems like nobody wants to stay in my good graces
I'm like a real estate agent, putting you all in your places
Look what happens soon as you talk to me crazy(Is you crazy!?)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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