

Pound Cake / Paris Morton Music 2

Drake

"Good God Almighty, like back in the old days
You know, years ago they had the A&R men to tell you what to play
How to play it and you know whether it's disco and rock
But um, we just went in the studio and we did it
We had champagne in the studio, of course, you know
Compliments of the company, and we just laid back and did it
So we hope you enjoy listening to this album half as much
As we enjoyed playing it for you, because we had a ball
Only real music is gonna last
All the other bullshit is here today and gone tomorrow" Cash rules everything around me
C.R.E.A.M. get the money, dolla-dolla bill y'all After hours of Il Mulino
Or Sotto Sotto, just talkin' about women and vino
The contract like '91 Dan Marino
I swear this got Michael Rapino boostin' my ego
Overly focused, it's far from the time to rest now
Debates growing 'bout who they think is the best now
Took a while, got the jokers out of the deck now
I'm holdin' all the cards and niggas wanna play chess now
I hear you talkin', say it twice so I know you meant it
Fuck it, I don't even tint it, they should know who's in it
I'm authentic, real name, no gimmicks
No game, no scrimmage, I ain't playin' with you niggas at all
My classmates, they went on to be chartered accountants
Or work with their parents, but thinkin' back on how they treated me
My high school reunion might be worth an appearance
Make everybody have to go through security clearance
Tables turn, bridges burn, you live and learn
With the ink, I could murder word to my nigga Irv
Yeah, I swear shit just started clickin' dog
You know it's real when you are who you think you are Cash rules everything around me
C.R.E.A.M. get the money, dolla-dolla bill y'all
Cash rules everything around me
C.R.E.A.M. get the money, dolla-dolla bill y'all Uh, I had Benzes 'fore you had braces
The all black Maybach but I'm not a racist
Inside's whiter than Katy Perry's face is
Yellow diamonds in my JesÃ's
I just might learn to speak Mandarin
Japanese for the yen that I'm handlin'
International Hov, that's my handle

My saint's Sean Don, light a candle
El Gran Santo on the mantle
'Case y'all didn't know, I speak Spanish too
Shoutout to Worldwide Wes
Everywhere we go we leave a worldwide mess
Yes, still Roc La Familia
Says a lot about you if you not feelin' us
The homie said "Hov, there ain't many of us"
I told him less is more, nigga it's plenty of us
Cash rules everything around me
C.R.E.A.M. get the money, dolla-dolla bill y'all
Cake, cake-cake, cake-cake, cake
500 million, I got a pound cake
Niggas is frontin', that's upside-down cake
Get 'em a red nose, they clown cakes
They shoulda never let you 'round cake
Look at my neck, I got a carrot cake
Now here's the icing on the cake
Cake, cake-cake, cake-cake
Uh I'm just gettin' started, oh yeah we got it bitch
I've done made more millionaires than the lotto did
Dame made millions, Bigg made millions
Ye made millions, Just made millions
Lyor made millions, Cam made millions
Beans tell you if he wasn't in his feelings
I'm back in my bag
My eyes bloodshot but my jet don't lag
A pair of Jordan 3's tryna chase this cash
Gucci air bag just in case we crash
Uh, last night was mad trill
I'm fresh out of Advil, Jesus grab the wheel
Yeah uh, look, fuck all that happy to be here shit that y'all want me
on
I'm the big homie, they still be tryna lil' bro me dog
Like I should fall in line, like I should alert niggas
When I'm 'bout to drop somethin' crazy and I say I'm the greatest of my generation
Like I should be dressin' different
Like I should be less aggressive and pessimistic
Like I should be way more nervous and less dismissive
Like I should be on my best behavior
And not talk my shit and do it major like the niggas who paved the way for us
Like I didn't study the game to the letter
And understand that I'm not doin' it the same, man, I'm doin' it better
Like I didn't make that clearer this year
Like I should feel, I don't know, guilty for saying that
They should put a couple more mirrors in here so I can stare at myself
These are usually just some thoughts that I would share with myself
But I thought "Fuck it"

It's worth it to share 'em with someone else more than Paris for once
I text her from time to time, she a mom now
I guess sometimes life forces us to calm down
I told her she could live with me if she need to
I got a compound but I think she's straight
Cause she supported since Hot Beats right before Wayne came
And got me out of the backroom where I was rapping with Jas over beats I shouldn't have in the hopes for the
glory
He walked right past in the hallway 3 months later I'm his artist
He probably wouldn't remember that story
But that shit stick with me
Always couldn't believe when he called me
You never know, it could happen to you
And I just spent four Ferraris all on a brand new Bugatti
And did that shit cause it's something to do, yeah
I guess its just who I became dog
Nothing was the same dog

Songwriters

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