All Me (feat. Big Sean & 2 Chainz)

Drake

Got everything, I got everything
I cannot complain, I cannot
I don't even know how much I really made, I forgot, it's a lot
Fuck that, never mind what I got, nigga don't watch that cause I
Came up, that's all me, stay true, that's all me
No help, that's all me, all me for real
Came up, that's all me, stay true, that's all me

No help, that's all me, all me for realMoney on my mind, you should think the same, J's on, pinky ring Dogging these hoes, I need quarantine, in the same league, but we don't ball the same

(Ah) She want all the fame, I hear that shit all the time

She said she love me, I said, "Baby girl, fall in line"

Okay, made a million, off a dinner fork, watch me switch it up

Walked in, "Ill nigga alert! Ill nigga alert!"

You need that work, I got that work, got bitches in my condo

Just bought a shirt that cost a Mercedes-Benz car note

From the A to Toronto, we let the metal go off

And my dick so hard it make the metal detector go off

This that sauce, this that dressing, Givenchy, nigga God bless you

If having a bad bitch was a crime, I'd be arrested (Truu)Got everything, I got everything

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Came up, that's all me, stay true, that's all me

No help, that's all me, all me for realI touched down in '86, knew I was a man by the age of 6

I even fucked the girl that used to babysit

But that was years later on some crazy shit

I heard your new shit, nigga hated it, Damon Wayans, homie don't play that shit

I get paid a lot, you get paid a bit, and my latest shit is like a greatest hits

God damn, ain't no wishing over on this side

Y'all don't fuck with us, then we don't fuck with y'all

It's no different over on this side

God damn, should I listen to everybody or myself?

Cause myself just told myself, "You're the motherfucking man, you don't need no help"

Cashing checks and I'm bigging up my chest, y'all keep talking 'bout who next

But I'm about as big as it gets, I swear y'all just wasting y'all breath

I'm the light skinned Keith Sweat, I'mma make it last forever

It's not your turn 'cause I ain't done yet

Look, just understand that I'm on a roll like Cottonelle I was made for all of this shit

And I'm on the road box office sales, I'm getting paid for all of this shit

Ask you to please excuse my table manners, I was making room for the table dancers

Cause if we judging off your advances, I just got paid like eight advances

God damn!Got everything, I got everything

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No help, that's all me, all me for real

Came up, that's all me, stay true, that's all meHo, shut the fuck up!

I got way too much on my mental, I learn from what I've been through
I'm finna do what I didn't do and still waking up like the rent's due
Not complicated, it's simple, I got sexy ladies, a whole Benz-full
And to them hoes I'm everything, everything but gentle
But I still take my time, man, I guess I'm just old fashioned

Wearing retro shit, that's old fashion

Nigga, see what I'm saying, no closed caption I paint pics, see the shit, good sex, need to hit

Keep a broad on the floor year 'round like season tickets

I plead the fifth, drink a fifth

Load the nine, leave you split, in the half, smoke a half, need a zip My new girl is on Glee and shit, probably making more money than me and shit I swear to God I got 99 problems but a bitch ain't one

I got 99 problems, getting rich ain't one
Like I got trust issues, I'm sorry for the people I've pushed out
I'm the type to have a bullet-proof condom and still gotta pull out
But that's just me, and I ain't perfect, I ain't a saint but I am worth it
If it's one thing, I am worth it, niggas still hating but it ain't working

Lil' bitch

Songwriters

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