

Too Much (Fabian Mazur Chill Edit)

Drake

Don't think about it too much, too much, too much, too much
There's no need for us to rush this through
Don't think about it too much, too much, too much, too much
This is more than just a new lust for you
Don't think about...
Done sayin' I'm done playin'
Last time was on the
Stuck in the house, need to get out more
I've been stackin' up like I'm fund-raisin'
Most people in my position get complacent
Come places with star girls, end up on them front pages
I'm quiet but I just ride with it
Moment I stop havin' fun with it, I'll be done with it
I'm the only one that's puttin' shots up
And like a potluck, you need to come with it
Don't run from it, H-Town in the summer time, I keep it 100
Lot of girls in my time there, word to Paul Wall, not one fronted
Birthed there in my first year, man I know that place like I come from it
Backstage at Warehouse in '09 like "Is Bun comin'?"
Fuck that, is any one comin' before I show up there and ain't no one there?"
These days, I could probably pack it for like twenty nights if I go in there
Back rub from my main thing, I've been stressed out
Talkin' to her like back then they didn't want me, I'm blessed now
Talkin' to her like this drop, bet a million copies get pressed out
She tell me, "Take a deep breath, you're too worried about bein' the best out"
Don't think about it too much, too much, too much, too much
There's no need for us to rush this through
Don't think about it too much, too much, too much, too much
This is more than just a new lust for you
Someone go tell Noel to get the Backwoods
Money got my whole family goin' backwards
No dinners, no holidays, no nothin'
There's issues at hand that we're not discussin'
Look, I did not sign up for this
My uncle used to have all these things on his bucket list
And now he's actin' like "Oh well, this is life, I guess" "Nah, fuck that shit
Listen man, you can still do what you wanna do, you gotta trust that shit"
Heard once that in dire times when you need a sign, that's when they appear
Guess since my text message didn't resonate, I'll just say it here
Hate the fact my mom cooped up in her apartment, tellin' herself
That she's too sick to get dressed up and go do shit, like that's true shit

All my family from the M-Town that I've been 'round
Started treatin' me like I'm "him" now
Like we don't know each other, we ain't grow together, we just friends now
Shit got me feelin' pinned down, pick the pen up and put the pen down
Writin' to you from a distance like a pen
pal, but we've been down
Don't think about it too much, too much, too much, too much
There's no need for us to rush this through
Don't think about it too much, too much, too much, too much
This is more than just a new lust for you
Don't give up, on your hopes
Don't you tell me something's gone wrong
Wholehearted, wholehearted
You care, you care
Cause I'm such a dreamer
A believer in a sense
Well if it's all a dream
Then I'm on fire
Feels like, I'm on fire
Tell me when I'm lying
Tell me when I'm trying

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

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>