

5 Am In Toronto

Drake

[Intro]Yeah

This song?s from old Tommy Campos Dice Raw shit

For my niggas, though

[Verse 1]You underestimated greatly

Most number ones ever, how long did it really take me

The part I love most is they need me more than they hate me

So they never take shots, I got everybody on safety

I could load every gun with bullets that fire backwards

You probably wouldn?t lose a single rapper

Niggas make threats, can?t hear ?em over the laughter

Yeah, that?s cause I?m headed to the bank, nigga

Sinatra lifestyle, I?m just being Frank with you

I mean, where you think she at when she ain?t with you

Wildin?, doin? shit that?s way out of your budget

Owl sweaters and saddle luggage, you gotta love it

Damn, this shit could go on a tape

Bitches lovin? my drive, I never give it a break

Give these niggas the look, the verse, and even the hook

That?s why every song sound like Drake featuring Drake

Straight white pre?, why?s it always me

Got us watchin? our words like there?s wire taps on the team

Cause I show love, never get the same outta niggas

Guess it?s funny how money can make change outta niggas

For real

Some nobody started feelin? himself

A couple somebodies started killin? themself

A couple albums dropped, those are still on the shelf

I bet them shits would have popped if I was willin? to help

[Verse 2]I got a gold trophy from the committee for validation

Bad press over the summer for allegations

I ain?t lyin?, my nigga, my time is money

That?s why I ain?t got time for a nigga who?s time is comin?

A lot of niggas PR stuntin? like that?s the movement

And I?m the only nigga still know for the music

I swear, fuck them niggas this year

I made Forbes list, nigga

Fuck your list, everything?s lookin? gorgeous

Without me, rap is just a bunch of orphans

But if I stay in the shit, there's a bunch of corpses
And me and my dread nigga from New Orleans
Stashin' money like quarters off multi-platinum recordings
 Eat it like I'm seated at Swiss?
Nothin' was the same, this shit for Easy and Cocoa
 This shit for Kareem, this shit for Jaevon
 This shit for Julius, Milly Mill
 We do this shit for real
 All them boys in my will
 All them boys is my wheel
Anything happen to pop and I got you like Uncle Phil
Weezy been on that edge, you niggas just need to chill
If anything happen to poppy, might pop a nigga for real
 Comin' live from the screwface, livin' out a suitcase
But I'm feelin' good, Johnny got me pushin' two plates
My weight up, I refuse to wait up, I started a new race
It's funny when you think a nigga blew up after Lupe
 Niggas treat me like I've been here for 10
Some niggas been here for a couple, never been here again
I'm on my King James shit, I'm tryin' to win here again
 A young nigga tryin' to win here again
 Man, what's up
 [Outro]Yeah
A young nigga tryin' to win here again
If I like her, I just fly her to the city I'm in
 I got her drinkin' with your boy
 I got her fucked up, shorty
 Aww yeah

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