

Uptown (feat. Lil Wayne & Bun B)

Drake

Yeah, uh huhUh, hardly home but always reppin',
You hardly on and always second,
When I'm awake you always restin',
And when they call you the answer you will hardly question,
I, I'm doin' classic shit in all my sessions,
Other nigga's situations they are all depressin',
That's why I never follow y'all suggestions,
I just always did my own thing,
Now I run the game, you stupid mudda-suckas
I see all this money through my Ohio State buck eyes,
Shit been goin' good, but good can turn to better,
Cause you the type to lose her, and I'm about to get her[Chorus]

It's okay

It's okay

It's okay

It's okay

It's okay

It's okay

You can run an tell your friends that

I'm on

I'm on

I'm on

I'm on

I'm on

I'm on

Best believe I understand

It's okay

It's okay

It's okay

It's okay

It's okay

It's okay

You can run an tell my city

I'm on

I'm on

I'm on

I'm on

I'm on

I'm on

You can run an tell my city it's on Yeah, wrong way down a one way,
Women don't get saved 'round me even on a Sunday,
Damn where I get it from, these niggas always wonder who,
Then they meet my pop and tell 'em "Drake is just a younger you"
And shawty wanna party so don't let yo girl up out the house
Or there'll be shots on T-M-Z, of me givin' her mouth-to-mouth,
Now she's famous and the paparazzi starts to shoot her,
I drive two black cars I named 'em Malcom X an' Martin Luther
I don't ever play but I'm in the game lady,
They just loose to love, those are tennis games lady,
Have you countin' money goin' duffle bag crazy,
Sippin' on Pink Floyd an puffin' Wayne Brady,
Damn, who's line is it anyways,
I'm in a daze, you been amazed,
Y'all seem to be stuck on that beginner stage,
I'm on fire, yup I've been a blaze,
I got dough to blow, but I wanna blow it right,
You look nice, and yo' frame, makes me wanna bowl a strike
Well alright, guess I might, know what? Fuck it, yes I will,
I am more than what you bargained for and nothin' less than real
Put it to you like [Chorus] Bun B King of the Trill also one of the dopest,
Whether the streets or on the mic, I'm dope and yes I'm focused,
That gangsta recognize me for my locc ness no joke it's,
Time to shake these haters off like the skin of a Locus,
Or maybe like a python that's the type a shit I'm on,
I wrote this on my iPhone so let me drop this iBomb,
I palm the game like its a Splading ball and take flight,
From the free throw line and slam it down like I'm the great Mike
Bun an Wayne an Drake in here man this goin' be a great night,
Look at all these posers bite, our swagger like a great white,
Try to cross me over I just fake left then I break right,
Stupid animal tricks like David Letterman's Late Night,
This that major moment you've been waitin' on for too long,
The best that ever did it an doin' it on a new song,
U-G-K an Young Money too strong
Bound to be in the green like a crouton,
So what the fuck is you on? [Chorus] I am the leather jacket, black glasses, All-American bad boy
I own the swagger supermarket an' you, you just a bag boy
Cause I got that swag boy, the swag you never had boy
Hate an' I will leave ya chest the color of my flag boy
Soo woo bitch, I do this shit, I'll erase you like I drew you bitch
An' I keep that toaster you can come an be my strudel bitch
I'm so uptown, and motherfucker look at Wayne
Don't go uptown yeah
And now I'm on this rock shit,

But why they let me in I'm a start shootin' in a mosh pit, ha ha
Fuck is you talkin' bout, Weezy in ya mouth now
Weezy whatchu talkin' bout
(Young mula baby!)[Chorus]

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