

Digital Dash

Drake

My dope in the bushes
My dope in the bushes
I know how to cook it
My bitch good looking
My bitch good looking
My bitch good looking
My dope in the bushes, I know how to cook it
Yeah, yeah, yeah I did the digital dash
I fuck your bitch in the passenger
I give the junky a blast
I send that dope to your momma though
Out in the streets like thermometers
You rats will never be honorable
They know I'm a kid of my word
A hustler the first to the first These bitches be naggin the kid
They get on my motherfucking nerves
I showed her my racks and they love me
I'm smokin' that pack on muddy
Taliban on these hoes
Give a Xan to these hoes
Got em playing with they nose
I sleep on the beach off the avenue
I came to your city with revenue
I put in work it was evident
I slide on your ass in the 7 deuce
Come back on your bitch in a six trey
Chevy, Mercedes I keep 'em comin'
Fuck all these bitches I keep em' comin'
I pull up right now I'm parallel
I hit your block with them swangers
My niggas ain't nothin' but some bangers
I sit in the trap with the gangsters
You don't come around here 'cause it's dangerous
I be hangin' around here and I'm famous
Gotta keep the trigger by my finger
Hit her sideways when I banged her
In the driveway on a perc
I was sideways on a perc
Had a stick on me, that's a first

Got your bitch on me gettin' murked
I post up and that's confident
I boast up in a drop 6
Gotta Ghost Royce and I pop shit
I'm a dope boy with that cock trip
I came in the game I had crack on me
Got big with my bag with some Act on me
I'm single and shit and she lash on me
I told em' I'm back on my bachelor
I get focused on millions and everything
I just took me a trip out to Africa
See how we came from the mud and the bottom, we did it
I see how they countin' this out
Bet they ain't never gonna do it again
You see why these niggas be hatin', ignorin, I'm goin' right in
I was born to get this money in this life of sin
I bought up before they got my dog on murder again
See the fire come out the ass on the Lamborghini
When you say you love a nigga do you really mean it
When I was sleepin' on the floor you shoulda seen how they treat me
I pour the Actavis and pop pills so I can fight the demons I did the digital dash
I fuck your bitch in the passenger
I give the junky a blast
I send that dope to your momma though
Out in the streets like thermometers
You rats will never be honorable
They know I'mma kid of my word
A hustler the first to the first These bitches be nagging the kid
Fuck it, it is what it is
if you get hit you get hit
I don't forget or forgive
Told myself never again
I don't let nobody in
Super just showed out again
And we just keep servin' and servin' again and again and again and again
I move the game up, I'm reckless
I'm Harlem shaking through the pressure
I might put Diddy on my next shit
I might could fit you in on a Wednesday
I'm not here for no pretend shit
Just walked in with a girl that's making triple
what I'm making, what an entrance
That's when you know it's a body
Zone 6, they know it's a body
Kirkwood, they know it's a body

Lil' Mexico know it's a body
Scooter in here with the zombies
Gucci get out it's a problem
I might take Quentin to Follies
You hate your life, just be honest
I got the digital dash
She want a picture with all of my niggas
that just made the visual last
But she too embarrassed to ask
I got my foot on their neck and my foot on the gas
You remind me of a quarterback, that shit is all in the past
Esco and Boomin they got it on smash
And I got the, I got the, I got the, I got the, II did the digital dash
I fuck the bitch on the passenger
I give the junky a blast
I send that dope to lil' mama though

Songwriters

Aubrey Graham, Joashua Howard Luellen, Nayvadius Wilburn, TYLER WAYNE LELANDPublished by
Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group, Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>