

Successful

Drake

Money, money, cars, cars
Clothes, clothes, the hos
I suppose, yeah I want the money, money and the cars
Cars and the clothes, the hos I suppose
I just wanna be, I just wanna be successful
I just wanna be, I just wanna be successful
I just wanna be, I just wanna be successful Drizzy, ah yeah, Trey, I fuckin' feel you
They be starin' at the money like it's unfamiliar
I get it, I live it, to me there's nothings realer
Just enough to solve your problems, too much will kill ya And when I leave, I always come right back here
The young spitter that everybody in rap fear
A lot of y'all are still soundin' like last year
The game needs change and I'm the motherfucking cashier Nickels for my thoughts, dimes in my bed
Quarters of the kush shape the lines in my head
Take my verses too serious, ya hate me
'Cause I'm the one to paint a vivid picture, no HD Yeah, I want it all, that's why I strive for it
Dis' me, you'll never hear a reply for it
Any awards show or party I get fly for it
I know that it's comin' I just hope that I'm alive for it I want the money, money and the cars
Cars and the clothes, the hos I suppose
I just wanna be, I just wanna be successful
I just wanna be, I just wanna be successful
I just wanna be, I just wanna be successful Yeah, I want things to go my way
But as of late, a lot of shit been goin' sideways
And my mother tried to run away from home
But I left somethin' in the car and so I caught her in the driveway And she cried to me so I cried too
And my stomach was soakin' wet, she only 5'2
And forty-eight hours was all before I showed up
And brought a thousand dollars worth of drinks and got pulled up Damn, my reality just set in
And even when the Phantom's leased, them hos wanna get in
I do a lot of things hopin' I never had to fit in
So tryin' to keep up with my progress is like a dead end My girl love me but fuck it, my heart beat slow
And right now the tour bus is lookin' like a freak show
And life change for us every single week
So it's good, but I know this ain't the peak though, 'cause I want I want the money, money and the cars
Cars and the clothes, the hos I suppose
I just wanna be, I just wanna be successful
I just wanna be, I just wanna be successful
I just wanna be, I just wanna be successful Wise words from a decent man

Back when I was tryin' to put a ring on Alicia hand
This lost boy got fly without Peter Pan
And my delivery just got me buzzin' like the pizza man
In person, I am everything and more
I'm everywhere these other niggas never been before
But inside, I'm treadin' waters, steady tryin' to swim to shore
I'm on a shoppin' spree to get whatever is in store
Yeah, just call me "Shoppin' Bag Drizzy"
And call me "Mr. Damn, he ain't coppin' that is he?"
And fans of these freshman is about to get iffy
While this youngin' that you doubted is about to get busy
I'mma kill it, I promise this, I know you mad
I've always treated my city like some shoulder pads
The big homie, use a flash if you must
And I swear I ain't askin' for much, all I want is
I want the money, money and the cars,
Cars and the clothes, the hos I suppose
I just wanna be, I just wanna be successful
I just wanna be, I just wanna be successful
I just wanna be, I just wanna be successful
Yeah, it's like I know what I got to say
I just don't know how to say it to you
Pardon the swagger, but bitches, Cartate
Long bread, I don't eat shortcake
How come I can't miss a woman like I can't miss court dates?
Jeez, but she's not in this portrait
Yeah, life's fine but I don't portray
I'm on the other side but it is a sharp gate
I don't want the glow, I want the glo'ray
And I'mma fuck the world, but this is just foreplay
Tired of hearing bullshit, bring her on to cow shit
Haven't met a smell that's stinkier than cow shit
That's word to Toronto
So high up I got birds in the condo
Ain't that a female dog?
Ask her who I am to her and she yell, "God"
Weezy baby, I go real hard
No further details, boy

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