

Lord Knows (ft Rick Ross)

Drake

All we wanted was opportunity
Just Blaze, Lord Knows! It's your worst nightmare, it's my first night here
And this girl right here, who knows what she knows?
So I'm going through her phone if she go to the bathroom
And her purse right there, I don't trust these hoes at all
But that's just the result of me paying attention
To all these women that think like men with the same intentions
Talking strippers and models that try to gain attention
Even a couple pornstars that I'm ashamed to mention
But Weezy and Stunna my only role models
Hefner and Jordan my only role models
That's why I walk around with all this gold on
And every time I run into these niggas they want no problems
Bottom sixes and chains, and some bracelets and rings
All of the little accents that make me a king
I never hear the disses they try and point out to me
But it's whatever if somebody wan' make it a thing
I'm more concerned what niggas thinkin' about Christmas in August
Do anything to buy gifts for they daughters
Get some shake, a brick in the press
And chef it like Mrs. Fields; they're making the cookie stretch
I know it so well, I know the hustle so well
Stunt like I'm working overnights right by the motel
Drug money outfit, record clean
Spend it all on me and my fuckin' team
Matchin' Rollies for real, matchin' Rovers for real
Places they say they've been, we've actually going for real
I'm really killin' shit, fuck all the jiggy rapping
I'm going trigga happy just to see my niggas happy
Mixtape legend, underground kings
Lookin' for the right way to do the wrong things
With my new bitch that's living in Palm Springs
Young ass nigga, lifelong dreams
They take the greats from the past and compare us
I wonder if they'd ever survive in this era
In a time where it's recreation
To pull all your skeletons out the closet like Halloween decorations
I know of all the things that I hear they be pokin' fun at
Never the flow though, they know I run that

Fuck you all, I claim that whenever
I change rap forever, the game back together, yeah
YM, I remain that forever
In the same place my brother Wayne at forever
I'm a descendent of either Marley or Hendrix
I haven't figured it out cause my story is far from finished
I'm hearing all of the jokes, I know that they tryna push me
I know that showin' emotion don't ever mean I'm a pussy
Know that I don't make music for niggas who don't get pussy
So those are the ones I count on to diss me or overlook me
Lord knows, Lord knows, I'm heavy, I got my weight up
Roll this and boost your rate up, it's time that somebody paid up
A lot of niggas came up off of a style that I made up
But if all I hear is me, then who should I be afraid of?
Bought a white Ghost, now shit is gettin' spooky
Very, very scary, like shit you see in the movies
In this bitch all drinks on the house like Snoopy
That's why all the real soldiers salute me Trill nigga, for real You know I love this
YOLO, you only live once I'm going so hard my nigga, I swear homie
Everyday is another opportunity to reach that goal
I fell in love with the pen, started fucking the ink
The hustle's an art, I paint it what I would think
Still allergic to broke, prescription straight to the paper
Destined for greatness, but got a place in Jamaica
Villa on the water with the wonderful views
Only fat nigga in the sauna with Jews
Went and got a yacht, I'm talkin' Carnival cruise
And these niggas talkin' like hoes, they mad they not in my shoes
It's the red bottom boss, came to buy the bar
Every bi-week, shit, I'm bound to buy a car
Murder-cedes Benz or that bubble double R
Headlights flickin', lookin' like a fallin' star
Everyday them hammers bang, whippin' yay like Anna Mae
I run the game but the ladies think I'm running game
Mink coats make your woman wanna fornicate
Rozay and Drake, I'm gettin' cake, nothin' short of great
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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