

HYFR (Hell Ya Fucking Right) (Ft. Lil Wayne)

Drake

All my exes live in Texas like I'm George Strait
Or they go to Georgia State where
Tuition is handled by some random nigga that live in Atlanta
That she only see when she feels obligated
Admitted it to me the first time we dated
But she was no angel, and we never waited
I took her for sushi, she wanted to fuck
So we took it to go, told them don't even plate it
And we never talk too much after I blew up
Just only 'hello' or 'happy belated'
And I think I text her and told her I made it
And that's when she text me and told me she prayed it
And that's when I text her and told her I love it
And right after texting, told her I'm faded
She asked
What have I learned since getting richer
I learned working with the negatives could make for better pictures
I learned Hennessey and enemies is one hell of a mixture
Even though it's fucked up, girl, I'm still fucking wit ya
Damn, is it the fall
Time for me to revisit the past
It's women to call
There's albums to drop, there's liquor involved
There's stories to tell, we been through it all
Interviews are like confessions
Get the fuck up out my dressing room, confusing me with questions
LikeDo you love this shit?
Are you high right now?
Do you ever get nervous?
Are you single?
I heard you fucked your girl, is it true?
You getting money? You think them niggas you with is wit' you?
And I say(And I say) Hell yeah
Hell yeah, hell yeah
Fuckin' right
Fuckin' right, all right
(And we say) Hell yeah
Hell yeah, hell yeah
Fuckin' right

Fuckin' right, all right So much for being optimistic

They say love is in the air, so I

Hold my breath until my face turn purple

Keep a few bad bitches in my circle

My nuts hang like ain't no curfew

Bitch if you wave, then I will surf you

I flew jet, she flew commercial

But we still met, later that night

After my session, she came over

I was aggressive, and she was sober

I gave her pills

She started confessing and started undressing

And ask me to hold her

And so I did, but that was last month

And now she's texting me, asking for closure

Damn

She say this shit gon' catch up to me

I keep tissue paper

We eat each other whenever we at the dinner table

She say she hate that she love me

And she wish I was average

Shit, sometimes I wish the same

And I wish she wasn't married

Promises, I hope I never break 'em

Met a female dragon, had a fire conversation but

Interviews are like confessions

Get the fuck up out my bedroom confusing me with questions like Do you love this shit?

Are you high right now?

Do you ever get nervous?

Are you single?

I heard you fucked your girl, is it true?

You getting money? You think them niggas you with is wit' you? (And I say) Hell yeah

Hell yeah, hell yeah

Fuckin' right

Fuckin right, all right

(And we say) Hell yeah

Hell yeah, hell yeah

Fuckin' right

Damn right, all right (And we say) Hell yeah

Hell yeah, hell yeah

Fuckin' right

Fuckin' right, all right

(And we say) Hell yeah

Hell yeah, hell yeah

Fuckin' right

Damn right, all right

Aw Yeah

Songwriters

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