

9 AM In Dallas

Drake

These are my 1 St. Thomas flows, me, my niggas, and some Madonna ho's
That look just like virgins but trust they down to go, yeah
Discussin' life and all our common goals
Smart kids that smoke weed, honor roll Look how the champagne diamonds flow
Fine dining, pour another glass when the wine is low I'm in the crib stackin' money from here to the ceilin'
Whatever it is I got is clearly appealin'
These other rappers gettin' that inferior feelin'
I hope you feel it in your soul, spiritual healin' Take a look at yourself the mirror's revealin'
If you ain't got it you ain't got it, the theory is brilliant People ask how music is goin', I heard it pays
I just came off makin' two million in thirty days
Damn, I guess it does is what the message was
Sometimes I feel I be spendin' my money just because But Weezy I'm just out here reppin' us
'Til I get to shake the hand of the man that's blessing us Yeah, I know these niggas miss the mean lyrics
Kush got the room smellin' like teen spirit
I asked kindly if no one out here would bring their feet up
Until I lose, for now I'm the game's single leader I fly private so no one tells me to bring my seat up
And book a suite where me and your favorite singer meet up Who you like, tell me who it is
I'mma make sure that that woman is the next one on my list
I should call it a night, but fuck it, I can't resist
This one is for all the niggas from my city tryin' to diss Without a response from me you really fail to exist
And I love to see you fail that feelin' there is the shit I swear, ah, pussy nigga get your bread up
Enjoy the seat that the stewardess just forced yo' ass to let up
Why yo' scary ass lookin' down? Pick ya head up
No one told you your disguise is the most ridiculous get-up With nose plugs in now, I can smell a setup
So you're just wastin' your time, you only makin' me better Yeah, I try to tell 'em don't judge me because you
heard stuff
Chasin' cash, that's my brother from the surf club
Damn, that nigga always kept it so hood
Back when we would smoke good at the Oakwoods And have girls fall through like coins in a couch
Now we just fuckin' all the bitches they warned us about Scared for the first time everything just clicked
What if I don't really do the numbers they predict?
Considerin' the fact that I'm the one that they just picked
To write a chapter in history, this shit has got me sick But if I really do it don't expect to get a split
'Cause this truly is some shit I don't expect for you all to get I'm nervous but I'mma kill it 'cause they about to
let the realest team in
Throwin' up in the huddle nigga, Willie Beamen
But still throwin' touchdown passes
In tortoise frame glasses hopin' that someone catch it People say that old Drake, we started to miss it
But they need to be a little more specific Man is this what y'all want?

In my best Chris Tucker impression
Duckin' your questions, fuck your suggestions
Money gets all of my love and affection
Cars, all black like the cover of Essence
I'm allergic to comin' in second, but I never sneeze, Y.M.O.E. nigga, yeah
Uh, uh, yeah, that's what y'all want?
October's Very Own, Young Money, ATF
Thank Me Later in this bitch, what's up?
Free Weezy in this bitch, what's up?
June 15th in this bitch what's up?
Noel, that's it

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