

# Ignorant Shit

Drake

[Talking:] Yeah, I appreciate ya patience tonight  
It's been a moment since I've done some public speaking  
I find now-a-days it's just best to keep quiet  
But uh, sometimes you just gotta let it out  
Young Angel and Young Lion  
You know what it is, uh  
[Drake:] Look, I'm the property of October  
I ain't drive here I got chauffeured  
Bring me champagne flutes,  
Rose and some shots over  
I think better when I'm not sober  
I smoke good ain't no glaucoma  
I'm a stockholder,  
Private flights back home no stop over  
Still spittin' that shit that they shot 'Pac over  
The shit my mother look shocked over  
Yeah, but with a canvas I'm a group of seven  
A migraine, take two Excedrin  
I'm the one twice over I'm the new eleven  
And if I die I'm a do it reppin', I never do it second  
I swear niggas be eyein' me all hard  
And lyin' to they girls and drivin' the same cars  
Sittin' there wishin' their problems became ours  
'Cause we have nothin' in common  
Since I done became star  
I done became big swervin' right in to my peer's lane  
Same dudes that used to holla my engineer's name  
One touch I could make the drapes and the sheers change  
An show me the city that I'll without fear claim  
What I set seems to never extinguish  
Coolest kid out baby word to Chuck English  
Count my own money see the paper cut fingers  
My song is ya girlfriend's wakin' up ringer  
Heh, or alarm, or whatever  
She be here at six in the morn' if I let her  
But I never get attracted to fans  
'Cause a eager beaver could be the collapse of a dam  
I always knew that I could figga  
How to get these label heads to offer 'em good figures

And me doin' the shows gettin' everyone nervous 'cause  
Them hipsters gon' have to get alone with them hood niggas  
It's all good I'm goin off like lights when the show's over  
Make pasta rent a movie call hoes over  
Rest in peace to Heath Ledger but I'm no "joker"  
I'll slow roast ya, got no holster  
Wet glass on ya table nigga no coaster  
Burn bread everyday boy no toaster  
G and Tez got a sig' but I'm no smoker  
They just handin' chips to me nigga no poker  
I'm with it, Young Money, Cash Money soldier  
My cup runneth over,  
The same niggas I ball with, I fall with  
On some Southern drawl shit

Rookie of the year, '06 Chris Paul shit  
D.R., C.J, an Po I see y'all  
These cases don't workout I hope we can agree on  
Makin' enough to pay any Judge Judy off  
First thing I'm a do is free Weezy, go  
[Lil' Wayne:]And I take probation  
I don't want that T.I. and Vick vacation  
Private plane, big location  
I'm goin' to the bank to make a big donation  
Yeah, I don't stunt, I stunt hard  
And if the food ain't on the stove I hunt for it  
But in the meantime you can call me Young Roy  
Jones Junior fightin' the drugs and gun charge  
Shit, don't leave me unguarded  
And I'm a cheese head word to Vince Lombardi  
Word to Marky Mark leave a snitch departed  
All that blood like the Red Sea parted  
My gun go crazy like it's retarded  
Red light on it like it's recordin'  
I ain't recordin' I'm jus C4'in  
My currency foreign  
We are in a league they aren't  
Better dig in ya pocket an pay homage  
Better cover ya eyes ya face fallin'  
Watch the game from the side I'm play callin'  
No I didn't say that I'm flawless  
But I, damn sure don't tarnish  
My pistol got comments for ya garments  
I'm so high I can vomit on a comet  
K Y no homo I'm on it

Weezy F. Baby new born bitch  
You know what they say 'bout when ya palm itch  
I'm gon' get money money I'm gon' get  
Young Money in ya tummy and we gon' shit  
An get that toilet paper quick like when bones spit  
That's right bitch I'm back on my grown shit  
That automatic k no ice just chrome shit  
And ya' boyfriend softer than a foam pit  
I scream "fuck the world" wit' a long dick  
Motherfucker I'm me, yeah bitch I'm me  
You niggas sweet like the pussy in which I eat  
Fireman burn down ya' entire street  
So fly I'm a take off when I leap, bye  
And you can suck my wings  
Stand on my money headbutt Yao Ming  
Putch a hand in the oven if ya' touch my things  
I'm shufflin' the cards 'bout to cut my queens  
But I ain't the dealer  
House full of bitches like Tila Tequila  
Yeah, I'm the man in the mirror  
My swagger jus screamin' mothafucker do you hear her  
Drizzy Drake what the lick read?  
We make magic boy Roy and Sigfreid  
Whoo! Young Moula baby, yeah

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>