

# 8 Out Of 10

## Drake

Too rich for who? Y'all just got rich again  
Who grips the mic and likes to kill they friends?  
I've never been the type to make amends  
If shit was at a eight we like to, we like to, we like to-  
Yeah, if shit was at a eight we like to make it ten  
I da sent this in, I'm goin' up all the way  
I don't like to talk when there's nothin' else left to say  
Drizzy 'bout to drop, the game is in disarray  
I'd tell you hear me out but we both know end of the day  
Your sister is pressin' play, your trainer is pressin' play  
Your wifey, your wifey, your wifey, your wifey-  
I gotta breathe in real deep when I catch an attitude  
I got a whole nother level that I can tap into  
Max said they only bless when they attached to you  
The only deadbeats is whatever beats I been rappin' to  
And the product is still the best though  
It's only good in my city because I said so  
Just to fit the estate, man  
I had to cop a feel like presto, voilÃ , tada  
Never a matter of "Could I?" or "Should I?"  
Kiss my son on the forehead then kiss your ass goodbye  
As luck would have it I've settled into my role as the good guy  
I guess luck is on your side, I guess luck is on your side  
All sevens, no sixes, rest easy, get some shut eye  
Hold on, hold on, but I-  
Miss makin' 'em pay  
Helipad from Will Smith crib straight to the stage  
Three Forum shows, but I played Staples today  
The neighborhood is smokey, y'all stay safe in this place  
Drizzy 'bout to drop, the game is in disarray  
I'd tell you hear me out but we both know end of the day  
Your niggas is pressin' play, your nanny is pressin' play  
Your wifey, your wifey, your wifey, your wifey-Had to go and hit reset, now we here  
I been on top for three sets of three years  
I can't be around the niggas you minglin' with  
I can't fly if I can't sit on the wing of that shit  
Try to pay it less mind  
They been keepin' tabs on me like I'm payin' next time  
I think I sense a little fear from the other side  
White vans parked across the street, real subtle guys  
Yeah, never a matter of "Could I?" or "Should I?"  
Kiss my mom on the forehead, then kiss your ass goodbye

As luck would have it I've settled into my role as the good guy  
I guess luck is on your side, I guess luck is on your side  
All sevens, no sixes, rest easy, get some shut eye  
Hold on, hold on, but I- (haha)Hahaha, I can't argue with you  
No! You mad!  
Look at you! You mad!  
You big mad! (hahaha)  
I'm happy!  
Leave me alone!  
I just want some money  
A lot of money  
I don't get paid to argue with you  
No! Who is you?  
You ain't nobody  
You mad!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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