

The Ride

Drake

I hate when people say they feel me man, I hate that shit.
It'll be a long time before y'all feel me, if ever
You won't feel me until everybody
Say they love you, but it's not love
And your suit is oxblood
And the girl you fucking hates you
And your friends faded off shots of
What you ordered
Then forget about the game that you on top of
Your famous girlfriend ass keep getting
Thicker than the plot does
And when you forget her, that's when she pop up
And you got a drop but you ride around with the top up
Or get three SUVs for niggas dressed like refugees
And deal with the questions
About all your excessive needs
And you do dinners at French Laundry in Napa Valley
Scallops and glasses of Dolce
That shit right up your alley
You see a girl and you ask about her
Bitches smiling at you, it must be happy hour
They put the cloth across your lap soon as you sat down
It's feeling like you own every place you choose to be at now
Walking through airport security with your hat down
Instead of getting a pat down, they just keep on
Saying that they feel you, nigga Yeah,
It's been too long
Been way too long [Chorus]
I've been faded too long
I've been faded too long
I've been faded too long
Why won't it start? The ride
Why won't it start? The ride
You won't feel me 'til you want it so bad you tell yourself you're in it
And tell the world around you that your paper work is finished
And steal your mothers debit cards so you maintain an image
And ride around in overpriced rental cars that ain't tinted
You need a minute, you got it
You know its real when your latest nights are your greatest nights
The sun is up when you get home, that's just a way of life
Apartment fifteen o three, some couches and paintings

When you record with two others that want the same things
Yeah, it start to feel better than home feels
And so you up there every night you swear you getting close
That champagne money was for gas and phone bills
But shit you bout to spend it on what matters most
You drop a couple songs and hopes that you can beat a nigga
And come out every night to let the city see the nigga
Telling stories that nobody relate to
And even though they hate you they just keep on telling you they feel ya nigga [Chorus] I haven't been inside
terminal one and three in so long
I'm driving right up to it now, make sure you got your coat on
That runway can be cold especially after summers rolled on
And all you knew is alcohol and city lights and slow songs
For four months out the year, it's got you asking what's good at home
What's good at home?
The same hoes are still at it, I shoulda known
My young niggas poppin' M's and sippin' dirty jones
Problem children that all be reppin' Octobers Own
Brand new girl, and she still growing
Brand new titties, stitches still showing
Yeah and she just praying that it heals good
I'm bout to fuck and I'm just praying that it feels good
I really don't know much but shit I know a secret
They say more money more problems, my nigga don't believe it
I mean sure there's some bills and taxes I'm still evading
But I blew six million on my self and I feel amazing
Young money maker, season ticket holder
Season switching over
I come through them bitches still scorching as if I didn't notice
You niggas gettin' older, I see no threat in Yoda
I'm out here messing over the lives of these niggas
That couldn't fuck with my freshman flow
Look at that fucking chip on your nephews shoulder
My sophomore I was all for it, they all saw it
My Junior and senior will only get meaner
Take care nigga I'm still faded, faded, faded, faded (the ride)
Why won't it start the ride?
Why won't it start the ride?
Why won't it start ooh the ride?