

# Closer

James Wallace

[Intro: Drake talking]

Yeah I remember me and, me and D used to talk about this kind of stuff all the time  
Like what it's gonna be like when you get closer to your dreams  
I didn't know much then but, probably tell you a lil' somethin' now

[Verse 1: Drake]

Mr. Big Dreams no tolerance  
Cut you at the house and haven't hollered since  
Get bored quickly  
He stay grown  
So the p-a-trÃ£n had to get poured quickly  
Ex girl strippin'  
I can't stop her  
New girl trippin' but I can't drop her  
'Cause I need somethin' to balance out the fact  
That it's hard to find a woman when you' talented and black  
When you hollerin' at labels  
And they silencing you back  
'Cause you fail to thoroughly discuss some violence in ya track  
Well  
Gunshot for the young yacht owner  
See there's everybody else then there's one top loner  
First place is often the worst place  
But fuck it I love it here I call it my birthplace  
Whenever I walk in they makin' the worst face  
Surrounded by Fillipinos I think of the worst case  
Watch blue and green diamonds I call it the earth face  
I'm gettin' ya cake I tell you how ya dessert taste  
I get a dessert plate  
Y'all eat pedigree as ya meal  
I've been Urkel for some years it's better bein' Jaleel  
Though I rock lean snap it's better bein' this real  
It's better drivin' a car with the letter B in the wheel  
Seat back  
Light sayin' tank on E  
I got the drank on me  
You better bank on me  
To be the one and only nigga that you ain't gon' see  
In the club with a model spillin' drinks on me

Nah  
Gimme 20 in the tank on 3  
I'm in the Range bumpin' Keyshia Cole  
Singin' off-key like [Andreena harmonizes]  
I'mma spare y'all  
Why you wanna judge me  
I don't ever compare y'all  
The city is mine  
I know it because I'm there y'all  
It ain't even started I'm really tryna prepare y'all  
Spring '07 second quarter I'm droppin'  
With or without a label man I'm committed to poppin'  
And take over the summer  
Tour to tour hoppin'  
I'mma meet a lot of women I'mma do a lot of shoppin'  
Really no other option  
Spend a lot of money just to make it back  
Anybody I dissed in a song I don't take it back  
Same rappers that's all in ya face sayin' Drake is wack  
Are checkin' my availability just to make a track  
I promise mama  
I'mma do it 'cause I know I put you through it (I know I put you through it baby)  
And I just want you to sit around with ya friends at a dinner table  
And say "my baby's famous and I knooow it" (yeah)  
And it wasn't nothin' tooo it  
I've drawn it and drew it 'til the pen was out of fluid  
The ballpoint run out  
Then all joints come out classic  
Rappers are fake we can all point one out

[Drake Talking]

Yeah

I'd like to introduce you to the first lady of the ATF (uhh)  
Miss Andreena Mill

[Chorus: Andreena Mill]

Closer to my dreams I'm gettin' higher  
Yeah I feel it in my sleep  
I said I'm gettin' higher  
Yeah  
And closer to my dreams  
Whoa  
Sometimes it feels like I'll never move on  
Closer to my dreams

[Verse 2: Drake]

Look

I took a plane to Hawaii with D  
And we was trippin' off of the speed at which life progressed  
From meetin' Trey in Atlanta to doin' a cameo in his video  
Which made everything right with X (Songz)  
I got too many records and not enough shows  
For too many rappers and not enough \_\_\_\_

Well

You can fill the blank in  
They tryna be the best  
Just tryna place in the rankin'  
Day care play pen drop out  
To grade ten drop out  
To summer '05 with the grey Benz drop out  
Charcoal Charger  
Racin' through back streets  
On my (Craig David) shit the (Artful Dodger)

Shola Ama

I told her I'mma

'Bout to get my run on so hold the commas  
Times've changed now I'm older mama  
And these niggas ain't solid they fold in drama  
And that's the realest shit I ever wrote  
A compilation of mental thoughts that I never note

And hi, haters

I'm back off of hiatus

How ya album doin'?

I'm gettin' cake off of my latest

Anticipated like the iPhone

Respected in any city that I roam

Summertime

Wintertime

Dinnertime

Anytime

Bet I am the nigga in my town when I arrive

Home

[Outro: Drake talking]

Yeah one more time 'fore we turn the lights out ladies and gentleman  
(Sing it to 'em 'Dreena) lights 'bout to go down, curtains 'bout to close but  
I want y'all to enjoy yourself on the way out, yeah man  
(Yeah man)

[Chorus]

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