Too Much

Drake

Don't think about it too much, too much, too much, too much
There's no need for us to rush it through
Don't think about it too much, too much, too much, too much
This is more than just a new lust for youDone saying, I'm done playing
Last time was on the outro
Stuck in the house, need to get out more
I've been stacking up like I'm fundraising
Most people in my position get complacent
Come places with star girls, end up on them front pages
I'm quiet but I just ride with it
Moment I stop having fun with it, I'll be done with it
I'm the only one that's putting shots up
And like a potluck, you need to come with it
Don't run from it, like H-Town in the summer time, I keep it 100
Lot of girls in my time there, word to Paul Wall, not one fronted
I was birthed there in my first year, man I know that place like I come from it
Backstage at Warehouse in '09 like "Is Bun coming?
Fuck that, is any one coming 'fore I show up there and ain't no one there?"
These days, I could probably pack it for like twenty nights if I go in there
Back rub from my main thing, I've been stressed out
Talking to her like back then they didn't want me, I'm blessed now
Talking to her like this drop, bet a million copies get pressed out
She tell me, "Take a deep breath, you're too worried about being the best out"Don't think about it too much, too much, too much, too much
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This is more than just a new lust for youSomeone go tell Noel to get the Backwoods
Money got my whole family going backwards
No dinners, no holidays, no nothing
There's issues at hand that we're not discussing
Look, I did not sign up for this
My uncle used to have all these things on his bucket list
And now he's acting like, oh, well, this is life, I guess, "Nah, fuck that shit
Listen man, you can still do what you wanna do, you gotta trust that shit"
Heard once that in dire times when you need a sign, that's when they appear
Guess since my text message didn't resonate, I'll just say it here
Hate the fact my mom cooped up in her apartment, telling herself
That she's too sick to get dressed up and go do shit, like that's true shit
And all my family from the M-Town that I've been 'round, started treating me like I'm "him" now

Like we don't know each other, we ain't grow together, we just friends now
Shit got me feeling pinned down, pick the pen up and put the pen down
Writing to you from a distance like a pen pal, but we've been downDon't think about it too much, too much, too much, too much
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