Light Up

Drake

I been up for four days, gettin' money both ways
Dirty and clean, I could use a glass of cold spades
Rolexes, chauffeurs and low fades
I keep thinking, how young can you die from old age?They always tell me nobody's workin' as hard as you
And even though I laugh it off, man, it's probably true
'Cause while all of my closest friends out partying
I'm just here making all of the music that they party toBut party on, party on, all night, nigga
I got these new rappers nervous, prom night, nigga
I grow tired of these fuckin' grown-man liars
Storytellers, they ain't even need a campfireUh, but I just wanna tell the truth
Before one of these haters load up a couple shells and shoot
This shit feel like when Fredro Starr was in Sunset Park
Stuntin' hard in his yellow gooseYeah, and I'm a motherfuckin' missed target
But a target nonetheless and I just started
Was that directed at moi? It can't be
They must be talking to themselves, Hov, hands freeYeah, and I'm just filling up this daily planner
Gettin' busy 'cause I'm a star, no spangled banner
Jealous dudes get to talkin' in they music
And I just say I wrote it for your girlfriends, Kelsey GrammarYeah, that's what life becomes when you're doing you
Welcome to Hollywood, don't let this town ruin you
And if you pillow talking with the women that are screwin' you
Just know that she gon' tell another nigga when she through with youDon't get impatient when it takes too long
Drink it all even when it tastes too strong
Yeah, I gotta feel alive even if it kills me
Promise to always give you me, the real meWho would have thought I'd be caught in this life?
Let's celebrate with a toast and get lost in tonight
And make it all light upWait until the sun goes down
We gon' make this bitch light up
Even when the sun goes down
I'm gon' make it goOh, ho's turn they heads like, owls
I'm the man of the hour
Triple entendre, don't even ask me how
Con Edison flow, I'm connected to a higher powerBright lights make your whole city light up
A trillion-watt light bulb when I'm in the nightclubI just landed in that in that G450
Caught the Mayweather fight 'cause the satellite was crispy
Y'all can miss me with the money talk
The smart money's on Hov, fuck what the dummies talkI don't do too much blogging
I just run the town, I don't do too much jogging

I ain't got a scar yet
'Cause you fuckin' 'round with me and my dogs is far-fetchedDrake, here's is how they gon' come at you
With silly raps for you, tryin' to distract you
In disguise, in the form of a favor
The Barzini me, watch for the traitorsI done seen it all, done it all
That's why none of these dumb-dumbs could gun 'em off
The summer's ours, the winter too
Top down in the winter, that's what winners doAnd to these niggas I'm like Windows 7
You let 'em tell it, they swear that they invented you
And since no good deed go unpunished
I'm not as cool with niggas as I once wasI once was, cool as the Fonz was
But these bright lights turned me to a monster
Sorry, mama, I promised it wouldn't change me
But I would've went insane had I remained the same meFuck niggas, bitches too
All I got is this money, this'll doWho would have thought I'd be caught in this life?
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