

# Is There More

Drake

Only holdin' up I do is my end of the bargain  
Only beggin' that I do is me beggin' your pardon  
Only tryin' that I do is me tryin' the hardest  
Only problems I do are math problems with profit  
Only lyin' I do is lyin' out in the tropics  
Only cryin' I do is cryin' from laughin' 'bout it  
Only lackin' I can do is my lack of responses  
Only rest that I do is, "Where the rest of my commas?"  
Still I rise, Maya Angelou vibes  
When life comin' at you from all angles and sides  
And they don't wanna see that you smilin' from inside  
It really boils down to how you plan to survive  
Love certain ones but never get attached to 'em  
Give 'em nice things, but what's that to 'em?  
Especially when another girl I flew in is flickin' up in my bathroom  
And they recognize the bathroom  
All hell starts to break loose in my texts  
I only tell lies to who I gotta protect  
I would rather have you remember me how we met  
I would rather lose my leg than lose their respect  
But that'll never happen the way I'm watchin' my step  
That ain't what I'm 'bout  
I'm in control of my destiny, never in doubt  
If I can't make it with you, I'll make it without  
They say take the good with the bad, I'll take it without  
Houston women I wine-and-dine and take to the house  
My moral compass is janky, it breaks in the South  
Is there more to life than digits and bankin' accounts?  
Is there more to life than sayin' I figured it out?  
Is there more? Yeah  
Sweeter the berry, the blacker the juice  
The Boy is back in the booth, ready to tap into truth  
Too many lyrics 'bout houses and loot  
Too many Walt Disney characters, mice and goofs  
I mean you know I love a challenge, but challenged by who?  
I'll let you bring a thousand recruits  
My peers are a talented group  
But even if you take all their statistics and carry the two  
Even if you rounded up the numbers and rounded the troops

There's still nothin' they could really do  
It's too bad reality checks don't cover the balances due  
Whenever it's time to recoup  
Yeah, soon as this album drop I'm out of the deal  
In the house playin' D'Angelo, "How Does It Feel?"  
I got a fear of havin' things on my mind when I die  
What you got? Time on your hands or time on your side?  
Is there any sense in doin' these songs when I'm high?  
Is there more to life than goin' on trips to Dubai?  
Yachts on the 4th of July, G5 soarin' the skies  
Is there more to life than all of these corporate ties  
And all of these fortunate times  
And all of these asses that never come in proportionate size?  
Am I missin' somethin' that's more important to find?  
Like healin' my soul, like family time  
Is there more to life than just when I'm feelin' alive?  
Is there more?  
Passion, instant  
Sweat beads, feel me (feel me)  
Cupid's shot me  
My heartbeat's racing (my heartbeat's racing)  
Tempt me, drive me (tempt me)  
It feels so exciting  
Thought of highly (highly)  
It's yours entirely  
I'll be, I'll be more than a lover  
More than a woman  
More than a lover for you  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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