

4PM In Calabasas

Drake

Yeah

All you self promoters are janky

We established like the Yankees

This whole fucking game thank us

We movin' militant but somehow you the one tankin'

No limit to where I can take it

And you know me as a Cris bottle sender

Check pick upper

I thought we looked out for one another

Saw us all as brothers in the struggle

Too blessed to be humble

I guess it's different in the city I come from

All the sudden I got people showing how much they truly resent me

They whole demeanor just spells envy

They tryna tempt me

The higher I get, the less they accept me

Even had the OG's tryna press me

Ha-ha-ha-ha

No way out 'cause I'm already in it

I'm not attending when I do a show and get a ticket

Good business can clean millions, I got the vision

I been had it since No Scrubs and No Pigeons

Even back when I wasn't as poppin'

When they told me take an R&B nigga on the road and I told 'em no and drew for Kendrick and Rocky

I tried to make the right choices with the world watching

"Mike never tried to rap like Pac

Pac never tried to sing like Mike"

Those my dad's words to me when I asked him how to make it in life

And I always said my mother gave the greatest advice

Yeah, look at me now, they look at me like the golden child

Can't nobody hold me down, especially not right now

Certain shit is just too wild to reconcile

Take that, take that no love in they heart so they fake that

DiCaprio level the way they play that, damn nigga, what is that

Y'all don't hear no songs then hit my phone like you did that

And you even hit my line like where you been at

It's always on some shit like when can I get a favor

Or where my bitch at, like I'm about to tell you where she been at

Costa Careyes, I got her kidnapped

She ain't sorry and I ain't sorry, it's too late for sorry
Green, White and Red on my body 'cause I'm dipped in Ferrari
All she wanna do is get high and listen to PARTY
She complain, I tell the driver to drop her at Barneys
My summer diet is just RosÃ© and calamari
Look now you got me started
I'm the black sheep, rest in peace to Chris Farley
I got a lot to lose 'cause in every situation
I'm the bigger artist, always gotta play it smarter
Y'all shook up, I'm here on the cookup
Cameras pointing every time I look up
That's why I gotta duck behind Chubb shoulder just to hit the Kush up
Sponsorship dollars is sky high
He be like, "Drake, will you please stop smoking la la?"
"Chubbs, why try, I'm a thug, I'mma die high"
Got the Rose pink tinted lenses, it's a Wednesday
Architects takin' dimensions, they redoin' the entrance
Yeah, redoin' the entrance
Kinda like when you niggas drop on some again and again shit
And you still never quite get it
Meantime Drizzy over there, tryna make you
Make you dance to this, yeah I make you dance to this
I rode big body, widebody, Calabasas road winder
Sunshinin', waxed tires
See Kris Jenner, I beep twice and I wave
The rest of you boys I blow Keysh right in your face
Pistol by my bed, I'm sleep but I'm awake
For that one night you niggas try to reach inside my safe
Don't push me 'cause I'm way too uneasy nowadays
These guys move so greasy nowadays
I tell you my life and y'all don't believe me when I say it
Save my stories for down the line, I'm too ahead of the curve every time
Just total the hits and see what you find
You SWV 'cause you weak and I'm always always on your mind
Yeah
And we can't stop
Make you dance to this
I'mma make you One Dance to this
A-ha-ha-ha-ha
Bod breed bod bwoi

Songwriters

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