

# Light Up (Ft. Jay-Z)

Drake”€

I've been up for four days  
Getting money both ways  
Dirty and clean, I could use a glass of cold spades  
Rolexes, chauffeurs and low fades  
I keep thinking how young you can die from old age  
They always tell me nobody's working 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 the music that they party to  
But party on, party on, all night nigga  
I got these new rappers nervous prom night nigga  
I've grown tired of these fucking grown man liars  
Storytellers, they ain't even need a campfire  
Uh, but I just wanna tell the truth  
Before one of these haters load a couple shells and shoot  
This shit feel like when Fredro Starr was at Sunset Park  
Stuntin' hard in his yellow Goose  
Yeah, but I'm a ma'fuckin' missed target  
But a target nonetheless and I just started  
Was that directed at moi? Can't be  
They must be talking to themselves hoe, hands free  
Yeah, 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 Grammar  
Yeah, 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 wit' you  
Don'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 me Who 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 up  
(Hey, Guru, tell home girl to go to open that Ace right there),  
Wait until the sun goes down

We gon' make this bitch light up  
 Even when the sun goes down  
 I'm gon' make this goOw, hoes 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 power  
 Bright life'd make your whole city light up  
 A trillion-watt light bulb, when I'm in the nightclub  
 I just landed in that G450  
 Caught the Mayweather fight, 'cause the satellite was crispy  
 (Uh) Y'all can miss me with that money talk  
 The smart money's on Hov, fuck what the dummies talk  
 I don't do too much blogging  
 I just run the town, I don't do too much joggin'  
 (Uh) I ain't got a scar yet  
 'Cause you fuckin' around with me and my dogs is far-fetched  
 Drake, here is how they gon' come at you  
 Will silly raps feuds tryin' to distract you  
 In disguise, in the form of a favor  
 The Barzini me, watch for the traitors  
 (Uh) I done seen it all, done it all  
 That's why none of these dumb-dumb could dun him off  
 The summer's ours, the winter too  
 Top down in the winter, that's what winners do  
 And 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 was  
 I 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 me  
 Fuck niggas, bitches too  
 All I got is this money, this'll doWho 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 up  
 Wait until the sun goes down  
 We gon' make this bitch light up  
 Wait until the sun goes down  
 I'm gon' make this go

Songwriters

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