

9 A.m. In Dallas

Drake

Yeah, uh, yeah
These are my one St. Thomas flows
Me and my niggas and some Madonna hoes
That look just like virgins
But trust they down to go
Discussin' life and all our common goals
Smart kids that smoke weed, honor roll
Look how the champagne diamonds flow
Fine dining, pour another another glass when the wine is low I'm in the crib stackin' money from here to the
ceilin'
Whatever it is I got is clearly appealin'
These other rappers gettin' that inferior feelin'
I hope you feel it in your soul spiritual healin'
Take a look at yourself the mirror's revealin'
If you ain't got it you ain't got it the theory is brilliant People ask how music is goin' I heard it pays
I just came off makin' 2 million in 30 days
Damn I guess it does what the message was
Sometimes I feel I be spendin' my money just because
But Weezy I'm just out here reppin' us
'Til I get to shake the hand of the man that's blessin' us Yeah, I know these niggas miss the mean lyrics
Kush got the room smellin' like teen spirit
I asked kindly if no-one out here would bring defeat up
Until I lose, for now I'm the game's single leader
I fly private so no-one tells me to bring my seat up
And book a suite when me and your favorite singer meet up Who you like, tell me who it is
I'mma make sure that that women is the next one on my list
I should call it a night but fuck it I can't resist
This one is for all my niggas from my city tryin' to diss
Without a response from me you really fail to exist
And I love to see you fail that feelin' there is the shit
I swear, aghh pussy nigga get your bread up
Enjoy the seat that the stewardess just forced your ass to let up
Why your scary ass lookin' down pick your head up
No-one told you your disguise is the most ridiculous gettup
With nose plugs in now I can smell a set up
So your just wastin' your time your just only makin' me better Yeah I try to tell them don't judge me because
you heard stuff
Chase N. Cash that's my brother from the Surf Club
Damn that nigga always kept it so hood

Back when we would smoke good at the Oakwoods
And have girls fall through like coins in a couch
Now we just fuckin' all the bitches they warned us about
Scared for the first time everything has clicked
What if I don't really do the numbers they predict
Considerin' the fact that I'm the one that they just picked
To write a chapter in history this shit has got me sick
But if I really do it don't expect to get a split
'Cause this truly is some shit I don't expect y'all to get I'm nervous but I'mma kill it, 'cause they 'bout to let the
realest team in
Throwin' up in a huddle nigga Willie Beamen
We're still throwin' touchdown passes
In tortoise frame glasses, hopin' that someone catch it
People say that old Drake, we startin' to miss it
But they need to be a little more specific
Man is this what y'all want? In my best Chris Tucker impression
Ducking your questions, fuck your suggestions
Money gets all of my love and affection
Cars all black like the cover of Essence
I'm allergic to coming in second but I never sneeze
Y.M.O.E. nigga, yeah This want y'all want
Octobers Very Own
Young Money
ATF
Thank Me Later in this bitch wassup
Free Weezy in this bitch wassup
June 15th in this bitch wassup

Songwriters

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