

# November 18th

## Drake

It's the ones that smoke blunts with ya, seen ya picture  
Now they wanna grab a gun and come and getcha  
It's the ones that smoke blunts with ya, seen ya picture  
Now they wanna grab a gun and come and getcha  
One time for the homie DJ Screw  
Already I'm feelin' throwed in this bitch I'm so high even when I'm comin' down  
Just met a girl, said she from the H-Town  
I said my name is Drizzy and ain't nobody realer  
A cup inside a cup smokin' ghost face killah  
Got these boppers goin' crazy Nigga, I'm the man, I sent your girl message  
Said I see you when I can  
She send me one back but I ain't never read it  
'Cause pussies only pussy and I get it when I need it and I'm tellin' you when homies runnin' down in the winter  
And I be ridin' rims with tires in it thinner  
Air force stun fly charters over seas full of Don Perian  
And the water for the D's Don't know why it happens every time we alone  
But here we are again and I swear I'm in my zone  
So I'ma sip this drink till that motherfucker gone  
Than you go get undressed and we gon' get it on I don't give you the time you deserve from me  
This is something I know, I know, I know  
So tonight I'll just fuck you like we're in Houston  
Taking everything slow so slow, so slow but I do it to her Draped up and dripped out know what I'm talkin' 'bout  
Three in the morning get it poppin' in the parking lot  
It's on once again and I never pretend  
A nigga stay G till the end, yeah I swear like every time we find ourself in this situation  
I just get that feeling like I mean Houston candy paint  
Switching colors in the light, it's about like 11 p.m.  
And you just roaming through the city bumpin' that screw Big Mo, UGK, Lil Keke  
It feel like everything just moving slow  
Let's take my time, I pace it, baby  
Yeah, I'm gone

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