

# Nice For What

Drake

I wonder who mothafucking representin' in here tonight  
Hold on, hold on I keep letting you back in  
How can I explain myself?  
Care for me, care for me!  
I know you care for me!  
There for me, there for me! (Louisiana shit)  
Said you'd be there for me!  
Cry for me, cry for me! (Murda on the beat)  
You said you'd die for me!  
Give to me, give to me!  
Why won't you live for me?!  
I keep letting you back in  
How can I explain myself?  
Care for me, care for me!  
I know you care for me!  
There for me, there for me! (A song for y'all to cut up to, you know?)  
Said you'd be there for me!  
Cry for me, cry for me! (Yeah)  
You said you'd die for me!  
Give to me, give to me!  
Why won't you live for me?!  
Everybody get your mothafuckin' roll on  
I know shorty and she doesn't want no slow song  
Had it made last year, life goes on  
Haven't let that thing loose, girl, in so long  
You been inside, know you like to lay low  
I've been peepin' what you bringin' to the table  
Workin' hard, girl, everything paid for  
First, last phone bill, car note, cable With your phone out, gotta hit them angles  
With your phone out snappin' like you Fabo  
And you showin' off, but it's alright  
And you showin' off, but it's alright  
It's a short life, yuh  
Care for me, care for me!  
I know you care for me!  
There for me, there for me!  
Said you'd be there for me!  
Cry for me, cry for me!  
You said you'd die for me!

Give to me, give to me!  
Why won't you live for me?! That's a real one, in your reflection  
Without a follow, without a mention  
You rarely pipin' up on these niggas  
You gotta be nice for what to these niggas  
I understand, you gotta hunnid bands  
You got it, baby, Benz  
You got some bad friends  
High school pics, you was even bad then  
You ain't stressing off no lover in the past tense  
You already had then  
Work at 8am, finish around five  
Hoes talk down, you don't see them outside  
They don't really be the same offline  
You know dog days, you know hard times  
Doing overtime for the last month  
Saturday, call the girls, get em gassed up  
Gotta hit the club, gotta make that ass jump  
Gotta hit the club like you hit them muthafucking angles  
With your phone out snappin' like you Fabo  
And you showin' off, but it's alright  
And you showin' off, but it's alright  
It's a short life, yuh These hoes  
Your boy  
I may  
Watch the breakdown  
Care for me, care for me!  
I know you care for me!  
There for me, there for me!  
Said you'd be there for me!  
Cry for me, cry for me!  
You said you'd die for me!  
Give to me, give to me!  
Why won't you live for me?! Gotta make that jump  
Gotta make that-  
Gotta make that-  
Gotta make that jump  
Gotta make that-  
Gotta make that-  
Gotta make that jump  
Gotta make that-  
Gotta make that-That's a real one, in your reflection  
Without a follow, without a mention  
You rarely piping up on these niggas  
You gotta be nice for what to these niggas  
I understand  
Care for me, care for me!  
I know you care for me!

There for me, there for me!  
Said you'd be there for me!  
Cry for me, cry for me!  
You said you'd die for me!  
Give to me, give to me!  
Why won't you live for me?! Gotta hit the club like you hit them, hit them angles  
It's a short life, yuh  
Cry for me, cry for me!  
You said you'd die for me!  
Give to me, give to me!  
Why won't you live for me?!  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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