

The Ride

Drake

[intro] i hate when people say they feel me man, i hate that shit.

it'll be a long time before yall feel me, if ever

[verse 1] you won't feel me til everybody say they love you, but it's not love
and your suit is oxblood and your girl f-ckin' hates you and your friends faded off shots of

what you ordered than forget about the game you on top of

your famous girlfriend ass gettin' thicker than the plot does

and when you forget it, thats when she pop up

and you got a drop but you ride around with the top up

i get 3 suv's for niggas dressed like refugees

and deal with the questions about all your excessive needs

and you do dinners at french laundry and napa valley

scallops and glasses of dolce, that shit right up your alley

you see a girl and you ask about her

bitches smiling at ya, it must be happy hour

they put the cloth across your lap soon as you sat down

it's feeling like you own every place you choosing to be at now

walking through airport security with your hat down

'stead of gettin' a pat down, they just keep on saying that they feel ya nigga

yeah,

it's been too long

been way too long

[hook - the weeknd] i'm faded too long, oooh

still i'm faded too long, ooooh

still i've been faded too long

i feel like i'm faded too long

the ride

[drake - verse 2] you wont feel me til you want it so bad you tell yourself you're in it

and tell the world around you that your paper work is finished

and steal your mothers debit cards so you maintain an image

and ride around in overpriced rental cars that aint tinted

you need a minute, you got it

you know its real when your latest nights are your greatest nights

the sun is up when you get home, thats just a way of life

apartment 1503, some couches and paintings

when you record with 2 others that want the same things

yeah, it start to feel better than home feels

and so you up there every night you swear you getting close

that champagne money was for gas and phone bills

but shit you bout to spend it on what matters most
you drop a couple songs and hopes that you can beat a nigga
and come out every night to let the city see the nigga
telling stories that nobody relate to
and even though they hate you they just keep on telling you they feel ya nigga
[hook - the weeknd][drake - verse 3]i haven't been inside terminal 1 and 3 in so long
i'm driving right up to it now, make sure you got your coat on
that runway can be cold especially after summers rolled on
and all you knew is alcohol and city lights and slow songs
performance out the years, got you asking whats good at home
whats good at home?
the same hoes are still at it, i shoulda known
my young niggas poppin' m's and sippin' dirty jones
problem children that all be reppin' octobers own
brand new girl, and she still growing
brand new titties, stitches still showing
yeah and she just praying that the heals good
i'm bout to f-ck and i'm just praying that it feels good
i really don't know much but shit i know a secret
they say more money more problems, my nigga don't believe it
i mean sure there's some bills and taxes i'm still evading
but i blew 6 million on my self and i feel amazing
young money maker, season ticket holder
season switching over
i come through them bitches still scorching as if i didn't notice
you niggas gettin' older, i see no threat in yoda
i'm out here messing over the lives of these niggas
that couldn't f-ck with my freshman flow
look at that f-cking chip on your nephews shoulder
my sophomore they was all for it, they all saw it
my juniors and senior will only get meaner
take care nigga
[hook]

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