

Pop Style

Drake

Yeah, yeahDropped outta school now we dumb rich, dumb rich
This sound like some forty-three-oh-one shit, one shit
All my niggas wanna do is pop style, pop style
Turn my birthday into a lifestyle, lifestyleTell my mom I love her if I do not make it
Got so many chains they call me Chaining Tatum, they do
And I like to finish what you think you started
Man you boys just got to Hollywood
You boys just started
You don't know what you just started
All I do is hang with the young and heartless
All this is for my family, man, I try my hardest
It's all I ever did and look where it got him
Yeah, you've been on my mind lately
You've still got my number, girl you need to call me
I feel like they wanna see me learn the hard way
But you know I always handle that one my way
Girl let me rock, rock, rock, rock, rock your body
Justin Timberlake and then I hit the highway
I can't trust no fuckin' body
They still out to get me cause they never got meThey still out to get me, they don't get it
I can not be gotten, that's a given
They like Pablo why are all the windows tinted in your Tahoe?
Why do you know every single bitch that I know?
Why can't you just shut your mouth and take the high road?
Fuck if I know, that's that Chicago, aye
South, south, side, that's the motto, aye
Cop a crib and spend ten million on remodel
Take the devils out my life and preach the gospel, cause I know
We went way, way past the line of scrimmage, aye
Throne is back up in it, aye
In the field like Emmitt, aye, y'all get so offended, aye
I be blacking out, I ain't backing out
Jay about his business, and I'mma let you finish but I
I just, I just, I just, I just wanna rock your body
Take you to the garage and do some karate
Chop it, chop it, chop it, chop it sipping sake
Throw a thick bitch on a Kawasaki
(Perfect)

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