

Ignorant Shit

DJ Skee

[Talking:] Yeah, I appreciate ya patience tonight
It's been a moment since I've done some public speaking
I find now-a-days it's just best to keep quiet
But uh, sometimes you just gotta let it out
Young Angel and Young Lion
You know what it is, uh
[Drake:] Look, I'm the property of October
I ain't drive here I got chauferred
Bring me champagne flutes,
Rose and some shots over
I think better when I'm not sober
I smoke good ain't no glaucoma
I'm a stockholder,
Private flights back home no stop over
Still spittin' that shit that they shot 'Pac over
The shit my mother look shocked over
Yeah, but with a canvas I'm a group of seven
A migraine, take two Excedrin
I'm the one twice over I'm the new eleven
And if I die I'm a do it reppin', I never do it second
I swear niggas be eyein' me all hard
And lyin' to they girls and drivin' the same cars
Sittin' there wishin' their problems became ours
'Cause we have nothin' in common
Since I done became star
I done became big swervin' right in to my peer's lane
Same dudes that used to holla my engineer's name
One touch I could make the drapes and the sheers change
An show me the city that I'll without fear claim
What I set seems to never extinguish
Coolest kid out baby word to Chuck Inglish
Count my own money see the paper cut fingers
My song is ya girlfriend's wakin' up ringer
Heh, or alarm, or whatever
She be here at six in the morn' if I let her
But I never get attracted to fans
'Cause a eager beaver could be the collapse of a dam
I always knew that I could figga
How to get these label heads to offer 'em good figures

And me doin' the shows gettin' everyone nervous 'cause
Them hipsters gon' have to get alone with them hood niggas
It's all good I'm goin off like lights when the show's over
 Make pasta rent a movie call hoes over
 Rest in peace to Heath Ledger but I'm no "joker"
 I'll slow roast ya, got no holster
 Wet glass on ya table nigga no coaster
 Burn bread everyday boy no toaster
 G and Tez got a sig' but I'm no smoker
 They just handin' chips to me nigga no poker
 I'm with it, Young Money, Cash Money soldier
 My cup runneth over,
 The same niggas I ball with, I fall with
 On some Southern drawl shit

Rookie of the year, '06 Chris Paul shit
 D.R., C.J, an Po I see y'all
These cases don't workout I hope we can agree on
 Makin' enough to pay any Judge Judy off
 First thing I'm a do is free Weezy, go
 [Lil' Wayne:]And I take probation
 I don't want that T.I. and Vick vacation
 Private plane, big location
 I'm goin' to the bank to make a big donation
 Yeah, I don't stunt, I stunt hard
 And if the food ain't on the stove I hunt for it
 But in the meantime you can call me Young Roy
 Jones Junior fightin' the drugs and gun charge
 Shit, don't leave me unguarded
 And I'm a cheese head word to Vince Lombardi
 Word to Marky Mark leave a snitch departed
 All that blood like the Red Sea parted
 My gun go crazy like it's retarded
 Red light on it like it's recordin'
 I ain't recordin' I'm jus C4'in
 My currency foreign
 We are in a league they aren't
 Better dig in ya pocket an pay homage
 Better cover ya eyes ya face fallin'
 Watch the game from the side I'm play callin'
 No I didn't say that I'm flawless
 But I, damn sure don't tarnish
 My pistol got comments for ya garments
 I'm so high I can vomit on a comet
 K Y no homo I'm on it

Weezy F. Baby new born bitch
You know what they say 'bout when ya palm itch
 I'm gon' get money money I'm gon' get
 Young Money in ya tummy and we gon' shit
An get that toilet paper quick like when bones spit
 That's right bitch I'm back on my grown shit
 That automatic k no ice just chrome shit
 And ya' boyfriend softer than a foam pit
 I scream "fuck the world" wit' a long dick
 Motherfucker I'm me, yeah bitch I'm me
You niggas sweet like the pussy in which I eat
 Fireman burn down ya' entire street
 So fly I'm a take off when I leap, bye
 And you can suck my wings
 Stand on my money headbutt Yao Ming
Putcha hand in the oven if ya' touch my things
I'm shufflin' the cards 'bout to cut my queens
 But I ain't the dealer
House full of bitches like Tila Tequila
 Yeah, I'm the man in the mirror
My swagger jus screamin' mothafucker do you hear her
 Drizzy Drake what the lick read?
We make magic boy Roy and Sigfreid
 Whoo! Young Moula baby, yeah

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