

# Underground Kings

## Drake

Bridge over troubled water, ice in my muddy water  
Rich off a mixtape, got rich off a mixtape  
Probably shouldn't be driving, it just got so much harder  
Can't even steer straight, I can't even steer straight  
Oh, fuck with me, I buy the shots  
Live a little, cause niggas die a lot, and lie a lot  
But I'm the truth that's right I fucking said it  
The living proof that you ain't gotta die to get to heaven  
You girl, you right there, you look like you like this shit  
How'd I know, how'd I know? That's me on some psychic shit  
I can tell a lie if you ask me about my whereabouts  
But I might talk that real if you ask me what I care about  
Reppin' bitches, reppin' bitches bitches  
And reppin' reppin' them bitches until all of us switches  
I swear, it's been two years since somebody ask me who I was  
I'm the greatest man I said that before I knew I was  
That's what's important and what really happened before this  
When me and my crew was all about this rapper from New Orleans  
Singing walking like a man, finger on the trigger  
I got money in my pocket, I'm a uptown nigga, ah  
With fame on my mind, my girl on my nerves  
I was pushing myself to get something that I deserve  
That was back in the days, Acura days  
I was a cold dude, I'm getting back to my ways[Chorus]  
People always ask how I got my nice things  
Take my crown to the grave, I'm an underground king  
I bet we can make tonight the greatest story ever told  
Cause I'm down to spend whatever, lately I've been on a roll  
And I do it for the city, cause you know the city love a nigga  
Do it for the city, cause you know the city love it a nigga  
Do it for the city, cause you know the city love it a nigga  
Do it for the city, (UGK fuck these other niggas) Sometimes I need that romance, sometimes I need that pole  
dance  
Sometimes I need that stripper that's gon' tell me that she don't dance  
Tell me lies, make it sound good, make it sound good  
Do me like the women from my town would  
Leather with that woodgrain, Persian rugs on wood floors  
Talking all them good things, that's all I'm really good for  
Memphis Tennessee no, see I start to go deep back

And rich crust with my seat back with Yo Gotti and E-Mack  
And these niggas got them diamonds glowing in they mouth

And they rockin' furs like it's snowing in the south

And every pretty girl tell me that's the shit that she like

So why am I a classic, this is who I'm trying to be like

So I drop out, lessons I was taught are quick to fade

As soon I realize that term-end papers they won't get me paid

If I don't nothing I'ma ball

I'm countin' all day like a clock on the wall

Yeah need that, making major changes to the life I'm living

I had no choice, I had to prove I made the right decisions

That was back in the days, Acura days

I was a cold dude, I'm getting back to my ways[Chorus]

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>