

Pound Cake

Drake

[Intro: Christian Rich and Utters]

"[?] like back in the old days. You know, years ago they had the A&R men to tell you what to play, how to play it [?] but we just went in the studio and we did it. We had champagne in the studio, of course, [?] and we just laid back and did it. So we hope you enjoy listening to this album half as much as we enjoyed playing it for you. Because we had a ball. Only real music is gonna last, all the other bullshit is here today and gone tomorrow...."

[Hook]

Cash rules everything around me
C.R.E.A.M. get the money
Dolla dolla bill y'all

[Verse 1: Drake]

After hours of Il Mulino
Or Sotto Sotto, just talkin' about women and vino
The contract like '91 Dan Marino
I swear this got Michael Rapino boostin' my ego
Overly focused, it's far from the time to rest now
Debates growin' 'bout who they think is the best now
Took a while, got the jokers out of the deck now
Holdin' all the cards and niggas wanna play chess now
I hear you talkin', say it twice so I know you meant it
Fuck it, I don't even tint it, they should know who's in it
I'm authentic, real name, no gimmicks
No game, no scrimmage, I ain't playin' with you niggas at all
My classmates, they went on to be chartered accountants
Or work with their parents, but thinkin' back on how they treated me
My high school reunion might be worth an appearance
Make everybody have to go through security clearance
Tables turn, bridges burn, you live and learn
With the ink, I could murder word to my nigga Irv
Yeah, I swear shit just started clickin' dog
You know it's real when you are who you think you are

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Jay Z]

I had Benzes 'fore you had braces
The all black Maybach but I'm not a racist
Inside's whiter than Katy Perry's face is
Yellow diamonds in my Jesus
I just might learn to speak Mandarin
Japanese for the yen that I'm handlin'
International Hov, that's my handle
My saint's Sean Don, light a candle
El Gran Santo on the mantle
'Case y'all didn't know, I speak Spanish too
Shoutout to Worldwide Wes
Everywhere we go we leave a worldwide mess
Yes, still Roc La Familia
Says a lot about you if you not feelin' us
The homie said "Hov, there ain't many of us"
I told him less is more, nigga it's plenty of us

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Jay Z]

Cake, cake cake cake cake
500 million, I got a pound cake
Niggas is frontin', that's upside down cake
Get 'em a red nose, they clown cakes
Look at my neck, I got a carrot cake
Now here's the icing on the cake
Cake, cake cake cake cake
I'm just gettin' started, oh yeah we got it bitch
I've done made more millionaires than the lotto did
Dame made millions, Bigg made millions
Ye made millions, Just made millions
Lyor made millions, Cam made millions
Beans tell you if he wasn't in the ceilin's
I'm back in my bag
My eyes bloodshot but my jet don't lag
A pair of Jordan 3's tryna chase this cash
Gucci air bag just in case we crash
Uh, last night was mad trill
Fresh out of advil, Jesus grab the wheel

[Verse 4: Drake]

Fuck all that happy to be here shit that y'all warned me on
I'm the big homie, they still tryna lil bro me dog
Like I should fall in line, like I should alert niggas
When I'm 'bout to drop somethin' crazy and I say I'm the greatest of my gene
ration
Like I should be dressin' different
Like I should be less aggressive and pessimistic
Like I should be way more nervous and less dismissive
Like I should be on my best behavior
And not talk my shit and do it major like the niggas who paved a way for us
Like I didn't study the game
[?] doin' it better
Like I didn't make that clearer this year
Like I