

U with Me?

Drake

What these bitches want from a nigga?

On some DMX shit
I group DM my exes
I told 'em they belong to me, that goes on for forever
And I think we just get closer when we're not together
You tell me that I'm confusin'
More immature than Marques Houston
Cuts too deep for a band-aid solution
We too deep in this thing to never lose me
LOLOL I'm glad you find this shit amusin'
Heard a lot about me 'fore we started off
I know you heard that my pool parties like Mardi Gras
I know you heard that my girl is sponsored by Audemars
That's why she's always correctin' me when my time is off
And my house is the definition
Of alcohol and weed addiction
You got a different vision
You wanna walk around naked in the kitchen
Without runnin' into one of my niggas
That's not the way we livin'
Too much goin' on, it's just not realistic
These days I don't talk 'bout them days like I miss 'em
And you shouldn't miss 'em either, we different people
But every time we speakin'

It's like a lot of games bein' played
How's it goin' down?
If it's on 'til we gone then I gots to know now
Is you wit' me or what?
Yeah
It's like a lot of games are bein' played
How's it goin' down?
If it's on 'til we gone then I gots to know now
Is you wit' me or what?

I wanna know how much time you spent on them paragraphs
Where you're getting me
All that grey in our conversation history, you
Playin' mind games, when you sayin' things
Playin' mind games, we both doin' the same thing
Slide on a late night
You like to slide on a late night
You send the "are you here?" text without an invite
That's that shit that I don't like
We both slide on a late night
Do things in our off time
We both, yeah
Made some mistakes, pon road
Yeah, how's that for real?
You toyin' with it like Happy Meal
3 dots, you thinkin' of a reaction still
While you're typin' make sure to tell me

What type of games are bein' played?
How's it goin' down?
If it's on 'til we gone then I gots to know now

Is you wit' me or what?
Yeah
What type of games are bein' played?
How's it goin' down?
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Is you wit' me or what?
Yeah

Remember you was livin' at the London for a month
Service elevator up to 4201
We was still a secret, couldn't come in through the front
Girl I had your back when all you used to do was front
That's for sure though, I made a career of reminiscin'
Time got a funny way of tickin', things are so much different
I'll admit it, I've admitted to a lot of things
Act like you know it, fuck them stories, fuck the shade that they be throwin'
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Understand I got responsibilities to people that I need
And on my way to make this dough
A lot of niggas cut the cheque so they can take this flow
A lot of niggas cut the cheque so they can take this flow
Tryna give your ass the world
You runnin' your fingers through my curls
You knew me when the kid had waves
But that's enough of that
You could never say I came up and forgot about your ass
And that's some real shit