

# Under Ground Kings

Drake

[Verse 1]

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 see straight, I can't even see 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 asking me my whereabouts  
But I might talk that real if you ask me what I care about  
Rappin', bitches, rappin', bitches bitches  
And rappin' rappin' and bitches until all of it 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

[Hook]

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 it  
Nigga, do it for the city, cause you know the city love it  
Nigga, do it for the city, cause you know the city love it  
Nigga, do it for the city, (UGK fuck these other niggas)

[Verse 2]

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 Ridgecrest 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 in class if this is who I'm trying to be like  
So I drop out, lessons I was taught are quick to fade  
Soon as I realized that turning papers in won't get me paid  
And if I don't nothing I'ma ball  
I'm countin' all day like a clock on the wall  
Yeah I need that, making major changes to the life I'm living  
I had no choice, I had to prove I made the right decision  
That was back in the days, Acura days  
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