

Views

Drake

(Question is will I ever leave you?)
The answer is no, no, no, no, no...
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Yeah, you feel the pressure, man, I know the pressure
And my wifey is a spice like I'm David Beckham
A lot of pent up aggression coming out of my section
OVO on me while y'all niggas was playing dress-up
And I know who gon' take the fall with me
They right here on call with me, they all with me
You could throw curve balls but I got the glove fitted
They been saying it's love, but it isn't love, is it?
Toast to the days they wasn't out to get me
I worked [?] connections whenever Jason left me
[?], I was buying fitteds everyday
[?] caravan and trying not to catch a stray
I dropped out right before I graduate
Six credits left, my mama had a saddest day
"It's only up from here, I promise ,you just gotta wait"
And she took my for it, that's all I had to say
Lately I just feel so out of character
The paranoia can start to turn into arrogance
Thoughts to deep to go work 'em out with a therapist
I get a blank page when I try to draw a comparison
I'm getting straight to the point with it
Need y'all to know I never needed none of y'all niggas
f**k being all buddy buddy with the opposition
It's like a front of a plane, nigga, it's all business
But I haven't flown with y'all boys in a minute

Look, they'd rather run up on me than towards them goals
My niggas still hit the club when it's 20 below
Who you think running this show?
You saw it in me at 20 years old
The lingo start to sound like we talking in code
I got a pure soul, I don't do the hate
You don't worry 'bout fitting in when you custom made
Me and Nico used to plot on how to make a change
Now me and Kobe doing shots the night before the game
Still drop 40 with liquor in my system
Numbers going unlisted just to create some distance
I might see you on and off but I'll never switch ya
Niggas quick to double cross like both of us Christian
Lamborghini got me feeling like I'm Christian Bale
And I never bare my morals for the ticket sales
Tipping scales, bars heavy like triple XL
I never tag no one in, I'd rather get you myself
Running through the 6, storming through the contracts
I'm possessed, you can see it under the contacts
They think I had the silver spoon but they'll get it soon
I still got something left to prove since you left me room
Paint a plan for the family debt, we in the minus
And like it's going in a trunk, I put it all behind us
Where you tryna go? I got it, I'll take us wherever
I'm a staple in the game, got my papers together
And my life is on display like Truman

They wanna [?] the movements, gotta start to make 'em sooner
My exes made some of my favorite music
I dated women from my favorite movies
Karma's such a thing of beauty
I'd share more of my story but you wouldn't believe it
It's far fetched like I threw that shit a hundred meters
I keep it 100 like I'm running a fever
I might take a breather but I won't ever leave you

(If I was you, I wouldn't like me either...)