

Grammys

Drake

(Yeah, yeah)
(Yeah, yeah)
Jeez
Yeah
Right
Look
Look...

Tell me how you really feel
Tell me how you really feel
I'd would you what's the deal
But you don't even got a deal
Most niggas with a deal
Couldn't make a greatest hits
Y'all a whole lot of things
But you still ain't this
I don't know no one
That could tell me what to do
Heard yo never claimed the hood
Hear the hood claimed you
That can't sit well
Oh well, ship sailed
Still mine, all mine
Cosign, cosign
I pull up in yachts so big that they try to hit me with boat fines
Hype Williams, Big Pimpin'
Yeah, Just like the old times
Same niggas from the old days
Lot of sides on the same side
OVO a gold mine
But I'm going to go no time
Doing plat, plat only
Boys better back off
Hall of fame, hall of fame
Like I'm shirt off, Like I'm shirt off
Like I'm shirt off shorty
Whole city going crazy
Top 5 no debating
Top 5, top 5, top 5
And the whole city rave me
And I'm back inside a matrix
And I said that we'd make it
Aim squad with some traitors
Knew my niggas from the basement
This ain't no metal-on-the-way shit
We'd really put some days in

Hey why you so excited? What happened
Did you win the grammy? God damn
You acting like you f**king won a trophy
This nigga turnt the f**k up

They gon' think I won a Grammy
They gon' think I won a Grammy
Swerving off, Panoramic
I'm hanging out, they can't stand me
They gon' think I won a Grammy

They gon' think I won a Grammy
They gon' think I won a Grammy
They gon' think I won a Grammy
I'm showing out, they can't stand me
I'm showing out, they can't stand me
I'm swerving out, they can't stand me
I'm err, can't stand me
They gon' think I won a Grammy
They gon' think I won a Grammy
They gon' think I won a Grammy
They gon' think I won a Grammy

Gonna peel off like a bandit
I'm noddin' off on a xan niggas
Get pissed off, start airing it
Get a head start, ain't friendly
I stand out, don't blend in
When I saw that I meant that
I don't want to talk to [?]
I don't [?]
I [?]
You can't even get on my guest list
They wan't me to go to the met gala
I want a percocett and a gallon
The activis high takin' don't matter
We sitting right on the cortside
I know players on both side
I'm catching out, f**k a cosign
I wear the chain like a bowtie
I wear the ring like a fo'-five
Keep a fo'-five for the poor guys
Black [?], all profile
Celebrating everyday cause I'm really really fresh at the coke house
Counting out every day Gon' bring a whole new whip out

They gon' think I won a Grammy
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Swerving [?]
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They gon' think I won a Grammy
They gon' think I won a Grammy
They gon' think I won a Grammy

(They gon' think I won a Grammy...)