

HYFR (Hell Ya Fucking Right)

Drake

Gotta do what I gotta do

All my exes live in Texas like I'm George Strait
Or they go to Georgia State where, tuition is handled
By some random nigga that live in Atlanta
That she only see when she feels obligated
Admitted it to me the first time we dated
But she was no angel, and we never waited
I took her for sushi, she wanted to fuck
So we took it to go, told them don't even plate it
And we never talk too much after I blew up
Just only "hello" or "happy belated"
And I think I text her and told her I made it
And that's when she text me and told me she prayed it
And that's when I text her and told her I love her
Then right after texted and told her I'm faded
She asked what have I learned since getting richer
I learned working with the negatives could make for better pictures
I learned Hennessy and enemies is one hell of a mixture
Even though it's fucked up, girl I'm still fucking with ya
Damn, is it the fall, time for me to revisit the past
It's women to call, there's albums to drop, there's liquor involved
There's stories to tell, we been through it all
Interviews are like confessions
Get the fuck up out my dressing room, confusing me with questions like

Do you love this shit? Are you high right now? Do you ever get nervous?

Are you single? I heard you fucked your girl, is it true?
You getting money? You think them niggas you with is with you?
And I say hell yeah, hell yeah, hell yeah, fuckin' right, fuckin' right, alright
And we say hell yeah, hell yeah, hell yeah, fuckin' right, fuckin' right, alright

So much for being optimistic, they say love is in the air, so I
Hold my breath until my face turn purple, keep a few bad bitches in my circle

My nuts hang like ain't no curfew, bitch, if you wave, then I will surf you

I flew jet, she flew commercial but we still met later that night
After my session, she came over, I was aggressive and she was sober
I gave her pills, she started confessing and started undressing and ask me to hold her

And so I did, but that was last month and now she's texting me asking for closure

Damn, she say this shit gon' catch up to me, I keep tissue paper
We eat each other whenever we at the dinner table
She say she hate that she love me and she wish I was average
Shit, sometimes I wish the same and I wish she wasn't married
Promises, I hope I never break 'em

Met a female dragon, had a fire conversation
But, interviews are like confessions
Get the fuck up out my bedroom confusing me with questions like