

Portland

Drake

Murda on the beat, so it's not nice
Yeah
It's all Habibis ting, ya?

Yeah, my side girl got a 5S with the screen cracked
Still hit me back right away, better not never hesitate
Don't come around thinkin' you gettin' saved
Tryna show the dogs brighter days
Got a torch, tryna light the way
Bitin' everybody, which is ironic 'cause your next album probably won't ever
see the light of day
Have fans but you let 'em down
But I guess that's how you niggas gettin' down
I'm so high up I'm like, "How is niggas really gettin' down?"
I could never have a kid, then be out here still kiddin' around
Boys playin' around, where you really wanna take it now?
I got a hundred fifty thousand dollars for an after party
And I gave it to the killas just to break it down
Bring us up, I never take us down
But if you bring me up, then they might take you down
Fake fuck with me back then
But it's gettin' hard for you to fake it now
Fuck bein' rich when I'm forty, man, I'm tryna make it now

Hell nah
Never let these niggas ride your wave
Nope, no way, nah
Never let these niggas ride your wave
Nope, no way, nah
Park the Benz just to the ride the Wraith
Skrrt, skrrt
Ten million dollars, gotta hide the safe
Skrrt, skrrt, oh
Michael Phelps with the swim moves
Skrrt, skrrt, oh
Michael Jordan with the tennis shoes
Skrrt, Skrrt

(Quavo) Young nigga, I invented you
Ike Turner with the left hand
Griselda Blanco with the trap moves
Gangland with the right hand
Undertaker with the tattoos
Never listen to the class rules
Switch it up would be the last move (Let's go!)
I'm a magnet for bad bitches (magnet)
You got the going out sad bitches
I spent a fifty on the chain (racks)
You spent your last fifty (ugh, cash)
I got the keys to the streets (keys)
You got the key to defeat (defeated)
I got the keys to the warzone (brrrapt)
You got the key to the bees (ugh)

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We gon' go live, we gon' go live, yep
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Gettin' loose, off the Henny rock, and a hint of Goose
Ocean deep in my swimmin' pool
Throwin' Dead Prez in my livin' room
Takin' shots, feelin' bulletproof
Flood my rollie, told my bitch, "Let's go snorkelin'!"
Out in Portland, tryna get in her organs
No, I did not sign with Jay, but I still send a Tidal wave
(Yeah) I might just go get the fade
Buy the du-rag and just tie the waves
It's lit at the crib, you could stay
Me and Drake kick like Kid N' Play
The way that she servin' that cake, I gotta sit back and digest
I guess, fuck the fuck-shit, I'm biased
I mix, double the cup when I'm stressed
Got my momma out the basement
That's a different type of face lift
Free Max B out the bracelets
Don't hit us askin' what the wave is

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