

The Ride

Drake

[Intro]

I hate when people say they feel me man, I hate that shit.
It'll be a long time before yall feel me, if ever

[Verse 1]

You won't feel me til everybody say they love you, but it's not love
And your suit is Oxblood and your girl fuckin' hates you and your friends faded off shots of
What you ordered than forget about the game you on top of
Your famous girlfriend ass gettin' thicker than the plot does
And when you forget it, thats when she pop up
And you got a drop but you ride around with the top up
I get 3 SUV's for niggas dressed like refugees
And deal with the questions about all your excessive needs
And you do dinners at French Laundry and Napa Valley
Scallops and glasses of Dolce, that shit right up your alley
You see a girl and you ask about her
Bitches smiling at ya, it must be happy hour
They put the cloth across your lap soon as you sat down
It's feeling like you own every place you choosing to be at now
Walking through airport security with your hat down
'Stead of gettin' a pat down, they just keep on saying that they feel ya nigga

Yeah,

It's been too long
Been way too long

[Hook - The Weeknd]

I'm faded too long, oooh
Still I'm Faded too long, oooh
Still I've been faded too long
I been faded too long
The ride

[Verse 2]

You wont feel me til you want it so bad you tell yourself you're in it
And tell the World around you that your paper work is finished
And steal your mothers debit cards so you maintain an image
And ride around in overpriced rental cars that ain't tinted
You need a minute, you got it
You know its real when your latest nights are your greatest nights
The sun is up when you get home, that's just a way of life
Apartment 1503, some couches and paintings
When you record with 2 others that want the same things
Yeah, it start to feel better than home feels
And so you up there every night you swear you getting close
That champagne money was for gas and phone bills
But shit you bout to spend it on what matters most
You drop a couple songs and hopes that you can beat a nigga
And come out every night to let the city see the nigga
Telling stories that nobody relate to
And even though they hate you they just keep on telling you they feel ya nigga

[Hook - The Weeknd]

[Verse 3]

I haven't been inside terminal 1 and 3 in so long
I'm driving right up to it now, make sure you got your coat on
That runway can be cold especially after summers rolled on
And all you knew is alcohol and city lights and slow songs
Performance out the years, got you asking whats good at home
Whats good at home?
The same hoes are still at it, I shoulda known
My young niggas poppin' M's and sippin' dirty jones
Problem children that all be reppin' Octobers Own
Brand new girl, and she still growing
Brand new titties, stitches still showing
Yeah and she just praying that it heals good
I'm bout to fuck and I'm just praying that it feels good
I really don't know much but shit I know a secret
They say more money more problems, my nigga don't believe it
I mean sure there's some bills and taxes I'm still evading
But I blew 6 million on my self and I feel amazing
Young money maker, season ticket holder
Season switching over
I come through them bitches still scorching as if I didn't notice
You niggas gettin' older, I see no threat in Yoda
I'm out here messing over the lives of these niggas
that couldn't fuck with my freshman flow
Look at that fucking chip on your nephews shoulder
My sophomore they was all for it, they all saw it
My Juniors and senior will only get meaner
Take Care nigga

[Hook]