

Too Much

Drake

[Hook: Sampha]

Don't think about it too much, too much, too much, too much
There's no need for us to rush it through
Don't think about it too much, too much, too much, too much
This is more than just a new lust for you

[Verse 1: Drake]

Done sayin' I'm done playin'
Last time was on the outro
Stuck in the house, need to get out mo'
I've been stackin' up like I'm fund-raisin'
Most people in my position get complacent
Wanna come places with star girls, and then end up on them front pages
I'm quiet with it; I just ride with it
Moment I stop havin' fun with it, I'll be done with it
I'm the only one that's puttin' shots up
And like a potluck, you need to come with it
Don't run from it, like H-Town in the summer time, I keep it 100
Met a lot of girls in my times there, word to Paul Wall, not one fronted
I was birthed there in my first year, man I know that place like I come from
it
Backstage at Warehouse in '09 like "Is Bun comin'?"
Fuck that, is anyone comin' before I show up there and there's no one there?
"
These days, I could probably pack it for like twenty nights if I go in there
Back rub from my main thing, I've been stressed out
Talkin' to her like back then they didn't want me, I'm blessed now
Talkin' to her like this drop, bet a million copies get pressed out
She tell me, "Take a deep breath, you're too worried about bein' the best out
t"

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[Verse 2: Drake]

Uh -
Someone go tell Noel to get the Backwoods
Money got my whole family goin' backwards
No dinners, no holidays, no nothin'
There's issues at hand that we're not discussin'
I did not sign up for this
My uncle used to have all these things on his bucket list
And now he's actin' like "Oh well, this is life, I guess." Nah, fuck that shit
it
Listen man, you can still do what you wanna do, you gotta trust that shit
Heard once that in dire times when you need a sign, that's when they appear
Guess since my text message didn't resonate, I'll just say it here
I hate the fact my mom cooped up in her apartment, tellin' herself
That she's too sick to get dressed up and go do shit, like that's true shit
And all my family from the M-Town that I've been 'round
Started treatin' me like I'm "him" now
Like we don't know each other, we ain't grow together, we just friends now
Shit got me feelin' pinned down, pick the pen up and put the pen down
I'm writin' to you from a distance like a pen pal, but we've been down

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[Outro: Sampha]

Don't feel like, you give up
Your heart's done
Your love's done
Don't give up
Don't fake it
Don't have to...