

# Tuscan Leather

Drake

[Verse 1]

Comin' off the last record, I'm gettin' 20 million off the record  
Just to off these records, nigga that's a record  
I'm livin' like I'm out here on my last adventure  
Past the present when you have to mention  
This is nothin' for the radio, but they'll still play it though  
Cause it's that new Drizzy Drake, that's just the way it go  
Heavy airplay all day with no chorus  
We keep it thorough, nigga, rap like this for all of my borough niggas  
I reached the point where don't shit matter to me, nigga  
I reached heights that Dwight Howard couldn't reach, nigga  
Prince Akeem, they throw flowers at my feet, nigga  
I could go a hour on this beat, nigga  
I'm just as famous as my mentor  
But that's still the boss, don't get sent for  
Get hype on tracks and jump in front of a bullet you wasn't meant for  
Cause you don't really wanna hear me vent more  
Hot temper, scary outcome  
Here's a reason for niggas that's hatin' without one  
That always let they mouth run  
Bench players talkin' like starters, I hate it  
Started from the bottom, now we here, nigga, we made it  
Yeah, Tom Ford Tuscan Leather smelling like a brick  
Degenerates, but even Ellen love our shit  
Rich enough that I don't have to tell 'em that I'm rich  
Self explanatory, you just here to spread the story, wassup

[Verse 2]

Sittin' Gucci Row like they say up at UNLV  
Young rebel, Young Money nothin' you could tell me  
Paperwork takin' too long, maybe they don't understand me  
I'll compromise if I have to, I gotta stay with the family  
Not even talkin' to Nicki, communication is breakin'  
I dropped the ball on some personal shit, I need to embrace it  
I'm honest, I make mistakes, I'd be the second to admit it  
Think that's why I need her in my life, to check me when I'm trippin'  
On a mission tryna shift the culture  
Tell me who dissin', I got some things that'll hit the culprit  
Them strep throat flows, them shits to stop all of the talkin'  
All of the talkin', got one reply for all of your comments  
Fuck what you think, I'm too busy, that's why you leave a message  
Born a perfectionist, guess that makes me a bit obsessive  
That shit I heard from you lately really relieved some pressure  
Like aye, B I got your CD, you get an E for effort  
I piece letters together and get to talkin' reckless  
I don't change like credentials, you know you see the necklace  
My life's a completed checklist  
I'm tired of hearin' 'bout who you checkin' for now  
Just give it time, we'll see who's still around a decade from now  
That's real

[Verse 3]

How much time is this nigga spendin' on the intro?  
Lately I've been feelin' like Guy Pearce in Memento  
I just set the bar, niggas fall under it like a limbo  
The family all that matters, I'm just out here with my kinfolk  
Off everything my pen wrote we went from Bundy to Winslow

This for shorty up on Glengrove who love when I catch my tempo  
I sip the Pora and listen to Cappadonna  
The Fresh Prince just had dinner with Tatiana, no lie  
All these 90's fantasies on my mind  
The difference is that with mine, they all come true in due time  
I might come through without security to check if you're fine  
That's just me on my solo like fuck it, like YOLO  
Wanted to tell you, "Accept yourself"  
You don't have to prove shit to no one except yourself  
And if you end up needing some extra help, then I can help  
You know, back on your feet and shit  
Tryna get my karma up, fuck the guilty and greedy shit  
How much time is this nigga spendin' on the intro?  
How this nigga workin' like he got a fuckin' twin though?  
Life is soundin' crazy, 40 on Martin Scorsese  
And I wouldn't change a thing if you payed me, now real nigga wassup