

## Views

Drake

(Question is will I ever leave you?)  
The answer is no, no, no, no, no...  
(Question is will I ever leave you?)  
The answer is no, no, no, no, no...

Yeah, you feel the pressure, man, I know the pressure  
And my wifey is a spice like I'm David Beckham  
A lot of pent up aggression coming out of my section  
OVO on me while y'all niggas was playing dress-up  
And I know who gon' take the fall with me  
They right here on call with me, they all with me  
You could throw curve balls but I got the glove fitted  
They been saying it's love, but it isn't love, is it?  
Toast to the days they wasn't out to get me  
I worked [?] connections whenever Jason left me  
[?], I was buying fitteds everyday  
[?] caravan and trying not to catch a stray  
I dropped out right before I graduate  
Six credits left, my mama had a saddest day  
"It's only up from here, I promise ,you just gotta wait"  
And she took my for it, that's all I had to say  
Lately I just feel so out of character  
The paranoia can start to turn into arrogance  
Thoughts to deep to go work 'em out with a therapist  
I get a blank page when I try to draw a comparison  
I'm getting straight to the point with it  
Need y'all to know I never needed none of y'all niggas  
f\*\*k being all buddy buddy with the opposition  
It's like a front of a plane, nigga, it's all business  
But I haven't flown with y'all boys in a minute

Look, they'd rather run up on me than towards them goals  
My niggas still hit the club when it's 20 below  
Who you think running this show?  
You saw it in me at 20 years old  
The lingo start to sound like we talking in code  
I got a pure soul, I don't do the hate  
You don't worry 'bout fitting in when you custom made  
Me and Nico used to plot on how to make a change  
Now me and Kobe doing shots the night before the game  
Still drop 40 with liquor in my system  
Numbers going unlisted just to create some distance  
I might see you on and off but I'll never switch ya  
Niggas quick to double cross like both of us Christian  
Lamborghini got me feeling like I'm Christian Bale  
And I never bare my morals for the ticket sales  
Tipping scales, bars heavy like triple XL  
I never tag no one in, I'd rather get you myself  
Running through the 6, storming through the contracts  
I'm possessed, you can see it under the contacts  
They think I had the silver spoon but they'll get it soon  
I still got something left to prove since you left me room  
Paint a plan for the family debt, we in the minus  
And like it's going in a trunk, I put it all behind us  
Where you tryna go? I got it, I'll take us wherever  
I'm a staple in the game, got my papers together  
And my life is on display like Truman

They wanna [?] the movements, gotta start to make 'em sooner  
My exes made some of my favorite music  
I dated women from my favorite movies  
Karma's such a thing of beauty  
I'd share more of my story but you wouldn't believe it  
It's far fetched like I threw that shit a hundred meters  
I keep it 100 like I'm running a fever  
I might take a breather but I won't ever leave you

(If I was you, I wouldn't like me either...)