

November 18th

Drake

It's the ones that smoke blunts with ya
Seen ya picture
Now they wanna grab a gun and come and gitcha (2x)

One time for the homie dj screw
Already... I'm feelin throwed in this bitch

I'm so high even when I'm comin down
Just met a girl said she from the h-town
Said my name was drizzy
And ain't nobody reala
Cup inside a cup
Smokin ghostface killah
Got these boppas goin crazy
Nigga I'm the man
I sent ya girl a message said I'll see you when I can
She sent me one back
But I ain't never read it
Cause pussy's only pussy and I get it when I need it
And I'm tellin you

(tellin you) I'm always with a dime in the winter
And I be ridin rims if my tires any thinner
Airports stuntin flyin charters overseas
Full of don perignon
And the water for the d's
Don't know why it happens everytime we're alone
But here we are again
And I swear I'm in ma zone
So I'm a sip this drink till that mofucka gone
And you gon' get undressed
And we gon' get it on

I don't give you the time
You deserve from me
This is something I know
I know, I know
So tonight I'll just fuck you like
We're in Houston
Takin everything slow
So slow, so slow,
But I do it to her

Draped up dripped out
Know what I'm talkin bout
3 in the mornin get it poppin in the parkin lot
It's on once again
And I never pretend
A nigga stay g to the end

I swear like, everytime
I find myself in a situation
I just get that feelin like
I'm in Houston
Candy paint switchin colors in the light
It's about like 11 p.m
And we just rollin through the city

Bumpin that screw
B.m.o
U.g.k
Lil keke
And I feel like
Everything just movin slow
And I take my time
I pace it baby
Yeah I'm gone ...