

1Xtra Freestyle

Drake

Who else really trying to mess with Hollywood Cole
I'm with Marley G though
Treating Birmingham just like my Hollywood shows
I'm trying to tell you something that you probably should know
This that Slum Dog Millionaire Bollywood flow and uh
My real friends never hearing from me
Fake friends write the wrong answers on the mirror for me
That's why I pick and choose, I don't get shit confused
I got a small circle, I'm not with different crews
We walk the same path, but got on different shoes
Live in the same building, but we got different views
I got a couple cars, I never get to lose
Don't like my women single, I like my chicks in twos
And these days all the girls are down to roll
We hit the strip club, and all them girls find a pole
I live fast die young, never take it slow
Tell your girl to tell a friend that it's time to go
And tell me today's weather
I know they say they're good, but trust me I'm better
I sound like the coldest Miami night ever
I'm cold but still hot you can't decide on a sweater
Really it's whatever
I am murdering and this is so amusing
If they're a sight to see then I am an illusion
I tell you I'm the man baby what is the confusion
And if they're still sleeping on me, someone hit the snooze then
And keep sleeping while I sell a couple million
I'm headed for the moon, I ain't bout to hit the ceiling
I'm about to hit the club, women tell me I'm appealing
But fuck what they say let me tell you how I'm feeling
I'm drinking
These London street lamps got a real glow
Dizzy playing driving fast but it feels slow
And ask your man, he a hater, baby, he don't know
I could kick a punt and turn that shit into a field goal
This here was meant to get buried
I got a lot of things, I mention those barely
I ain't lying to the kids like the dentist ain't scary
I'm what Lebron was to Saint Vincent, Saint Marry
But I ain't playing high school games
Pulling McLaren through a McDonald's drive through lane
I'm to fly, I keep it hip hop like Afu-Ra
Baby girl on that McLaren
You gotta lift the doors
Blades chopping through the city streets, liquid swords
I do it better than the best could
You know what it is, Drake and Tim Westwood