

# 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