

8am in Charlotte

Drake

In God's hands (Conductor)
Be grateful
That He was there
Glory (Yeah)
I'm out here on the road
You can hear it in the voice (Glory)
Ah-em, still get this shit off, though
Look

The money speakin' for itself, I call it fortune-tell
Fire top from a bitch that work at corporate sales
Chinchilla ushanka, we skiin' out in Courchevel
Breakin' news, they tried to kill him, but the boy prevails
I leave for tour and my niggas fuckin' go to jail
Preachin' to the dogs 'bout wantin' more for themselves
It's weighin' heavy on my moral scale
Knowin' they gon' sell another citizen 'cane, they think they Orson Welles
Walk in Chanel, they like, "How the fuck you need more Chanel?"
I got these cats tuckin' tails on fourth-quarter sales
I'm used to seein' tears drop over enormous meals
The restaurant clears out, faint echoes of Lauryn Hill
I say, "We gotta talk about us," I feel like Jordan Peele
Could tell I'm gettin' under your skin like a orange peel
'Cause your words don't match your actions like a foreign film
And now it's silence in the Lamb' like the horror film
Things get quiet after me statin' the obvious
Things get kinky after fifteen years of dominance
That October sky is lookin' ominous
The money is autonomous
Shout' to Oliver North, he out in Rome doin' Toronto shit
And Jeremiah the watchdog, you niggas know what time it is
I'm in and out of Houston Hobby so much, I'm a hobbyist
Hoes waitin' on Cench in the lobby, that boy a lobbyist
Savage got a green card straight out of the consulate
Where I go, you go, brother, we Yugoslavian
Formal is the dress code, dawg, so many checks owed
I feel Czechoslovakian, nigga, what the fuck?

Nah, I'm movin' different right now, for real, like
I feel like if Mike switched out the glove for the pen, like
This shit just too enticing right now, you know?
Look

Diamonds do the silly dance, I raise up the wine glass
Metal detectors beepin' and security bypass
The numbers goin' up, someone pull up the line graph
The days are goin' by, it's like I'm livin' in time-lapse
Been talkin' to Adel like he majored in finance
Shania Twain, notepad, I'm makin' it line-dance
You tryna rob me, and it's gon' feel like you sittin' at your favorite restaurant 'cause, nigga, that's where you dyin' at
Mob ties, I swear we like a bitch with fine sisters and fine cousins, the family all bad
I'm preachin' to the dawgs about cleanin' they images
I swear I'm like a young T.D. Jakes to my menaces
Long-kiss goodnight, PDA for my nemesis
Three hunnid acres, PGA on the premises

That's what's really brackin' like this verse in parentheses
I'm givin' hits to niggas on some, don't even mention it

Like, don't even worry about it, like
You can hit me back whenever, or
Or don't, you know?
It is what it is, I guess
Yeah, hm
Look

You young boys take some of that money and set it aside
Not havin' enough to pay your tax is a federal crime
You niggas obsessed with me, and it's not on no-hetero vibe
Handle beef so quiet, you think that I'm lettin' it slide
Next thing you know, we tip-toein' past enemy lines
Diss me so long ago, we making your memories fly
Conspiracy theories start floatin' 'round like the Kennedy guy
I'll prolly hold a grudge against you guys 'til I'm seventy-five
Ayy, niggas lyin' for a livin', I couldn't relate
We all gotta lay in the bed we make, but that couldn't be Drake
You forced a lot of fake love when real ones stood in your face
That's why you got deserted by your niggas like puddin' and cake
I got you on camera bowin' down, but the footage is safe
Thank God, another USB to put in the safe
Thank God, at the crib, dippin' my foot in the lake
I swear that y'all turned me into the villain, I couldn't escape
Not sayin' I'm the best at what I do
I'm just sayin' that it's me versus whoever wanna lose
Pick any one of the Who's Whos, I got .22s for new crews
R.I.P. to the DJ from Houston, we loose screws
Helicopters, cop lights, and news crews
Niggas steady cryin' to my daddy, well, boo-hoo
You prolly heard a lot about the boy, well, true, true, haha

(In God's hands) Yeah
(Be grateful)
(That He was there)