

BBL Love - Interlude

Drake

Bust that pussy open for a real one
She call me her baby like I'm still one
They say love's like a BBL, you won't know if it's real until you feel one
Can I feel it? Can I feel it? Can I feel it? Can I feel one?
Can I feel it? Can I feel it? Can I feel?

Sometimes, I think to myself, "What if I was somebody else?"
Would your ass still be here?
What if I had a CDL even at a STL on our way to ATL in a big 18-wheel
Would your ass still be here?
Would your ass still be here?
Would you love Ed like you love Drake?
Love Fred like you love Drake?
Love Greg like you love Drake?
Love Sayed like you love Drake?
Thought you said that you love Drake?
Thought you said that you love Drake?
Thought you said, ayy
Your man brought you to the Drake show
Front row and paid all cash
Dressed up to the nines, girls showin' all titties, showin' all ass
Lookin' at me like you're single, lookin' like you got a hall pass
Better take your ass home tonight and love that man like you say you love Drake

I'm a well-known player, I'm a well-known trick
I'm as well as well-known guests with a long list
Of some ho-ho-hoes still waitin' on a gift
Guess them ho-ho-hoes still believe in Saint Nick, yeah
I'm a Saint, alright? I frank the saner, bitch
I don't know what you thought this was, baby girl, but that ain't this
I don't know who said you a slick
Now my uncle, that boy slick
I don't know who said you was thick
Now see ****, that girl thick
Nah, I ain't name droppin', I'm just game droppin'
I'm just plane hoppin'
Hoppin' out and hoppin' in
You gon' have to run that top again
These boys prayin' I don't drop again