

Buried Alive Interlude, Pt. 2

Drake

If you were in a pine box, box
I would shovel dirt on top, top
I'd play this record on repeat, 'peat
You always been a bitch to me
If you was in a pine box, box
I would still be in my spot, spot
For you to make it to the peak, peak
It'd have to be the death of me, the death of me

Lookin' in the mirror, still embarrassed
Stop talkin' how you gon' spare us
React like an infant whenever I am mentioned
It's like you need tension to always get attention
You always said how you wanna bury me alive
Jealousy disguised as yo' muhfuckin' pride
Took you on your first tour with us, tryna catch a vibe
I was headline, you was standin' on the side
Brought you and that other hoe along for the ride
First time people lined up for your ass
Now you sayin' two pussy boys gettin' outta line
You been hatin' hard for a very long time
It feel like Twitter ghostwritin' your reply
Streets out here talkin' like, "At least a nigga tried"
It's how you felt in 2011, why we wastin' time?
Dreams come true, crodie, this is where you die