

## Cheerios

Drake

(Tay Keith, fuck these niggas up)  
Ah damn, ah damn, ah damn, ah damn  
You know Gucci let it blam, then he pass it to his man  
Got a batting glove on, he don't hold it in his hand  
Then he throw it out the window and just leave it where it land  
Or he throw it in the water make 'em dig it out the sand, aye  
Scratched off the serial, we call that shit a Cheerio  
And then they take their clothes off and bleachin' that material  
I'm gone

Aye

They be wishing death on me like 50 Cent  
Many Men, many many many men  
Trust me there's a ton of them  
I should probably be in there with Thug and 'em  
Or be in there with Gunna and 'em  
If they locking niggas up for it  
Growing up around some hittas tryna govern 'em, boy  
Building something from the bottom with ya brothers there, aye  
J Skull get hot, he an oven hand, aye  
Spend some bands, but I'll never fall in love again  
Winning not enough for me, I like to be petty bout it  
Drop a number one and when it's done I just forget about it  
Aww, you think you know what happen 'cause you red about it?  
Aww, give me head and don't get in your head about it  
Crisp Nike Forces the only time I force it  
I told her get a bag, and some shoes, and some more shit  
She heard I got a girl and I bought her even more shit  
Don't tell me what you heard if you can't tell me who the source is  
Aww, I had a sixth sense at 21  
How the fuck did the 6 let in 21  
Older women always told me I was one of one  
She was 30 when we sexed, I was 21  
I be talking to the D.A. like that nigga dumb, what  
You be talking to the D.A. like, "Yeah, he the one"  
You almost 50, but you're rapping like you're 21  
Where the fuck they do that aside from where you're from?

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