

# Digital Dash

Drake

My dope in the bushes  
My dope in the bushes  
I know how to cook it  
My bitch good looking  
My bitch good looking  
My bitch good looking  
My dope in the bushes  
I know how to cook it  
Yeah, yeah, yeah

I did the digital dash  
I fuck your bitch in the passenger  
I give the junky a blast  
I send that dope to your momma tho  
Out in the streets like thermometers  
You rats will never be honorable  
They know I'mma kid of my word  
A hustler the first to the first

These bitches be naggin the kid  
They get on my motherfucking nerves  
I showed her my racks and they love me  
I'm smokin' that pack on muddy  
Taliban on these hoes  
Give a Xan to these hoes  
Got em playing with they nose  
I sleep on the beach off the avenue  
I came to your city with revenue  
I put in work it was evident  
I slide on your ass in the 7 deuce  
Come back on your bitch in a six trey  
Chevy, Mercedes I keep em' comin'  
Fuck all these bitches I keep em' comin'  
I pull up right now I'm parallel  
I hit your block with them swangers  
My niggas ain't nothin' but some bangers  
I sit in the trap with the gangsters  
You don't come around here cause its dangerous  
I be hangin' around here and I'm famous  
Gotta keep the trigger by my finger  
Hit her sideways when I banged her  
In the driveway on a perc  
I was sideways on a perc  
Had a stick on me, thats a first  
Got your bitch on me gettin' murked  
I post up and thats confident  
I boast up in a drop 6  
Gotta Ghost Royce and I pop shit  
I'm a dope boy with that cock trip  
I came in the game I had crack on me  
Got big with my bag with some Act on me  
I'm single and shit and she lash on me  
I told em' I'm back on my bachelor  
I get focused on millions and everything  
I just took me a trip out to Africa  
See how we came from the mud and the bottom, we did it  
I see how they countin' this out

Bet they ain't never gonna do it again  
You see why these niggas be hatin', ignorin, I'm goin' right in  
I was born to get this money in this life of sin  
I bought up before they got my dog on murder again  
See the fire come out the ass on the Lamborghini  
When you say you love a nigga do you really mean it  
When I was sleepin' on the floor you shoulda seen how they treat me  
I pour the Actavis and pop pills so I can fight the demons

I did the digital dash  
I fuck the bitch in the passenger  
I give the junky a blast  
I send that dope to lil mama  
You rats will never be honorable  
They know I'mma kid of my word  
A hustler the first to the first

These bitches be nagging the kid  
Fuck it, it is what it is, if you get hit you get hit  
I don't forget or forgive  
Told myself never again, I don't let nobody in  
Super just showed out again  
And we just keep servin' and servin' again  
And again and again and again  
I move the game up, I'm reckless  
I'm Harlem shaking through the pressure  
I might put Diddy on my next shit  
I might could fit you in on a Wednesday  
I'm not here for no pretend shit  
Just walked in with a girl that's making triple what I'm making, what an entrance  
That's when you know it's a body  
Zone 6, they know it's a body  
Kirkwood, they know it's a body  
Lil Mexico know it's a body  
Scooter in here with the zombies  
Gucci get out it's a problem  
I might take Quentin to Follies  
You hate your life, just be honest  
I got the digital dash  
She want a picture with all of my niggas that just made the visual last  
But she too embarrassed to ask  
I got my foot on their neck and my foot on the gas  
You remind me of a quarterback, that shit is all in the past  
Esco and Boomin they got it on smash  
And I got the, I got the, I got the, I got the, I

I did the digital dash  
I fuck the bitch on the passenger  
I give the junky a blast  
I send that dope to lil mama