

Heart Throbbing

Drake

Ahhww...

Young Monay...

Look...

I'm like the catch of the day...so you can call me lobster
These fans call me Drizzy...but my friends call me Aubster
Me and Weezy got eachother...no bodyguards, sir
I got him like Whitney...n he like my Kevin Costner
I get plenty money *****, I don't even need a cent
And I got more lines than this motherfuckin zebra print
Ahhw

That's a shirt not a blouse, *****

Plus I come so hard I could make you say ouch nigaaaaaaaahh
Young Money in the buildin

Half of us is grown men, the other half is children
Yeah

I'm on top of the world now

I groom myself well...I could probably show your girl how
Show her how to dress right...tighten up her lacefront
Show her not to wear a tan dress with no beige pumps

Uh

Catch me in Miami

Fresh Dior slippers n a crispy white cami

Wow

Its crazy how time rushed past
Eyebrows lookin like Burt Reynold's moustache
Yeah

And I know ya girl's infatuated

Haters probably curse the day that I was ejaculated
Awwhh

Fake friends sayin we just glad you made it

And I fuck so many hoes that you can't tabulate iiiiiliiiiiiiiiiit tttttttt
tt

That's why I respect women

I wish I could marry every girl my third leg's been in
Me n Weezy got the O.G. flow
We be ridin stallions *****, aahhck!! - no rodeo

If ya man don't appreciate what he has...

He's just blind

He gon lose his mind when he see that you done moved onnnnnn
Girl, you look so fierce
in that outfit

Girl, you look so fierce in that outfit
That Yves Saint Laurent...

Oh, my bad, that's that Isabel Marant
I see you gettin anything you want
but there's only one problem...
I can feel...
my heart...

Keeps throbbing

It keeps throbbing

It keeps throbbing

Still throbbing

Hahahhhahack

Uuh

Young Mooooola baaaybeeeee!

I am a a-li-en, maybe I'm a cybawrg

See me on a motorbike wit bitches in my sidecar

Sorta like a poltergeist, standin on the sidewalk

Weezy is that ***** you be hearin on ya iPawrd

My Gawd...call me the accomplice

Son of New Awlins, Drizzay is Torawnteh's

Don't make a ***** hafta beat ya ass unconcious

I got money stacked to my muthafuckin awwmpits

They say Weezy is a Bastid

Fuck wit Young Money, *****, that could be disastriss

Ya bitch on my dick, but that hoe got chapped lips

Her friend kinda fly...I just need to get her add-driss

They say Weezy is so masc-ya-line

Break her pussay walls, then toss the hoe as-pah-rin

Hahahhahack!

Yall ***** is froh-dyah-lint

They see Weezy come thru...n they say that's a pimp

Yeah!

From Virginia to Nevawdahh

Weezy F. Baby, Young Pinia Collawdah

Hahahha!

Drizzy, pour us that Mescawtah

We gon have a party right now, no praw-blahm

Young Money is the squadron

We don't drink the kool aid *****, we jus gawr-glin

I'm like the general, he the sawr-gent

I got toast rite here, Drizzay where's the marg-arine?!

Hahack!

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I love you