

It's Up

Drake

I love all my friends
Thinkin' about this life I provide for them
This world has some real things dividin' them
My right hand, he's Muslim, I'll die for him
My road manager is drunk as hell at 5 p.m.
I get knocked down, they help me rise again
Ref 1 leave the game, I'm sayin' bye with him
Drake, turn this shit the fuck up

I don't care about my opps (I don't care about my opps)
I don't care about my opps (I don't care about no opps)
I don't care about my opps (I don't care about no opp)
Yeah, take a pic (Take a pic), Richard Millie, no stopwatch (Let's go, uh-uh)
Take a pic of your lips gobblin' on my cock (Let's go, uh-uh, shit)
I don't care 'bout no motherfuckin' watch, nah (I don't care 'bout no, uh, n ah)
I don't care 'bout no high-end thot (Nah, nah, nah)
Bitch, you just a (Bitch, you just a), bystander
Christian Dior pajama, Gucci up under, body number

I just picked up somethin' from Mercedes, it's a one of one
Black exterior the one that I want, red inside like that time of the month
Blood money, that's how I got this, blood money, that's how I got this
We can vacation wherever we want 'cause I don't care where none of my opps is

I told the promoter tonight, put me across from they section
We don't play patty cake, they just be lettin' us in, we don't do the inspection
I can't sleep at night with Thug at Cobb County Corrections
I think he did enough reflectin', I think my brother learned his lesson
It's all just a part of the game, we all gotta roll with protection
And just like the motherfuckin' judge, the hammers come out for objections
Nigga, what's up? A hundred and forty-three Rolexes in my collection
I put the horns on the front of the 'Bach, you know Drizzy gon' roll like a Texan
She textin' she love me, the Mexicans love me, I'm out here just makin' connections
And Junior Boy rollin' like Cinco de Mayo, he may hold a fifth in possession
The way that I'm used to playin' the politics, swear I could win the election
You niggas is overprotective with hoes, I'm already over the next one
I'm at 48 with Ty and the vino, we drunk, it's not even a question
These niggas tryna send a message, well, leave that shit down at reception, ayy

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Christian Dior pajama, Gucci up under, body number (Woo)

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You hang around too many niggas that's pussy, you gotta be pussy
If it's on sight, up your gun on me, all that muggin' and lookin'
Yeah, niggas doin' all that woofin', pussy
4L bomb shit, walk inside the store, that switch in my armpit
I go wherever, I keep a Beretta, and niggas ain't on shit
My opps together, but I don't discriminate, I got 'em both hit
Them niggas be lyin', they niggas be dyin' and they don't never post shit
No rap cap come out my mouth, made a couple songs, think he hot now
Hit his ass up, he think he Pac now, broad daylight, he got shot down
Chopper bullets make his ass hop 'round, bloodshed, ain't no way to stop now
Goin' live'll get your ass popped now, seem like everybody want an opp now
Leavin' him flatline, Slaughter Gang, knife in the back, I'm on that time
Turn him to a hashtag, make him a "long live," niggas ain't my kind
Tried and true, I'ma pop mine, I was seventeen with a Glock 9
I wanna see red, stop sign, I wanna see red, Clifford
She keep tryna rip off my zipper, I moved to LA, I'm a Clipper
He think with his dick, he a trickster, get your bitch out the car 'fore we bl
ick her
We put an AirTag on his car, he in Miami by Brickell
Say hello to the four-nickel, I got a magazine, who got an issue?
Givin' out smoke, pussy, my trigger finger broke
Don't try me like no ho, I always let it blow
I pull up, fah, score, nigga, we caught him by that store
How much you wanna bet they ass won't stand right there no more?
I'm Slaughter Gang OVO
A half a million a show, but I still walk in with that pole, idiot

Ayy, I'm feelin' like 2 Chainz, T.R.U.
Bitch, I'm 21, bitch, I'm not 22
Knockin' off the namebrand niggas in your crew
Heard you miss your dogs, now it's long live who?
Idiot
Yeah