Lemon Pepper Freestyle

Drake

Tryin', tryin', tryin', tryin'
I pray these niggas understand how passionate the tale is
To get you under my pressure
Richer
I been tryin', tryin', tryin', tryin'
To get you under my pressure
Yes, uh
Biggest, you feel me? (M-M-M-Maybach Music)

Godfather with a garden full of snakes
Call Porsche, time to give away a Wraith
Bricks boy, tryna turn 'em into bass
Big boy, I been tryin' buy the Braves
Courtroom soundin' like I'm in the opera
Went and got it, now these niggas wanna knock us
Bitches fallin' 'cause they need a couple dollars
But it ain't a problem 'cause a nigga really got it
Fat boy, rich nigga, with a appetite
Count money all night under the candlelight
Spinnin' vinyl, Teddy P, or is it Lionel?
Not a model, but I know I been your idol
Big bank, sparkin' weed without a lighter
On fire 'cause I'm just a different writer
Practicin' social distance with all these snitch niggas
Guess he jealous 'cause I had his favorite bitch with us
Big bucks, steppin' outta big trucks
Steppin' on my feet, it'll get you fucked up
Got the squad with me and all they did was gimme love
Foot Locker, twenty deep, a nigga spend a dub
G-Wagen for my bitch, that girl go live it up
Death row, that's for these niggas, I'ma hit 'em up
Makaveli, it's All Eyez on Me
Pinkie rings, it's still M.O.B. (M-M-M-Maybach Music)

I been tryin', tryin', tryin', tryin'
To get you under my pressure
I been tryin', tryin', tryin', tryin'
To get you under my pressure
Tryin', tryin', tryin', tryin'

Yeah, heart just turned purple
Three-sixty up front, it all comes full circle
Class photographs, Sandy had me on my Urkel
(I been tryin', tryin', tryin', tryin')
Patty Mahomes, 'bout to fall short a couple hundred
Signed, sealed, delivered, I fucked the notary public
She witnessed me sign off on some undeniable numbers
(I been tryin', tryin', tryin', tryin')
Yeah, make a set sail in Croatia to get a leverage
Groundskeepers cuttin' the grass and clippin' the hedges
I took two mill' out the cage down in the desert
Matthew Maddox called in the pit boss, double checkin'
"The number's all good, just pay me, I'm at the Rhino"
Real life, the whole fam' goons like Ralo
One truck in front of me, one behind me to follow
Lemme get a lemon pepper order, please
You gotta have the link before you order these

Dockin' jet skis in the Florida Keys
We all grateful for Weezy, but no one more than me
You just found a bottle with the messages
These days, fame is disconnected from excellence
Half the time, I gotta ask niggas what they profession is
Ushered a generation in, these are where my confessions live
(I been tryin', tryin', tryin', tryin')
I did brunch with the judge we appearin' before
Private villas only, I don't go near a resort
We want everything galore, not just Lira Galore
(I been tryin', tryin', tryin', tryin')
For real, and my city love me like DeMar DeRozan
I sent her the child support, she sent me the heart emoji
They all say they love me, but they hardly know me
(I been tryin', tryin', tryin', tryin')
Yeah, dropped him off at school, big day for my little man
Recess hits, daddy probably made another M
School bell rings and I'm out there to get him again
(I been tryin', tryin', tryin', tryin')
Yeah, teacher-parent meetings, wives get googly-eyed
Regardless of what they husbands do to provide
Askin' if I know Beyoncé and Nicki Minaj
(I been tryin', tryin', tryin', tryin')
Of course, pull up to the front in the fleet of Suburbans
Flooded French Immersion with the Secret Service
Shit is so obvious, it defeats the purpose
If this is your hobby, then come and meet your maker
Champagne, ring bells in the streets of Jamaica
Started at the crib, look how far this shit'll take ya
Ross sittin' on two hundred thirty-five acres
(I been tryin', tryin', tryin', tryin')
And that's facts, Hamdan Mohammed like my third cousin (Facts)
Mansoor Mohammed like my real brother (Facts)
Dubai embrace me like a Emirati (Facts)
All my Rolls-Royces got a different body (Facts)
Mansory, kitted out with every option (Facts)
Lemme know if that's a problem (I been tryin', tryin', tryin', tryin')
If you got a problem with me, gotta walk around it
Used to say I had 'fore I got it, now I got it all
And bein' honest, I don't really wanna talk about it
And if I didn't have it, wouldn't wanna sulk about it
I had it so long, I don't even celebrate it
Negative thoughts don't even enter my inner matrix
'Magine me still rappin' 'bout if I never made it
(I been tryin', tryin', tryin', tryin')
Damn, not too many parallels left in our lives
I mean, my crib look bigger through my son's eyes
And the squad look bigger to the young guys
And my dick feel better when you drunk, right?
Spend nighttime starin' at the sunrise
And my diamonds all hittin' like tie-dye
Air Canada Centre nigga when I die
Y'all gon' have to fly in and do your fake cry
First couple rows, you gon' see the real guys
The ones that purchase they vehicles 'cause their trunk size
The ones that look at other rappers like it's lunch time
Watch on my wrist never showed me crunch time
'Cause I ain't never let it come to that one time
To be real, man, I never did one crime
But none of my brothers could caption that line
At all, kill me, that's talent God wasted
Instant noodles, sriracha, I still taste it
When mama was too tired to cook and we had the basics

Instant noodles, sriracha, I still taste it
Now it's a movie, I'm back at Bellag', wasted
Niggas love tryna put my back where the walls facin'
Big body frames, wasn't into car racin'
Me and Chubbs drive by, shorty heart racin'
I always end up droppin' the top when it starts rainin'
Livin' in the 6, eight weeks, sun blazin'
After that, the killers just go into hibernation
(I been tryin', tryin', tryin', tryin')
Damn, rest in peace Dolla Bill
How I get a girl and girls still wanna holler still?
How I'm so famous, gotta live where they hide the hills?
(I been tryin', tryin', tryin', tryin')
Everybody that survive got survivor's guilt
My label gotta prove they love me, gotta wire mills
My boy kitchen's done, lookin' like a flour mill
You niggas' faces lookin' like you drink sour milk
And your albums like some motherfuckin' fire drills
It's like this shit feels real, but it's never real (Yeah)

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