

## Losses

Drake

Hey, Instagram  
This song I've been writing, oh, for a few months  
I don't know, I, I started writing it about family  
Just came up now, so  
Anybody feel any way about it, I don't give a fuck  
(Yeah, family)

Yeah

Yeah

Lost you to the game, I gotta hug that  
I was here when you was asking where the love at  
Dip your finger in the bag to get your buzz back  
I was wishin' on a star when I was that  
I've been fortunate enough to have it my way  
I'm a fortune teller, listen to what I say  
'Member when we used to park up in my driveway  
I always told it how it was, I never shy away  
This life is really something you get lost in  
I know niggas that got famous and they bought friends  
I had friends that only had half of they heart in  
It's hard to accept now, and it was hard then  
But I treated you like gold, I was all in  
Spoiled rotten, they could smell you 'fore you walked in  
Burnin' incense in your new apartment  
But you got no sense when it come to  
Lost you to the game, I gotta hold that  
How you feelin' in your soul since you sold that?  
I'll be better off without you, and we know that  
You ain't lookin' at a nigga you could hold back  
Like I'm tryna show the waves, this is no cap  
You sold me up the river, but I rowed back  
You put me on the road without a roadmap  
I'm not tryna make no song, these are cold facts

You got some liquor at the house?

(Yeah)

Go get a shot, let's do a shot together

(I don't see it)

(Okay, ha ha ha)

Ay

Being here wasn't in the plans  
I do it for the Grahams, not the 'Gram  
I do it for the fam, but still fuckin' Uncle Sam  
I tried to change for you, but that wasn't who I am  
Even when being real is out of fashion  
Niggas keep stealin' my style, now we out here matchin'  
I did it by being myself with no dramatic acting  
I couldn't sit around and wait, I had to have it happen  
Lost you to the game, I gotta face that  
Really think I lost you like a ways back  
Always sayin' how a nigga never play fair  
I took you up under my wing and you just stayed there  
You was supposed to grow some wings, get your own pair  
We started this from the bottom, now you alone there  
Shit, you treat it like it's home there  
Dependent on me, you was supposed to get your own share

I still love you to my last days  
I never knew that shit would be this fast-paced  
I never thought I'd see awards in a glass case  
I could've ended up in your crib with a masked face  
It could've went left on a couple bad days  
When I visit my last place is the only time I'm in last place  
See me these days, I never got on a sad face  
See me these days, I  
Lost you to the game, and I see why  
It was always you and I without the T-Y  
This is not one of them stories that got three sides  
This is not one of them stories you could rewind  
Like I'm tryna show the waves, this is no cap  
You drove a nigga crazy, but I drove back  
You wrote me off and then you never wrote back  
I'm not tryna make no song, these are cold facts

Yes, sir  
(Baby)  
Hold on, hold on  
(Let me tell you something about me)  
(I really do know, I know who I wanna be)  
Woo  
Lord, I already passed on all that (Woo)  
You go 'head on, ha ha