

# Omertà

Drake

Look at my history  
I'm trying to see what's different from that guy and the richer me  
The only thing I see is custom owls from Tiffany  
And some gunnas that'll hit you outta nowhere, like epiphany  
Really that's it to me  
Aside from the obvious, man, it changes in scenery  
Testing me gon' have my niggas testing machinery  
They say that they happy, my man, that's not how they seem to be  
The boy, he wild and peaceful, rest in peace Teena Marie  
Ethics and values, mob traditions, old fashioned  
Monopoly action  
Bronny buying up Brentwood like he still in Akron  
A lot of pain, a lot of passion  
A lot of relaxing while other niggas is overreacting  
That's how we continue down the path of Jordan and Jackson  
That's some insight for y'all even if no one's asking  
Last year, niggas really feel like they rode on me  
Last year, niggas got hot 'cause they told on me  
I'm 'bout to call the bluff of anybody that fold on me  
I'm buying the building of every door that closed on me  
Yeah, Loro Piana and Brioni, the one and only  
Champagne popper, the love doctor  
Your baby mother call me when she lonely  
My tailor see me twice a week, he like my homie  
Forever grateful, forever thankful  
Diamond necklace, but she wears it on her ankle  
The bitch is trendy  
My enemies send each other the texts that they could never send me  
I'm banking two million a show for the residency  
Nevada gaming commission in a frenzy  
How much money can this casino lend me?  
Ripping markers up over shots of the Henny  
Vivid memory, can someone send me  
A real nigga interlude? To me, Benihana is pigeon food  
This not a forgiving mood  
So much, we gotta count the 20s up in a different room  
I am just a body that my brothers are living through  
Keeping my connections strictly physical  
Everyone that's married is miserable  
I know that that is not a lifestyle I can give into  
The rise to the top of this mountain has been biblical  
I don't carry cash 'cause the money is digital  
It's the American Expresser, the debt collector  
Hailing all the way from the Mecca  
Got something for Trudy and Rebecca  
This shit could last forever  
The mind controller, the Ayatollah  
I built a bridge to success and had visions of me riding over  
Step in the room and October gets a lot closer  
Haunted houses, I don't know how to count in thousands, only millions  
Now tell your friends I'm not the villian  
Send 'em to Lagos or Turks and Caicos  
Barbados, Trinidad and Tobago  
Never go the same places they go  
Separate vacations, a far cry from when Drizzy had slept in the basement  
I was never on the path to get into Cambridge  
I mean, I was good at doing math, but I'm better with language

Borderline dangerous, approach with caution  
I plan to buy your most personal belongings when they up for auction  
Man, truth be told, I think about it often  
The petty king, the overseer of many things  
I wish that I was playing in a sport where we were getting rings  
I wouldn't have space on either hand for anything  
West Hollywood, know my presence is menacing  
Cosa Nostra, shady dealings  
Racketeering, the syndicate got they hand in plenty things  
The things that we've done to protect the name are unsettling  
But no regrets though, the name'll echo  
Years later, none greater  
Death to a coward and a traitor, that's just in my nature, yeah