Pipe Down

Drake

(I'm working on dying)
Said you belong to the streets but the streets belong to me
It's like home to me (She belongs to the streets)
It's like home to me
I tatted your passport up
Now it's lookin' like a arm sleeve
Just know that was all me

And when you see Chanel, I wish that's how you saw me
That shit you tell Chanel, I wish that's how you called me
That raw shit, that honesty, yeah
You know I love you more than all them niggas put together
And it's a lot of niggas' trust, I put the list together
And it's a lot just to assume we're meant to be together
You gotta live that shit for real, you can't just say whatever
You could never tell nobody that you held me down
If it was ride or die then you should've been dead right now

So I don't get how you're yelling at me
How much I gotta spend for you to pipe down? (Pipe down)
How deep I gotta dig for you to pipe down? (Pipe down)
All the things I've done up until right now (Right now)
I need a thousand pages just to write it down (Write it down)
Writing down these feelings, it's been overdue (Overdue)
Don't know how many pens it's gonna take to get over you
How much I gotta pen for you to pipe down? (Pipe down)
How deep I gotta dig for you to pipe down?

Tried to run it back a hundred times
The world is yours, but the city's mine
I can't believe you put it on your mother's life
I can't believe you told me it was ride or die
'Cause you're not here, somehow you're still alive
True enough I know you from the other side
I set my expectations way too high
Yeah, and I would listen to the lies that you would tell all night
Angel eyes, but you've been giving me hell all night
I know the book that you would write is a tell-some, not a tell-all
Just to make sure you well off, you would sell all rights
Why does your ex think we beefin', is that man alright?
That nigga can't even look at me, he fell off twice
And I'm back poppin', I still remember the day I saw you
I was on your ass like back pockets
Niggas love to hate, but what is that stopping?
So much shit I wanted to say, straight to your face
'Cause you're so two-faced, that I don't know which face
You're the reason we'll be going separate ways
You're the reason we cannot communicate
It's not the things you say, it's what you don't say
I'm not in your way, you're in your own way

So I don't get how you're yelling at me
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How much I gotta pen for you to pipe down? (Pipe down)
How deep I gotta dig for you to pipe down?

Baby, pipe down
Ooh, ooh, ooh

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