

# Pound Cake

Drake

[Intro: Christian Rich and Utters]

"[?] like back in the old days. You know, years ago they had the A&R men to tell you what to play, how to play it [?] but we just went in the studio and we did it. We had champagne in the studio, of course, [?] and we just laid back and did it. So we hope you enjoy listening to this album half as much as we enjoyed playing it for you. Because we had a ball. Only real music is gonna last, all the other bullshit is here today and gone tomorrow...."

[Hook]

Cash rules everything around me  
C.R.E.A.M. get the money  
Dolla dolla bill y'all

[Verse 1: Drake]

After hours of Il Mulino  
Or Sotto Sotto, just talkin' about women and vino  
The contract like '91 Dan Marino  
I swear this got Michael Rapino boostin' my ego  
Overly focused, it's far from the time to rest now  
Debates growin' 'bout who they think is the best now  
Took a while, got the jokers out of the deck now  
Holdin' all the cards and niggas wanna play chess now  
I hear you talkin', say it twice so I know you meant it  
Fuck it, I don't even tint it, they should know who's in it  
I'm authentic, real name, no gimmicks  
No game, no scrimmage, I ain't playin' with you niggas at all  
My classmates, they went on to be chartered accountants  
Or work with their parents, but thinkin' back on how they treated me  
My high school reunion might be worth an appearance  
Make everybody have to go through security clearance  
Tables turn, bridges burn, you live and learn  
With the ink, I could murder word to my nigga Irv  
Yeah, I swear shit just started clickin' dog  
You know it's real when you are who you think you are

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Jay Z]

I had Benzes 'fore you had braces  
The all black Maybach but I'm not a racist  
Inside's whiter than Katy Perry's face is  
Yellow diamonds in my Jesus  
I just might learn to speak Mandarin  
Japanese for the yen that I'm handlin'  
International Hov, that's my handle  
My saint's Sean Don, light a candle  
El Gran Santo on the mantle  
'Case y'all didn't know, I speak Spanish too  
Shoutout to Worldwide Wes  
Everywhere we go we leave a worldwide mess  
Yes, still Roc La Familia  
Says a lot about you if you not feelin' us  
The homie said "Hov, there ain't many of us"  
I told him less is more, nigga it's plenty of us

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Jay Z]

Cake, cake cake cake cake  
500 million, I got a pound cake  
Niggas is frontin', that's upside down cake  
Get 'em a red nose, they clown cakes  
Look at my neck, I got a carrot cake  
Now here's the icing on the cake  
Cake, cake cake cake cake  
I'm just gettin' started, oh yeah we got it bitch  
I've done made more millionaires than the lotto did  
Dame made millions, Bigg made millions  
Ye made millions, Just made millions  
Lyor made millions, Cam made millions  
Beans tell you if he wasn't in the ceilin's  
I'm back in my bag  
My eyes bloodshot but my jet don't lag  
A pair of Jordan 3's tryna chase this cash  
Gucci air bag just in case we crash  
Uh, last night was mad trill  
Fresh out of advil, Jesus grab the wheel

[Verse 4: Drake]

Fuck all that happy to be here shit that y'all warned me on  
I'm the big homie, they still tryna lil bro me dog  
Like I should fall in line, like I should alert niggas  
When I'm 'bout to drop somethin' crazy and I say I'm the greatest of my generation  
Like I should be dressin' different  
Like I should be less aggressive and pessimistic  
Like I should be way more nervous and less dismissive  
Like I should be on my best behavior  
And not talk my shit and do it major like the niggas who paved a way for us  
Like I didn't study the game  
[?] doin' it better  
Like I didn't make that clearer this year  
Like I