

## Ransom

Drake

Yeah  
It's Drizzy, baby  
You already know what it is  
It's the first time—I'm high, it's the first time I smoked in like 3 months  
I'm sorry, Mama, I had to do it to 'em  
40 I see you  
O, I see you, homie  
I stayed late tonight, right?  
You know what happen when I stay late, ha ha  
Yeah  
Boi-1da!  
I swear, it's like this every single time  
Toronto, I got you  
I got us  
Yeah

I'm a hard guy to get along with, get on a song with  
When shit be going right, well, I just flip it to the wrong shit  
The team that I belong to, the artists I put on with  
Don't ever ask for nothing 'cause them niggas got their own shit  
Me and Weezy are like a mouth full of hot peppers  
Black Ferrari with the red seats, I call it "playing checkers"  
I'm never doing verses, I'm forever giving lectures  
If you trying to meet with money, I'll be happy to connect you  
Life is better than it's ever been  
Scheduling million-dollar meetings with the president  
Someone cut the lights on, where is Thomas Edison?  
Got a a new condo, watch me as I settle in  
I deserve a MTV show for me and my people  
And if you tryna zone, I got a whole Swisher Sweet full  
Rappers all liars and they women are deceitful  
Add until they subtract me, I'll never be your equal  
Last-Place Drizzy is the nigga in the lead now  
Weezy told me, "Just write every single thing you need down"  
And he got it for me, and I'm as happy can be now  
'Bout to start balling like I'm coming off a rebound  
Yeah, and I should have the most bragging rights  
Because a nigga spit crack-bag it tight  
Hate when rappers say they tryna get their swagger right  
'Cause I done came on more fire than a dragon fight  
Fuck you, pussy-ass hater, you should do you  
You ain't heard of me, then you should go and get a Blue's Clue  
Oops! I mean a red clue; Wayne's here, suu whoop  
Bet he felt that like the end of a pool cue  
But I ain't banging, I ain't waving no flag  
I'm ATF, but they ain't seeing no badge  
It's Heartbreak Drake, I hate to see 'em so sad  
I can son you, see a little me in your dad  
I'm the same yellow boy that used to play up on Degrassi  
Can pocket 20 thousand to be anywhere they ask me  
Cash like Johnny, Banks like Ashley  
Burning like a Camel Light; stupid ho, ash me  
But don't ask me shit about me  
And know the game really ain't shit without me  
She might have to pay me, but I dick her down free  
Wanna know if it's the truth? Then pull the zipper down and see  
(No homo, though)

Yeah

Um

I'm going in

Drizzy, I got us, this is my promise  
I'ma bring that barrel to them bitches' eyeliners  
And what I make up would fuck up your skin  
I pick the buck up and buck-buck, then buck-buck again  
I would buttfuck your friend, then suck up her twin  
I put the buck up to him  
Then buck-buck and buck-buck and buck-buck again  
Suck nut, you duck, fuck your unloving kin  
Now, don't rub it in  
Like Lubriderm on a new tattoo, I had to  
Kick my princess up out my castle  
Dad, who? Never had that dude, always had a black tool  
Even when I was at school, 'cause bullies aren't bulletproof  
Red scarf, hoodie too, probably ain't as hood as you  
Stupid motherfucker, the only thing in the hood is you  
I do everything good as you; no, I do everything better  
I get paid for every letter, A-B-C, et cetera  
Fetch a bone, like a dog, motherfucker  
I am going for your neck in a sec  
Intercept, bring it back like work in a trunk  
And my exit coming up, yup, I am headed to the buck  
Like, buck-buck again! Might fly to L.A. and just fuck Karrine  
Nahh, fuck Karrine! Let's get bucks again  
And fucking spend them bucks, and then, just fuck Karrine  
If I told you, I'ma do it, I did it  
Got my city on my fitted, 'bout to pop it, let's get it  
Let's get it, motherfucker, what you waiting on?  
It is 'bout a minute past pissed and I'm about to get shitted  
I'm with it if money is the "it" you want me with  
And I probably just spit on the chick you want be with  
And I hate a bony bitch, only like 'em only thick  
And I own hip-hop; if you don't spit, I'm gon' evict  
And I just sold a lot of property to a buyer  
And I think his name was kinda like "Drake Drizzy Rogers"  
Or "Drizzy Drake Rogers," I'm too busy to play father  
And when it comes to the game, I'm too willing to play harder  
So harder, I go, there he go  
They chant "MVP" when I shoot a free throw  
C.E.O., Jaz, what it do?  
The haters on their face and in their ass is a shoe  
Faster than you, badder than you  
Radder than you, et cetera  
I told you, I get paid by the letter, like:  
"A-B-C-D-E-F-G-H-I-J-K-L-M-N-O-P-Q-R-S-T-U-V-W-X-Y"  
ZZ Top, yes, he rock  
And me and Drizzy both wrote on Detox  
That was just a footnote; how long can he could go?  
Wondering when he stop? Bitch, when the beat stop  
So I'ma keep rocking 'til the sheet rock bend  
Then, the heat I send burn skin

The end

Young Mula, baby, ha