

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 Degraassi
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