

# Red Button

Drake

Check, yes  
One, one-one, one  
Ayy, yeah  
Look

The most decorated, competition decimated  
My drive is dedicated, your drive is designated  
Niggas got you to the spot and then you separated  
Reasons for it speculated, we know how it escalated  
Rarely celebrated, grade eleven educated  
Radio is king again, Billboard got me regulated  
Wanna make it fair for you, numbers that I generated  
Do right and kill everything, people knew that death awaited  
Taylor Swift the only nigga that I ever rated  
Only one could make me drop the album just a little later  
Rest of y'all, I treat you like you never made it  
Leave your label devastated  
Even when you pad the stats, period, I never hated  
Even when you stab me in the back, the vest is metal-plated  
Tryna see a B inside my circle like I'm gettin' graded  
Man, all this luggage in the lobby like I'm gettin' traded  
Every time you need me for a boost, I never hesitated  
Every time that Yeezy called a truce, he had my head inflated  
Thinkin' we gon' finally peace it up and get to levitatin'  
Realize that everything premeditated  
Everyone was good with me, then everyone expression faded  
Tickin' time bomb and they beggin' me to detonate it  
If I press this red button, dog, everybody Heaven Gated

Press this red button, dog, and everything forever changes  
Word to M-Dolla, she the only one could maybe save it  
Should've hit you first, but, sis, you know about the shit I've taken  
Niggas think it's sweet, but I am not a diabetic patient

No

I will start blackin' over here like it's segregation  
I will f\*ckin' double-cross you niggas like it's meditation  
I'll give you a hard pill to swallow, this your medication  
I will f\*ckin' pop up on your ass like a revelation  
I could tell you better than I show you, this a demonstration  
I will f\*ckin' leave you in the dirt like some vegetation  
Chemicals is mixin' in my brain and killin' hesitation  
I will f\*ckin' force a few shots like a vaccination  
Niggas f\*ckin' call me up to cap, this not a graduation  
I will f\*ckin' put your ass on pause like I'm Pastor Mason  
I will set alarms off and cause a whole evacuation  
I'll f\*ckin'—, I'll f\*ckin'—  
I'll get to you ten years from now like procrastination  
I'll f\*ckin' find out wherever y'all are celebratin'  
Pull up, park my Phantom on the curb like I'm Larry David  
And then we'll see who's really crazy

Yeah  
Grrah