

Right Above It

Drake

"Kane is in the building..."

Now tell me how you love it
You know you at the top when only heaven's right above it
We onnnn, cause we onnnnnnnnn

Who else really tryin to fuck with Hollywood Cole? I'm with Marley G bro
Flyin Hollygrove chicks to my Hollywood shows
And I wanna tell you somethin that you prolly should know
This that (Slumdog Millionaire) Bollywood flow
And uhgg, my real friends never hearin from me
Fake friends write the wrong answers on the mirror for me
That's why I pick and choose, I don't get shit confused
I got a small circle, I'm not with different crews
We walk the same path, but got on different shoes
Live in the same buildin, but we got different views
I got a couple cars, I never get to use
Don't like my women single, I like my chicks in twos
And these days all the girls is down to roll
I hit the strip club and all them bitches find a pole
Plus I been sippin so this shit is movin kinda slow
Just tell my girl to tell her friend that it's time to go

Now tell me how you love it
You know you at the top when only heaven's right above it
We onnnn, it's Young Money motherfucker
If you ain't runnin wit it run from it motherfucker
All right, now somebody show some money in this bitch
And I got my B's with me like some honey in this bitch
Ya diiiiig? I got my gun in my boo purse
And I don't bust back because I shoot firrrrrst

Meet me on the fresh train
Yes I'm in the building, you just on the list of guest names
And all of my riders do not give a fuck, X Games
Guns turn you boys into pussies, sex chaaaange
And I smoke 'til I got chest pains
And you niggaz know I rep my gang like Jesse James
Women are possessive, and they wanna possess Wayne
I been fly so long I fell asleep on the fuckin plaaaane
Skinny pants and some Vans
Call me Triple A, get my advance in advance - amen
As the world spin and dance in my hands
Life is a beach, I'm just playin in the saaaand
Uhh, wake up and smell the pussy
You niggaz can't see me, but never overlook me
I'm on the paper trail, it ain't no tellin where it took me
Yeah, and I ain't a killa but don't push meeeee

Uhh, how do he say what's never said?
Beautiful black woman, I bet that bitch look better red
Limpin off tour cause I made more off my second leg

Muh'fuckin Birdman Junior, 11th grade
Ball on automatic start
I could hand it to Drake or do a quarterback draw
Wildcat offense, check the paw prints
We in the building, you niggaz in apartments
Uhh, n-now c'mon be my blood donor
Flo' so nice you ain't gotta put a rug on her
Do it big and let the small fall under that
Damn, where you stumbled at? From where they make gumbo at?
Kane got the fuckin beat jumpin like a jumpin jack
But you know me, I get on this bitch and have a heart attack
Hip-Hop, I'm the heart of that, nigga nothin short of that
President Carter, Young Money Democrat, uhh

Yeah! We onnnn
Young Mu', Young Mula baby!