

## 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 uhhh, 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 diiiig? 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 meeeeee

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!