

Sticky

Drake

Ayy
Homer hanging on my neck
The bracelet matches the set
My brother named his ting Nadal
Let's stop all that back and forth over the 'net
My mama wish I woulda went corporate
She wish I woulda went exec'
I still turn to a CEO so the lifestyle she respect
Ayy, two sprinters to Quebec
Chérie, où est mon bec?
They only givin' niggas plus ones, so I never pull up to the Met
You know I gotta bring the set
You know I gotta bring the G-Block
You know I gotta bring the D-Block

'Cause you know how sticky it get (Ayy)
You know how sticky it get (Ayy)
You know how sticky it get (Ayy)
You know how sticky it get (Ayy)
She want me to play with that cat (Ayy)
She lovin' how I'm makin' her wet (Ayy)
You know how sticky it get (Ayy)

Ayo Eric, bring them girls to the stage
'Cause somebody's getting paid and
Free Big Slime out the cage
Shawty try to play it cool but
Now she wish she woulda stayed 'cause
Every song that I made is
Ringin' like I got engaged (Yeah)
Love my guys, I wouldn't trade (Ayy)
From the cradle to the grave (Ayy)
Gordo got me on the wave (Ayy)
Ant got me on the wave (Ayy)
Couple hits, now you brave, boy
You niggas better behave (What)
All that pumpin' up your chest (What)
All that talk about the best (What)
You know how sticky it gets

Yeah
If I'm with two of 'em, then it's a threesome
If she alone, you know she a freak one
If it's an escort, it's a police one
King of the hill, you know it's a steep one
If we together, you know it's a brief one
Back in the ocean you go, it's a—
It's a deep one
Forgave niggas in they feelings, lucky for y'all, we don't do civilians
You say I changed, I say that I millions, I did
The toughest act to follow's back on tour
Off-road Maybach, Pyrex trap
Virgil came back through the boy, damn
That's somethin' to me, niggas really had they back turned to me
I ain't talkin' my assistant when I say niggas down to pack somethin' for me
Then they thought they had the trap set for me
How you really think that went for me?

Niggas gotta do a fact check for me
When everything is put to rest
And everybody takes a breath
And everything gets addressed
It's you alone with your regrets
All that pumpin' up your chest
All that talk about the best
You know how sticky it gets

Like, we weren't supposed to come up with something this clean
Like something happened