

## The Motto

Drake

I'm the fuckin man, you don't get it do ya?  
Type of money everybody acting like they knew ya  
Go Uptown, New York City Biiitch  
Some Spanish girls love me like I'm Aventura  
Tell Uncle Luke I'm out in Miami too  
Clubbing hard, Fuckin' women ain't much to do

Wrist blang, got a condo up in Biscayne  
Still getting brain from a thang, ain't shit changed  
How you feel? how you feel? how you feel?  
Twenty five sittin' on 25 mil uhh  
I'm in the building and I'm feeling myself  
Rest in peace Mac Dre, I'mma do it for the Bay, okay  
Getting paid well holla whenever that stop  
My team good, we don't really need a mascot  
Tell Tune "light one, pass it like a relay"  
YMCMB you niggas more YMCA  
Me, Freddie, Marley Marl at the cribbo  
Shout goes out to Niko, Jay and Chubbo, shout to Gibo  
We got Santa Margarita by the liter  
She know even if I'm fuckin with her, I don't really need her  
Aohhh, That's how you feel man?  
That's really how you feel?  
Cause the pimpin' ice cold, all these bitches wanna chill  
I mean maybe she won't  
Then again maybe she will  
I can almost guarantee she know the deal,  
Real nigga what's up?

Now she want a photo  
You already know though  
You only live once: that's the motto nigga YOLO and  
We bout it every day, every day, every day  
Like we sittin' on the bench, nigga we don't really play  
Every day, every day, fuck what anybody say  
Can't see 'em 'cause the money in the way  
Real nigga what's up?

One, time fuck one time  
I'm calling niggas out like the umpire  
Seven, grams in the blunt  
Almost drowned in her pussy so I swam to her butt  
It's Eastside, we in this bitch  
Wish a nigga would like a tree in this bitch  
And if a leaf fall put some weed in that bitch  
That's my MO add a B to that shit  
I'm fucked up, torn down  
I'm twisted: door knob  
Talk stupid, off with your head!  
Nigga money talks and Mr Ed! Yea!  
I'm so Young Money got a drum on the gun  
Energizer bunny  
Funny how honey ain't sweet like sugar  
Ain't shit sweet niggas on the street like hookers  
I tongue kiss her other tongue  
Skeet skeet skeet: water gun  
Oh my God, Becky, look at her butt! Tunechi

Now she want a photo  
You already know though  
You only live once: that's the motto nigga YOLO and  
We bout it every day, every day, every day  
Like we sittin on the bench, nigga we don't really play  
Every day, every day, fuck what anybody say  
Can't see 'em 'cause the money in the way  
Real nigga what's up what's up what's up

T Raw, skinny nigga big balls  
Fuck around get dragged, Ru Paul  
You a funny little nigga, Duval  
Out of this world, Total Recall  
Call a bitch raw dick let her see-saw  
Sorta like a donkey like an ass nigga he-haw  
Ridin round in the 'rari with the top off  
While you in the window man I'm probably on my next car  
Ay! Mighty duck with the ice on  
Real L.A. nigga trucks with the gun drawn  
Drawin on your face you a clown jack in the box  
Boy that's your bop she my new poom poom star  
Stars in the back and my homies they don't act  
Actin brand new fuck her never call her back  
Matt Forte got the bitch running back  
Man that's the motto you ain't know it's like that?

Now she want a photo  
You already know though  
You only live once: that's the motto nigga YOLO and  
We bout it every day, every day, every day  
Like we sittin on the bench, nigga we don't really play  
Every day, every day, fuck what anybody say  
Can't see 'em 'cause the money in the way  
Real nigga what's up what's up what's up