

# The Ride

Drake

[Intro]

I hate when people say they feel me man, I hate that shit.  
It'll be a long time before yall feel me, if ever

[Verse 1]

You won't feel me til everybody say they love you, but it's not love  
And your suit is Oxblood and your girl fuckin' hates you and your friends faded off shots of  
What you ordered than forget about the game you on top of  
Your famous girlfriend ass gettin' thicker than the plot does  
And when you forget it, that's when she pop up  
And you got a drop but you ride around with the top up  
I get 3 SUV's for niggas dressed like refugees  
And deal with the questions about all your excessive needs  
And you do dinners at French Laundry and Napa Valley  
Scallops and glasses of Dolce, that shit right up your alley  
You see a girl and you ask about her  
Bitches smiling at ya, it must be happy hour  
They put the cloth across your lap soon as you sat down  
It's feeling like you own every place you choosing to be at now  
Walking through airport security with your hat down  
'Stead of gettin' a pat down, they just keep on saying that they feel ya nigga

Yeah,

It's been too long  
Been way too long

[Hook - The Weeknd]

I'm faded too long, oooh  
Still I'm Faded too long, ooooh  
Still I've been faded too long  
I been faded too long  
The ride

[Verse 2]

You won't feel me til you want it so bad you tell yourself you're in it  
And tell the World around you that your paper work is finished  
And steal your mothers debit cards so you maintain an image  
And ride around in overpriced rental cars that ain't tinted  
You need a minute, you got it  
You know it's real when your latest nights are your greatest nights  
The sun is up when you get home, that's just a way of life  
Apartment 1503, some couches and paintings  
When you record with 2 others that want the same things  
Yeah, it start to feel better than home feels  
And so you up there every night you swear you getting close  
That champagne money was for gas and phone bills  
But shit you bout to spend it on what matters most  
You drop a couple songs and hopes that you can beat a nigga  
And come out every night to let the city see the nigga  
Telling stories that nobody relate to  
And even though they hate you they just keep on telling you they feel ya nigga

[Hook - The Weeknd]

[Verse 3]

I haven't been inside terminal 1 and 3 in so long  
I'm driving right up to it now, make sure you got your coat on  
That runway can be cold especially after summers rolled on  
And all you knew is alcohol and city lights and slow songs  
Performance out the years, got you asking whats good at home  
Whats good at home?  
The same hoes are still at it, I shoulda known  
My young niggas poppin' M's and sippin' dirty jones  
Problem children that all be reppin' Octobers Own  
Brand new girl, and she still growing  
Brand new titties, stitches still showing  
Yeah and she just praying that it heals good  
I'm bout to fuck and I'm just praying that it feels good  
I really don't know much but shit I know a secret  
They say more money more problems, my nigga don't believe it  
I mean sure there's some bills and taxes I'm still evading  
But I blew 6 million on my self and I feel amazing  
Young money maker, season ticket holder  
Season switching over  
I come through them bitches still scorching as if I didn't notice  
You niggas gettin' older, I see no threat in Yoda  
I'm out here messing over the lives of these niggas  
that couldn't fuck with my freshman flow  
Look at that fucking chip on your nephews shoulder  
My sophomore they was all for it, they all saw it  
My Juniors and senior will only get meaner  
Take Care nigga

[Hook]