

# Too Much

Drake

[Hook: Sampha]

Don't think about it too much, too much, too much, too much  
There's no need for us to rush it through  
Don't think about it too much, too much, too much, too much  
This is more than just a new lust for you

[Verse 1: Drake]

Done sayin' I'm done playin'  
Last time was on the outro  
Stuck in the house, need to get out mo'  
I've been stackin' up like I'm fund-raisin'  
Most people in my position get complacent  
Wanna come places with star girls, and then end up on them front pages  
I'm quiet with it; I just ride with it  
Moment I stop havin' fun with it, I'll be done with it  
I'm the only one that's puttin' shots up  
And like a potluck, you need to come with it  
Don't run from it, like H-Town in the summer time, I keep it 100  
Met a lot of girls in my times there, word to Paul Wall, not one fronted  
I was birthed there in my first year, man I know that place like I come from  
it  
Backstage at Warehouse in '09 like "Is Bun comin'?"  
Fuck that, is anyone comin' before I show up there and there's no one there?  
"  
These days, I could probably pack it for like twenty nights if I go in there  
Back rub from my main thing, I've been stressed out  
Talkin' to her like back then they didn't want me, I'm blessed now  
Talkin' to her like this drop, bet a million copies get pressed out  
She tell me, "Take a deep breath, you're too worried about bein' the best out  
t"

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[Verse 2: Drake]

Uh -  
Someone go tell Noel to get the Backwoods  
Money got my whole family goin' backwards  
No dinners, no holidays, no nothin'  
There's issues at hand that we're not discussin'  
I did not sign up for this  
My uncle used to have all these things on his bucket list  
And now he's actin' like "Oh well, this is life, I guess." Nah, fuck that shit  
it  
Listen man, you can still do what you wanna do, you gotta trust that shit  
Heard once that in dire times when you need a sign, that's when they appear  
Guess since my text message didn't resonate, I'll just say it here  
I hate the fact my mom cooped up in her apartment, tellin' herself  
That she's too sick to get dressed up and go do shit, like that's true shit  
And all my family from the M-Town that I've been 'round  
Started treatin' me like I'm "him" now  
Like we don't know each other, we ain't grow together, we just friends now  
Shit got me feelin' pinned down, pick the pen up and put the pen down  
I'm writin' to you from a distance like a pen pal, but we've been down

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[Outro: Sampha]

Don't feel like, you give up  
Your heart's done  
Your love's done  
Don't give up  
Don't fake it  
Don't have to...