

# Used To

Drake

Boys, now listen, we got more motherfuckin' TV screens  
On the outside the damn tour bus than on that motherfucker. Boys playin' Playstation  
We come through motherfuckin' hang gliding  
Off motherfuckin' Versace skyscrapers  
I don't get it, what more can you ask for?

Yeah, sound sound sound  
Real 6 side shit  
Sickos, ah man

Yeah, when you get to where I'm at  
You gotta remind 'em where the fuck you at  
Every time they talkin' it's behind your back  
Gotta learn to line 'em up and then attack  
They gon' say your name on them airwaves  
They gon' hit you up right after like it's only rap  
Jewels look like I found a motherfuckin' treasure map  
And ain't told no one where the fuck it's at  
Shout out to the G's from the ends  
We don't love no girls from the ends  
I'm gon' hit 'em with the wham once again  
I'mma always end up as a man in the end, dog  
It's just apparent every year  
Only see the truth when I'm staring in the mirror  
Lookin' at myself like, there it is there  
Yeah, like there it is there man, whoo  
I ain't tryna chance it  
I be with the bands like a nigga went to Jackson State  
Or Grambling  
Young Nick Cannon with the snare drum, dancin'  
Watch the way I handle it, uh  
Bring it to the bedroom, you know that shit is candle lit  
She know I'm the man with it, uh  
With the bands like I must've went to Clark, went to Hampton  
I ain't playin' with it

I ain't felt the pressure in a little while  
It's gonna take some getting used to  
Floatin' all through the city with the windows down  
Puttin' on like I used to  
They never told me when you get the crown  
It's gon' take some getting used to  
New friends all in their old feelings now  
They don't love you like they used to man

Way more gully gully than buddy buddy  
Never needed your acceptance, never needed nothin'  
You don't understand, I'm the only one to hear from  
You don't understand that it's me or nothin'  
Yea, I'm fuckin' glowin' up  
Shaq postin' up on niggas that I used to have posters of  
Real quick man, you couldn't have hated that  
Let's be real nigga, you couldn't have made it that  
Woah, dance our dance, watch me dance  
You're fuckin' with the best man, I'm too advanced  
After this drop I got new demands

Can't meet the terms, keep it movin' then  
Make sure the plane got a phone now  
So when we bout to land I can call to tell the wolves I'm home now  
I'll tell 'em link up at the valley at the Hazy  
Think I had the shit that had the city going crazy

When you get to where the fuck I'm at  
You gotta remind 'em about where you been  
About all of the money that done came and went  
About the two cents I ain't never spent  
When they say you're too famous to pack a gat  
I gotta remind 'em about where I'm from  
Not about where I'm going, about where I've gone  
Stepping on a Swisher roach like a stepping stone  
Goin' at a nigga throat like a herringbone  
Boy do I smell beef? Mmmm pheromones  
Got a fuckin' halo over my devil horns  
Trap pumpin' all night like Chevron  
Suck a nigga dick for a iPhone 6  
Fuck my nigga Terry for a new Blackberry  
You can get buried for a ounce of Katy Perry  
I was only five but still remember the drought in '87  
Lord tell 'em bitches I ain't got no times to play games with 'em  
I ain't got no time  
Tell her that I love her and I hate her in the same sentence  
I'm fuckin' her mind  
I got, mind control over Deebo  
Parmesan my panino  
Promethazine over Pinot  
And when my bloods start shootin' that's B-roll bitch

Let's just let bygones be bygones, okay?  
Let's just go ahead and just let bygones be bygones  
I pull up lookin' like a damn cyborg, weighin' 224  
Oh man, these boys don't even understand  
Listen when you see OVO Jodi pull up on the scene with Drake  
For goodness sakes, well for goodness sakes  
You see this mixtape you listenin' to? This an album  
Yea, we could have, we could have sold it to you for 17.99  
Or 29.99 with the shirt, buy it at the Target  
These motherfuckers trippin' so hard I had to look down and double check cause I thought they had their shoes tied together  
Motherfuckers got they shoes tied together  
What more could you ask for?  
Boys harassing me with these questions  
How about this?  
How about don't ask me no more motherfucking questions  
We ain't doing no interview