

# Wants and Needs

Drake

(Six)

Yeah

Yeah

Yeah

Leave me out the comments, leave me out the nonsense

Speakin' out of context, people need some content

Niggas tryna keep up, shit is not a contest

Whippin' Benz concept

Heaven-sent, God-sent

Least that's what my mom says

Proof is in the progress, money's not a object

Busy than a motherfucker, you know how my job get

Barkin' up the wrong tree, you know how the dogs get

Haven't fallen off yet, yee

Come with a classic, they come around years later and say it's a sleeper

The earrings are real, the petty is real, might charge my ex for a feature

Deposit the money to Brenda, LaTisha, or Linda, Felicia

She came for me twice, I didn't even nut for her once, you know I'm a please  
r

Forty-two millimeter, was made in Geneva

Yeah, I probably should go to Yeshiva, we went to Ibiza

Yeah, I probably should go link with Yeezy, I need me some Jesus

But soon as I started confessin' my sins, he wouldn't believe us

Sins, I got sins on my mind

And some M's, got a lot of M's on my mind

And my friends, yeah, I keep my friends on my mind

I'm in love, I'm in love with two girls at one time

And they tens, that's why I got ten on my mind

I got M's, got a lot of M's on my mind

And my friends, yeah, I keep my friends on my mind

Should repent, I need me some Jesus in my life

Amen

I'm from the four, but I love me a threesome

Dior my deleter, she my lil' secret

He tryna diss me to blow up, I peep it

I can't respond, we just go at your people

If I left some racks on the bed, you can keep it

This shit gettin' deeper and deeper, I dig it

My shovel wasn't bent, I was broke, had to fix it

A shark in the water, you swim with the lil' fishes

I hit today, by tomorrow, she miss it

I grab her neck, she look up, then I kiss it

I'm not a GOAT, but I fit the description

I like to pour, so I get the prescription

We walk around with them bands in our britches

This gun ain't gon' jam, when I blow, I ain't missin'

I'm droppin' hit after hit, I'm just chillin'

But I'll send a hit while I chill with my children

Bigger the business, the bigger the office

I fucked 'round and found me a swag, then I caught up

They call for my artists, they makin' me offers

I don't even bargain, I'll start from the bottom

I lost a Ferrari, Las Vegas, Nevada

I woke up the followin' day and went harder

I'm crackin' my shell now, they see that I'm smarter  
I gotta get money, I love to get charter  
I gave her four Birkins and one's for her daughter  
I can't let 'em down, walk around with my guard up  
I'm screamin' out "YOLO," yeah, that's still the motto  
I know I be on some shit that they ain't thought of

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