

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 pleasure
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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