

## What's Next

Drake

Ayy, woah

Ayy, ayy

Yeah

I'm makin' a change today  
The liquor been takin' the pain away  
I heard you was givin' your chain away  
That's kinda like givin' your fame away  
What's wrong with you?  
I sit in a box where the owners do  
A boss is a role that I've grown into  
I love you to death but I told you the truth

I can't just be with you and only you  
Yeah, I got one, Virgil got one and that there is the only two  
Man, how many times have I shown improvement?  
How many nights I been (Woah)  
Swervin' them potholes  
Not tryna fuck up the wheels on the road, okay  
Funny how life goes  
He thought he was sick, now he wipin' his nose, okay  
Soon as you give 'em your soul  
You blow up and they say you're selling your soul, okay  
They want my life exposed  
They wanna know about the highs and lows

Well, summer, all I did was rest, okay?  
And New Year's, all I did was stretch, okay?  
And Valentine's Day, I had sex, okay?  
We'll see what's 'bout to happen next  
Okay? Okay? Okay?  
We'll see what's 'bout to happen next  
Okay? Okay? Okay?  
We'll see what's 'bout to happen, ayy, ayy  
We'll see what's 'bout to happen, ayy  
We'll see what's 'bout to happen

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A boss is a role that I've grown into  
I love you to death but I told you the truth  
I

Ayy, yeah

I got one, Laurie got one and that there is the only two  
Man, how many times have I told you the truth?  
Man, how many nights I been (Woah)  
Swervin' them potholes  
Not tryna fuck up the wheels or fuck up the deals  
I'm posted in Stockholm  
It's me, the owls and the twins, it's only the real  
I'm movin' way too humble  
Weezy had handed it off, I still got no fumbles

I'm on the hot one hundo, numero uno  
This one ain't come with a bundle  
I'm in the Wynn, a million in chocolate chips  
And that's just how my cookie crumble  
I put a skirt on a whip and a crown on the six  
But there's no need to dress up the numbers  
Ayy, ayy, yeah  
But I guess they must have they reasons  
They wanna know how I'm livin' my day-to-day life in the regular season

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Okay? Okay? Okay?  
We'll see what's 'bout to happen next  
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We'll see what's 'bout to happen, ayy  
We'll see what's 'bout to happen

I told you that I was a mess, okay  
I get out of bed and get dressed, okay  
I think about ways I could fuck on your friend  
It's something I never confessed, okay  
God got me to protect, okay  
Mama, I paid out the debt, okay  
Baby Keem waiting on wings  
You fuckin' him now, I'm gonna be next, one day  
Skrt, skrt, skrt, skrt (Skrt, skrt)  
You wake up and floss like I'm not for gossip  
You niggas fraud, like I'm in the moshpit  
This ain't for stage freight, black out the tent  
Then skrt off the lot, went turbo, ferocious, and I  
Your bitch on hypnosis, and I  
Tell the mama that I'm sorry, Baby  
Keem way too impulsive, and I  
Baby Keem been a GOAT, we know  
Baby Keem for the soul, we know  
Keep these hoes on tippy-toe  
Your relation with the trolls  
Pick him up and wipe his nose  
I jump in out that fire  
Microwave relationships on IG

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Happy birthday, bitch  
I got a gift for you, it's my dick  
Make a wish, make a wish  
Make a wish, make a wish, make a wish