

## Drake

Russ

Yeah

Yeah

Taking bottles to the face like Tony Parker  
Half a million dollars, that can't be your only offer  
Writin' 'bout the truth, hope I'm not the only author  
Talking to this girl, feeling like her only father  
Running shit like fugitives  
Take my hammer to these MC's cause I'm too legit  
No ones rapping for the passion, y'all just do this cause it's  
lucrative  
Foolishness, that's why y'all barely make it to your debut  
And never see your second, man I hope these minutes save you  
Cause our time is limited  
Hope you start something and finish it  
Run that fucking marathon, shoutout to Nipsey spittin' it  
Momma told me sign a deal, I know she's been waitin' on it  
Labels tryna' gas me up and break me but I ain't breaking on it  
Imma' wait it out and exercise my fucking patiences on it  
Verses hit you like a shot, hooks, like their laced with chroni  
c  
Not to mention all the beats you've swallowed, Imma' make you v  
omit  
Too ill, too real  
This is what the truth feels

Like Mike, 23, by the time I'm 23  
Imma' have some accolades that blow my brain like Kennedy

Five on five, Inside my mind, it's feeling like this ten to me  
Hope that I can make it, to the day, where these memories  
Fade away to long, I hope this ride Isn't the death of me  
Cause I got duty to make these foaly rappers lemon squeeze  
Emmys please  
Oscars maybe, Grammys that's a definite  
Imma' fuck the game, present the body just for evidence  
Platinum albums on my wall, somewhere In my Bungalow  
Universe is my judge and my jury, yeah I'm under oath  
Got the weight, in my work, yeah I got a ton of dope  
Money so clean it feels dirty, that's all I fuckin' wrote

That's all I fuckin' wrote  
Man  
I just came to vent  
Yeah