

Drake f/ Bun B, Lil Wayne**"Uptown"**

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[Lil Wayne - Intro] Yah... Uh-huh... [Drake - Verse 1ne] Uh... hardly home but always reppin... You hardly on and always second... When I'm awake, you always restin... And when they call you the answer, you are hardly ques-tion I, I'm doin classic shit in all my sessions Other niggas' situations, they are all depressin That's why I never follow y'all suggestions I just always did my own thang Now I run the game, you stupid mutha-suckas I see all these money through my +Ohio State Buckeyes+ Shit been goin good, but good can turn to better 'Cause you the type to lose 'er, and I'm about to get 'er.... [Chorus: Drake] It's okay, it's okay, it's okay, it's okay, it's okay You can run and tell your friends that I'm on I'm on, I'm on, I'm on, I'm on, I'm on Best believe I understand it's okay, it's okay, it's okay It's okay, it's okay, it's okay You can run and tell my city I'm on I'm on, I'm on, I'm on, I'm on, c'mon You can run and tell my city it's on [Drake - Verse 2wo] Yeah... wrong way down a one-way Women don't get saved 'round me, even on a Sunday Damn, where I get it from? These niggas always wonder who Then they meet my pop and tell 'em, "Drake is just a younger you" And shawty wanna party, so don't let yo' girl up out the house or there'll be shots on TMZ of me givin her mouth-to-mouth.. Now she's famous and the paparazzi starts to shoot her I drive two black cars, I named 'em Malcolm X and Martin Luther I don't ever play, but I'm in the game la-dy They just lose to +love+, those are tennis games, lady Have you countin money, goin duffle bag crazy Sippin on Pink Floyd and puffin Wayne Braaaa-dy Damn, +Whose Line is it Anyways?+ I'm in the daze, you been amazed Y'all seem to be stuck on that beginner stage I'm on fire, yup I've been a blaze I got dough to blow, but I wanna blow it right, you look nice and yo' frame, makes me wanna bowl a strike, well alright Guess I might, know what? Fuck it, yes I will I am more than what you bargained for and nothin less than real Put it to ya life [Chorus] [Bun B - Verse 3hree] Bun B, king of the trill, also one of the dop-est Whether the streets or on the mic, I'm dope and yes I'm foc-used The gangsta

recognize me for my loc-ness, no joke, it's time to
shake these haters off like the skin of a lo-cust or
maybe like a py-thon, that's the type o' shit I'm, on I
wrote this on my i-Phone, so let me drop this i-Bomb I,
palm the game like it's a Spalding ball and take, flight
from the free-throw line and slam it down like I'm the
great Mike Bun n' Wayne n' Drake in here, manye this
gon' be a great night Look at all these posers bite our
swagger like a great white Try to cross me over I just
fake left, then I break, right Stupid animal tricks like
David Letterman's Late Night This that major moment
you've been waitin on for too, long The best that ever
did it and doin it on a new, song UGK and Young,
Mone,y too strong Bound to be in the green like a crou-
ton, so what the fuck is YOU, on? [Chorus] [Lil Wayne -
Verse 4our] Yeeeeeeeh...yaaaaaehh... I am the leather
jacket, black glasses, All-American bad boy I own the
swagga supermarket and you - you just a bag boy
'cause I got that swag boy, the swag you never have
boy Hate and I will leave ya chest the color of my flag,
boy Su-woo bitch, I do this shit I'll erase you like I drew
you, bitch And I keep that toasta, you can come and be
my strudel, BIIIIITCH~! I'm so Uptown! and mutha-
FUCKA if you ain't, don't +GO+ Uptown, yeaaaah-
AHH!! And now I'm on dat rock shit But why they let me
in? I'ma start shootin in a moshpit Haha! FUCK is you
talkin bout?! weezy in ya mouth now, Weezy whatchu
talkin booooooooooooooooouuuuut Young Mula, bayy-
BAAAAAAAAAAAAAY~! [Chorus] [Lil Wayne - Outro] Yah...
Uh-huh...

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