

**Drake f/ Jay-Z****"Light Up"**

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[Drake] I've been up for four days, gettin money both ways Dirty and clean, I could use a glass of cold Spades Rolexes, chauffeurs and low fades I keep thinkin how young can you die from old age They always tell me "Nobody's workin as hard as you" And even though I laugh it off man it's probably true Cause while all of my closest friends out partyin I'm just here makin all the music that they party to But party on, party on all night nigga I got these new rappers nervous, prom night nigga I grow tired of these fuckin grown man liars Story tellers, they ain't even need a campfire Uhh, but I just wanna tell the truth Before one of these haters load a couple shells and shoot This shit feel like when Fredro Starr was in "Sunset Park" stuntin hard in his yellow goose Yeah, and I'm a muh'fuckin missed target But a target nonetheless and I just started Was that directed at moi? Can't be They must be talkin to themselves Hov', hands-free Yeah, and I'm just fillin up this deadly planner Gettin busy cause I'm a +Star+, no +Spangled Banner+ Jealous dudes get to talkin in they music and I just say I wrote it for your girlfriends, Kelsey Grammar Yeah, that's what life becomes when you're doin you Welcome to Hollywood, don't let this town ruin you And if you pillow talkin with the women that are screwin you Just know that she gon' tell another nigga when she through with you Don't get impatient when it takes too long You drink it all, even when it tastes too strong Yeah, I gotta feel alive even if it kills me Promise to always give you me, the real me [Chorus: Drake] Who, would've thought I'd be caught, in this life Let's celebrate, with a toast And get lost, in tonight And make it all light up... Wait until the sun goes down We gon' make this bitch light up... Even when the sun goes down I'ma make it go [Jay-Z] Ay Guru tell, tell homegirl to open that Ace right there... Owwww! Hov' turn they heads like, owwwwls I'm the man of the, hour Triple entendre, don't even ask me how Con Edison flow I'm connected to a higher power Bright lights'll make your whole city light up A trillion watt light bulb when I'm in the night club I just landed in that G-450 Caught the Mayweather fight cause the satellite was

crispy Uh, y'all can miss me with the money talk The  
smart money's on Hov', fuck what the dummies talk  
Uh, I don't do too much blogg'in I just run the town, I  
don't do too much joggin Mm, I ain't got a scar yet  
Cause you fuckin 'round with me and my dawgs is  
farfetched Drake, here's how they gon' come at you  
With silly rap feuds tryin to distract you In disguise in  
the form of a favor The Barzini meeting, watch for the  
traitors Uh, I done seen it all, done it all That's why  
none of these dum-dums could done him off The  
summer's ours, the winter too Top down in the winter,  
that's what winners do And to these niggaz I'm like,  
Windows 7 You let 'em tell it they swear, that they  
invented you And since no good deed go unpunished  
I'm not as cool with niggaz as I once was I once was,  
cool as the Fonz was But these bright lights turned me  
to a monster Sorry mamma I promised it wouldn't  
change me but I would've went insane had I remained  
the same me Fuck niggaz, bitches too All I got is this  
money, this'll do [Chorus]

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