

Drake f/ Lil Wayne, Trey Songz

"Successful"

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[Intro - Trey Songz] The money (money), the cars (cars)
The clothes (clothes), the hoes, I suppose... yeah!
[Chorus - Trey Songz] I want the money, money and the
cars Cars and the clothes, the hoes, I suppose I just
wanna be, I just wanna be successful I just wanna be, I
just wanna be successful I just wanna be, I just wanna
be successful [Verse 1 - Drake] Drizzy Aw yeah, Trey I
fuckin' feel ya They be starin' at the money like it's
unfamiliar I get it, I live it, to me there's nothing realer
Just enough to solve your problems, too much'll kill ya
And when I leave I always come right back here The
young spitter that everybody in rap fear Alot of ya'll are
still sounding like last year The game need change and
I'm the motherfuckin' cashier Nickels for my thoughts,
dimes in my bed Quarters of the kush shave the lines in
my head Take my verses too serious, you'll hate me
Cause I'm the one to paint a vivid picture, no HD Yeah, I
want it all, that's why I strive for it Diss me, you'll never
hear a reply for it Any award show or party, I get fly for
it But I know that it's coming, I just hope that I'm alive
for it [Chorus - Trey Songz] I want the money, money
and the cars Cars and the clothes, the hoes, I suppose I
just wanna be, I just wanna be successful I just wanna
be, I just wanna be successful I just wanna be, I just
wanna be successful [Verse 2 - Drake] Yeah, I want
things to go my way But as of late, alot of shit been
going sideways And my mother try to run away from
home But I left something in the car and so I caught her
in the driveway And she cried to me, so I cried too And
my stomach was soaking wet, she only 5'2" And 48
hours all before I showed up And brought a thousand
dollars worth of drinks and got poored up Damn, my
reality just set in And even when the pantoms leased,
them hoes wanna get in I do alot of things hoping I
never have to fit in So try to keep up with my progress,
it's like a dead-end My girl love me, but fuck it my heart
beats slow And right now the tour bus is looking like a
freak show And life change for us every single week so
it's good, but I know this ain't the peak though cause I
want the [Chorus - Trey Songz] I want the money,
money and the cars Cars and the clothes, the hoes, I

suppose I just wanna be, I just wanna be successful I
just wanna be, I just wanna be successful I just wanna
be, I just wanna be successful [talking] Alright well uh,
aight Why don't you put that fucking cigarette out
Making it to the top, all the way to the top You need to
go for the money, and not the money you know what
I'm saying Hahahaha, you know what I'm saying?
[Verse 3 - Drake] Uh, why is words from a decent man
Back when I was trying to put a ring on Alicia hand This
lost boy got fly without Peter Pan And my delivery has
got me buzzing like the Pizza Man In-person I am
everything and more I'm everywhere these other
niggas never been before But inside I'm treading
water, steady trying to swim to shore I'm on a shopping
spree to get whatever is in store Yeah, just call me
"Shopping Bag Drizzy" Or call me "Mr. Damn, he ain't
coppin' that, is he?" And fans that he freshmen, it's
about to get iffy While this young'n that you doubted is
about to get busy I'ma kill it, I promise, that's how I
know ya mad I've always treated my city like some
shoulder pads The big homie, use a flash if you must
And I swear I ain't asking for much, all I want is the
[Chorus - Trey Songz] (Drake & Lil Wayne) I want the
money, money and the cars Cars and the clothes, the
hoes, I suppose I just wanna be, I just wanna be
successful (D: yeah, that's all I want man) I just wanna
be, I just wanna be successful (W:you gotta tell 'em
Trey) I just wanna be, I just wanna be successful [Drake
talking] Yeah, it's like I, it's like I know what I wanna say
I just don't know how to say it... to you [Verse 4 - Lil
Wayne] Uh Pardon the swag, but bitch it's Car-tey Long
bread, I don't eat shortcake, how come I can't miss a
woman like I can't miss court dates Cheese, but she's
not in this portrait And yeah, life's fine, but I don't
portray I'm on the other side, but it is a short gate I
don't want the glow, I want the glo-ray And I'ma fuck
the world, but this is just foreplay Tired of hearing
bullshit, bring on the cow shit Haven't met a smell
that's stinkier then our shit Haha, and that's word to
Toronto So high up, I got birds in the condo Ha, ain't
that a female dog Ask her who I am to her, and she yell
"God" Weezy Baby, I go re-al hard No further details
boy

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