

Drake "5 AM In Toronto"

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Yeah, this on some old Tommy Campos Dice Roll sh-t
For my nigg-s, though

[Verse 1]

You underestimated greatly
Most number ones ever, how long did it really take me
The part I love most is they need me more than they
hate me
So they never take shots, I got everybody on safety
I could load every gun with bullets that fire backwards
You probably wouldn't lose a single rapper
Nigg-s make threats, can't hear 'em over the laughter
Yeah, that's cause I'm headed to the bank, n-gga
Sinatra lifestyle, I'm just being Frank with you
I mean, where you think she at when she ain't with you
Wildin', doin' sh-t that's way out of your budget
Owl sweaters inside her luggage, you gotta love it
Damn, this sh-t could go on a tape
B-tches lovin' my drive, I never give it a break
Give these n-ggas the look, the verse, and even the
hook
That's why every song sound like Drake featuring
Drake
Tr8, Y pree? Why is it always me?
Got us watchin' our words like there's wire taps on the
team
Cause I show love, never get the same outta nigg-s
Guess it's funny how money can make change outta
nigg-s
For real
Some nobody started feelin' himself
A couple somebodies started killin' themself
A couple albums dropped, those are still on the shelf
I bet them sh-ts would have popped if I was willin' to
help
I got a gold trophy from the committee for validation
Bad press during the summer over allegations
I ain't lyin', my n-gga, my time is money
That's why I ain't got time for a n-gga who's time is
comin'
A lot of n-ggas PR stuntin' like that's the movement
And I'm the only n-gga still know for the music

I swear, f-ck them niggas this year
I made Forbes list, n-gga
F-ck your list, everything's lookin' gorgeous
Without me, rap is just a bunch of orphans
But if I stay in the sh-t, there's a bunch of corpses
And me and my dread n-gga from New Orleans
Stashin' money like hoarders off multi-platinum
recordings
Eat it like I'm seated at Swiss, Sotto, and Joso's
Nothin' was the same, this sh-t for Easy and Cocoa
This sh-t for Kareem, this sh-t for Jaevon
This sh-t for Julius, Milly Mill
We do this sh-t for real
All them boys in my will
All them boys is my wheel
Anything happen to pop and I got you like Uncle Phil
Weezy been on that edge, you n-ggas just need to chill
If anything happen to papi, might pop a n-gga for real
Comin' live from the screwface, livin' out a suitcase
But I'm feelin' good, Johnny got me pushin' two plates
My weight up, I refuse to wait up, I started a new race
It's funny when you think a n-gga blew up after Lupe
N-ggas treat me like I've been here for 10
Some n-ggas been here for a couple, never been here
again
I'm on my King James sh-t, I'm tryin' to win here again
A young n-gga tryin' to win here again
Man, what's up

Yeah, A young n-gga tryin' to win here again
If I like her, I just fly her to the city I'm in
I got her drinkin' with your boy
I got her f-cked up, shorty
Aww yeah

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