

Drake

"9 A.M. In Dallas Freestyle"

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Yeah uh yeah
These are my one St Thomas flows
Me and my niggas and some madonna hoes
That look just like virgins
But trust they down to go
Discussin' life and all our common goals
Smart kids that smoke weed, honor roll
Look how the champagne diamonds flow
Find dining, pour another another glass when the wine
is low

Im in the crib stackin' money from here to the ceilin'
Whatever it is I got is clearly appealin'
These other rappers gettin' at it very you feelin'
I hope you feel it in your soul spiritual healin'
Take a look at yourself the mirror's revealin'
If you ain't got it you ain't got it the theory is brilliant

People ask how music is goin' I heard it pays
I just came off makin' 2 million in 30 days
Damn I guess it does what the message was
Sometimes I feel I be spendin' my money just because
But weezy I'm just out here reppin' us
Till I get to shake the hand of the man that's blessin' us

Yeah, I know these niggas miss the mean lyrics
Kush got the room smellin' like teen spirit
I asked kindly if no-one out here would bring there feet
up
Until I lose for now I'm the game's single leader
I fly private so no-one tells me to bring my seat up
And book a suite when me and your favorite singer
meet up

Who you like, tell me who it is
Imma make sure that that women is the next one on my
list
I should call it a night but fuck it i can't resist
This one is for all my niggas from my city tryin' to diss
Without a response from me you really fail to exist

And I love to see you fail that feelin' there is the shit
I swear, aghh pussy nigga get your bread up
Enjoy the seat that the steward just forced your ass to
let up
Why your scary ass lookin' down pick your head up
No-one told you your disguise is the most ridiculous
gettup
With nose plugs in now I can smell a set up
So your just wastin your time your just only makin me
better

Yeah I try to tell them don't judge me because you
heard stuff
Chasin' cash that's my brother from the surf club
Damn that nigga always kept it so hood
Back when we would smoke good
At the oakwoods
And have girls fall through like coins in a couch
Now we just fuckin all the bitches they warned us about
Scared for the first time everything has clicked
What if I dont really do the numbers they predict
Considerin the fact that I'm the one that they just
picked
To write a chapter in history this shit has got me sick
But if I really do it dont expect to get a split
Cause this truly is some shit I don't expect you all to get

Im nervous but I'm about to kill it cause they about to let
the realist team in
Throwin up in a huddle nigga Willie beamin
Were still throwin touchdown passes
And tore his frame glasses
Hopin that someone catch it
People say that oh drake we started to miss it
But they need to be a little more specific
Man is this what yall want?

And my best chris tucker impression
Ducking your questions
Fuck your suggestions
Money gets all of my love and affection
Cars all black like the cover of essence
I'm allergic to comin in second
But I never sneeze
Nigga YMOE nigga yeeah

Uh, yeah, this want yall want
Octobers Very Own
Young Money
ATF
Thank me later in this bitch wasssup

Free Weezy in this bitch wasup
June 15th in this bitch wasup

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