

Drake "Aston Martin Music"

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[Chorus: Chrisette Michelle]

mobbin to the music this is how we do it(all night)
Breezin down the freeway just me and my baby(in our
ride)
Just me and my boss no worries at all
Listening to this....Aston Martin Music Music

[Hook: Drake]

Would have came back for you
I just needed time to do what I had to do
Caught in the life I cant let it go
Whether thats right I will never know(ugh but here goes
nothin)

[Verse 1: Rick Ross]

When Im alone in my room sometimes I stare at the
walls
Automatic weapons on the floor but who can you call
My down bitch, one who live by the code
Put this music shit aside get it in on the road
Lot of quiet time, pink bottles of Rose
Exotic red bottoms, so-bodied glittered in gold
Following fundamentals Im following in the rental
I love a nasty girl swallowins on the menu
And money triple up when you get it out of state
Need a new safe cause Im runnin out of space
elroy Jetson Im somewhere out of space
In my two-seater she the one that I would take...we

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[Verse 2: Rick Ross]

Pull up on the block in a drop-top chicken box
Mr. KFC DVS's is in the watch
Livin fast where its all about that money bag
Never front you take it there it aint no comin back
Top down right here is where she want to be
That's why goals unfold right in front of me
Eveytime we fuck her soul take ahold of me
Addicted like boogie that pussy be controllin me
That thang keep callin
Fuck maintain boy I gotta keep ballin
Pink bottles keep comin
James Bond coup pop clutch 100

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[Hook: Drake]

Would have came back for you
I just needed time to do what I had to do
Caught in the life I cant let it go
Whether thats right I will never know
hope you will forgive me

never meant it all
tried to be patient but waited too long
but i woulda came back
but i woulda came back for you
woulda came back
woulda came back for you

I talk slicker than a pimp from Augusta
Who just had his linen suit dry-cleaned, bitches, what's up witcha?
I hate callin' the women bitches, but the bitches love it
I took some sense and made a nickel of it
I'm urg'in' all daughters to kiss they mothers
With those lips that all that lipstick covers
You're never too grown up to miss and hug her
And girls countin' on me to be there like missin' rubbers
I'm on some Marvin Gaye shit, a bunch of distant lovers
This ain't the life that I'm used to
Reintroduced to people I've been introduced to

Did you forget me? Or are you too scared to tell me
that you met me
And fear that I won't remember, I wish you could still
accept me for me
I miss Memphis, Tennessee, my cousins, my dad
The simplistic beauty that all of them Southerners have
I'm halfway across the world with dozens of bags
Feelin' like all four members of Color Me Badd
In one nigga, amazing shit
I got that Courtney Love for you, that crazy shit
I don't drink every bottle I own, I be agin' shit
And I got them wedding ring flows, that engagin' shit
Which one of y'all got fleets on your keychains? The
seats for these Heat games?
I really think you stare at yourself and you see things
La Familia, I've been inducted and instructed
To stunt on these niggas we don't really fuck wit
Fuck is up?
Havin' lunch and debatin' Ferrari prices
23 and goin' through a midlife crisis
But trust me, I still deliver like a midwife
And no, I'm not sayin' I'm the nicest, I just live like it
Uh, it take a certain type of man to teach
To be far from hood, but to understand the streets
I never threw away that paper with my Grammy speech
Because I haven't hit the pinnacles I plan to reach
Yeah, you gotta own it if you want it
Kisses all on her body, she tells me live in the moment
And, baby, I'll never forget none of that
Girl, I told you I was coming back

[Hook: Drake]

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Aston Martin Music Music(2x)

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