

**Drake****"Barry Bonds"**

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It's what you all been waiting for ain't it You weakly entertainin For me to get a hold of this beat Go ahead claim it I'mma bout to paint a picture You niggahs go ahead frame it Since we gettin sinfeld With that jerry and elaine shit... I flow far from medeocer And if we talking cards I will fold him with the poker You and your whole crew are like a deck a 54 So it's obvious ya'll be steady rollin with some jokers And me? I'm rolling with some brokers Like damn. can you niggahs get any broker? I got my new girl so content Just save yourself the ebarreusement, don't even aproch her Disguise your self, go buy a costume I am making stock works, while you working stock rooms (ughh) and I was praying I would drop june, But label reps applying preasure to make them pop tunes So I keep it rocking for pet sakes You fake gangsta rappers a clecha And if you ain't talking dough when you meet drake I'll be in your face, Like "no speak a la engliash" Soon as you hear it you quote it They try to be the one that I done left out the show with But trust me I'm aware, and my cars right there Is this interior enough for ya'll material motives Cause if you like it ya'll shud stick with me My money good, I ain't neva had to flip a key Alotta ice, alotta cream like dickey d Might cut the phone and disapear like mishy me But I'mma try and have you on the trip with me Slid in threw a harry bendale like it's slippery And your ex mans a hatter oficialy Probably cause he know I'm exactly what you wish he be Yeah... that's the reason why he looking hard Cause I've done snatched the chips ahoy out the cookie jar He just made cause his gurls at the house With her tounge stickign out, Like a Michael Jordan rookie hard Let me addrres this, parden me while I fix A couple subliminal lines caught me in the mix I guess he thought he could of been gotti in the flix But at this point I'm just pocking a body with a stick Now a days rapping is a childrens hobby And grils keep telling me I'm still this snobby I tell them myself who I am feeling probably Just because I gotta buzz like a building lobby It ain't a song that your ass finna skipp I try'd to sell weed, give me cash for this zip The way your girlfriend pump me up in the car Seem like she

don't really need no gas for the trip Millionaire shades,  
fade with the waves I smirk at a niggah if he still  
rocking braids That just let's me know that we ain't on  
the same page And that goes out to every niggah  
except trey... (eyy) I'm outta here baby, they asked me  
about the past years and how does it phaze me I wudnt  
take it back, naww not if they pay me Unless you betcha  
that's expencive cause it's not a? Spittin a crock pot of  
bottemless gravy The shit is so nasty, how is it tasty?  
And you can probably find him walking out of a Macy's  
Forget it girl, they just thinking how to replace me Exit  
with a joke, leave these niggahs some hope You put the  
yay beat and put that shit in a joke Well... I'm thinking I  
should leave out on this note Niggah keep your two  
cents I ain't trynna leave you broke Life of a don, lights  
keep gloown Come up in the club with that fresh shit on  
Something crazy on my arm... And here's another hit  
Barry Bonds

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