

Drake "Believe It Or Not"

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(Gucci Mane)

I'm so f*cking dumb I wear diamonds on my thumbs,
There's a diamond on my d*ck so that's a diamond on her tongue,
I can't feel you baby cuz I romantically numb,
Emotionally drained I came here just so I can come,
It's nothing on the God son that I haven't done,
I got a lot of problems, getting p*ssy just isn't one,
Girls are like buses every 15 mins they run,
Now there like potato chips I just can not have one,
And I might like you for a minute,
But I don't like your friends in my business,
And I don't feel like you deserve a visit,
Cuz you ain't in the kitchen with me water whipping.

(Hook)(Drake)

Uh, uh ahhhhhhh,
I know you say you love me girl,
I know you say you love me girl,
Problem is you prolly tell that sh*t to everybody
So, we hear you talking boo but we just don't believe you.

(Drake)

Uh, ok I'm all about it, all for it,
I'm all-star Team Jordan, small forward,
I'm never putting up a shot unless it calls for it,
No hesitation so I'm shooting if I draw for it,
Pow, Pow, f*ck is up, now man I'm in this hoe,
Life is moving fast, where the f*ck do all these minutes go?
Mixtape dropped then I started getting ten a show,
Now I get a hundred what the f*ck you think I'm in it for,
Young Money forever, I bet Gudda, Jay, and Mack agree,
F*ck you to the haters that just spend their time attacking me,

Shout out to your girlfriend n*gga lately she distracting

me,
Wondering if I'm the best, well I am no Black
Eyed Peas,
Girls wanna f*ck you, n*ggas gotta wanna be you,
Lining up around the block so that they can get to see
you,
I feel like I find a wife exactly when I need to,
So you can say whatever girl but we just don't
believe you.

(Hook)

(Sean Garrett)
Ain't that your girl,
Ain't that your money,
Ain't you the same n*gga that say she want do that,
you funny,
You a gangsta, yeah funny,
You gave 'em four, he gave you two, you f*cking
dummy,
Classic line, b*tches run like buses,
Gucci say that n*ggas asking why, why you with my
girl,
She let me get it n*gga,
She ain't stupid, go turn up your radio,
I'm the next young Lionel Richie,
I gives a f*ck about doin' a f*cking cameo,
We don't love em, we don't love em, we
don't love em, no,
They just love us, they just love us, cuz we stack them
O's,
Cuz we whip it, watch her whip it, when she whip it,
All us gunna hit, once they mention catching feelings,
Two words, I'm gone.

(Hook)

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