

Drake

"I Am Toronto"

Visit "[I Am Toronto](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro]

Yeah

This songâ€™s from old Tommy Campos Dice Raw shit
For my niggas, 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 wouldnâ€™t lose a single rapper
Niggas make threats, canâ€™t hear â€™em over the
laughter

Yeah, thatâ€™s cause Iâ€™m headed to the bank,
nigga

Sinatra lifestyle, Iâ€™m just being Frank with you
I mean, where you think she at when she ainâ€™t with
you

Wildinâ€™ , doinâ€™ shit thatâ€™s way out of your
budget

Owl sweaters and saddle luggage, you gotta love it
Damn, this shit could go on a tape

Bitches lovinâ€™ my drive, I never give it a break
Give these niggas the look, the verse, and even the
hook

Thatâ€™s why every song sound like Drake featuring
Drake

Straight white pre?, whyâ€™s it always me
Got us watchinâ€™ our words like thereâ€™s wire taps
on the team

Cause I show love, never get the same outta niggas
Guess itâ€™s funny how money can make change
outta niggas

For real

Some nobody started feelinâ€™ himself

A couple somebodies started killinâ€™ themself

A couple albums dropped, those are still on the shelf

I bet them shits would have popped if I was willinâ€™ to
help

[Verse 2]

I got a gold trophy from the committee for validation
Bad press over the summer for allegations
I ain't lyin', my nigga, my time is money
That's why I ain't got time for a nigga who's
time is comin'
A lot of niggas PR stuntin' like that's the
movement
And I'm the only nigga still know for the music
I swear, fuck them niggas this year
I made Forbes list, nigga
Fuck your list, everything's lookin' gorgeous
Without me, rap is just a bunch of orphans
But if I stay in the shit, there's a bunch of corpses
And me and my dread nigga from New Orleans
Stashin' money like quarters off multi-platinum
recordings
Eat it like I'm seated at Swiss?
Nothin' was the same, this shit for Easy and Cocoa
This shit for Kareem, this shit for Jaevon
This shit for Julius, Milly Mill
We do this shit 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 niggas just need to chill
If anything happen to poppy, might pop a nigga 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 nigga blew up after
Lupe
Niggas treat me like I've been here for 10
Some niggas been here for a couple, never been here
again
I'm on my King James shit, I'm tryin' to win
here again
A young nigga tryin' to win here again
Man, what's up

[Outro]

Yeah
A young nigga 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 fucked up, shorty
Aww yeah

Visit [Drake](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.