

Drake "Ignant Shit"

Visit "[Ignant Shit](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Drake intro]

Yeah, I appreciate your patience tonight
It's been a moment since I done some public speaking
I find nowadays its best to keep quiet
But uh
Sometimes you just gotta let it out
Young Angel and Young Lion
You know what it is

[Drake]

Ughh Look
I'm the property of October
I ain't drive here
I got chauffeured
Bring me champagne flutes, Rose and some shots over
I think better when I'm not sober
I Smoke goodie no glaucoma
I'm a stock holder
Private flights back home
No stop over
Still spittin' that shit that they shot Pac over
The shit my mother looked shocked over
Haha yeah
They a canvas
I'm the group of 7
A migraine, take 2 Excedrin
I'm the one twice over
I'm the new 11
And if I die
I'ma do it reppin'
I never do a second
I swear niggaz be eyeing me all hard
And lying to their girls
And drivin' the same cars
Sittin' there,
Wishing their problems became ours
'Cuz we have nothing in common
Since I done became star
I done became bigger
Swervin' right into my peer's lanes
Same dudes that used to holler my engineer's name
One touch

I could make the drapes and the sheers change
And show me the city
That I without fear claim
What I set seems to never extinguish
Coolest kid out baby
Word to Chuck English
Count my own money
See the paper cut fingers
My song is your girlfriend's wakin' up ringer
Haha
Or alarm or whatever
She be here 6 in the morn'
If I let her
But I never get attracted to fans
'Cuz a eager beaver
Could be the collapse of a dam
Always knew that I could figure
How to get these label heads to offer him good figures
And me doing the shows
Getting everyone nervous
'Cuz them hipsters gone have to get along with them
hood niggaz
It's all good
I'm going off like lights when the shows' over
Make pasta rent a movie called hoes over
Rest in peace to Heath Ledger
But I'm no "Joker"
I'll slow roast ya
Got no holster
Wet glass on your table nigga
No coaster
Burn bread everyday boy
No toaster
G & Tez got a cig
But I'm no smoker
They just handed chips to me nigga
No poker
I'm with a Young Money Cash Money soldier
My cup runneth over
The same niggaz I ball with
I fall with
On some Southern draw shit
Rookie of the year
O 6, Chris Paul shit
D.R., CJ & Po
I see y'all
These cases don't work out
I hope we can agree on
Makin' enough to pay any Judge Judy off
First thing I'm a do is
Free Weezy

Go..

[Lil' Wayne]

And I'll take probation
I don't want that T.I. and Vick vacation
Private plane
Big location
I'm going to the bank
To make a big donation
Yeah
I don't stunt
I stunt hard
And if the food ain't on the stove
I hunt for it
But in the mean time
You can call me Young Roy, Jones Junior
Fightin' the drugs and gun charges
Shit
Don't leave me unguarded
And I'm a cheese head
Word to Vince Lombardy
Word to Marky Mark
Leave a snitch departed
All that blood like the Red Sea parted
My gun go crazy like its retarded
Red light on it like its recordin'
I ain't recordin'
I'm Just C-4in'
My currency foreign
We are in
A lead they aren't
Better dig in your pocket
And pay homage
Better cover your eyes
Your face fallin'
Watch the game from the side
I'm play callin'
No, I didn't say that I'm flawless
But I
Damn sure don't tarnish
My pistol got comments
For your garments
I'm so high
I can vomit on a comet
K.Y. no homo
I'm on it
Weezy F. baby
Newborn bitch
You know what they say 'bout when your palm pitch
I'm gon' get money

Money I'm gon' get
Young Money in your tummy
And we gon' shit
And get that toilet paper quick
Like when Bone spit
That's right bitch
I'm back on my grown shit
That only Marvin Gaye know
No ice, just chrome shit
And you boyfriend softer than a foam pit
I scream fuck the world
With a long dick
Motherfucker I'm me
Yeah
Bitch I'm me
you niggas sweet like the pussy
In which I eat
Fireman burn down your entire street
So fly I'ma take off when I leap
Bye.
And you can suck my wings
Stand on my money
Head butt Yao Ming
Put your hand in the oven
If you touch my things
I'm shufflin' the cards
'Bout to cut my queens
Hehe
But I ain't the dealer
House full of bitches like Tila Tequila
Yeah
I'm the man in the mirror
My swagger just screaming
Motherfucker!
Do you hear her?
Yeah
Drizzy Drake
What the lick read?
We make magic
Boy-Roy & Sick-freed

[Lil' Wayne outro]
Wooh!
Young Moulah baby
Yeah

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