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Drake

"Jodeci"

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[Verse 1: Drake] Yeah 26 on my third GQ cover Your new shit sound like you do covers On all of my old shit, old shit I devoted to making sure that shit goes unnoticed Swear you niggas is hopeless I should run a clinic for niggas that think that they're winning On some cold shit, 50Ms for a three month road trip I see straight through them like fish tanks with no fish in them Drizzy still got some '06 in him IRS all in my books getting they Matlock on All this capitol it's like I left the caps lock on It's like every time I plot a return I seem to shift the game See I can still talk keys without dishing cane Pay yourself and owe yourself Before you come to my city just know yourself Know where you at I'm good in every town, I'mma be there doing shows where you at The lights hit women screaming like Jodeci's back, nigga

[Verse 2: Drake]

Your money is just a little ? for you to be tryna show out I'm in your girl's ear planting seeds like a grow-off We move the operation to Cali soon as the snow drop Oh stop, please stop arguin' 'bout who's the best emcee

I think everyone would agree, they know that you're not I know I'm a sure shot, middle finger poking you in your sore spot

Bars sound like I'm under oath nigga

I comedy central roast niggas and turn 'em to ghost niggas

Either I'm gettin' bigger or you're just gettin' smaller or both nigga

I'm just as unforgivin' as most niggas

You bit the hand, now starve, it's not a joke nigga I'll hang you with it soon as I teach you the ropes nigga Oh well, bitches paint OVO on their toenails And show up at the show, the afterparty, and the hotel That five star in your city, they know where we at I hit the lobby, women's screaming like Jodeci's back, nigga

[Bridge: J.Cole] Jodeci's back You bitches screamin' like Jodeci's back I call the front desk for condoms, sayin' they ain't got none The way that I'm respondin', she know that we black, nigga Jodeci's back Fuckin' hoes like Jodeci's back I paint pictures and flip words Nigga woulda thought Def Poetry back

[Verse 3: J.Cole]

Lookin' for your bitch, bet she won't turn up Wonder where she is, fuck could she be She's a ho, she's a slut, she's a freak Heard a couple niggas hatin' but them fuck niggas weak

Count a hundred thousand dollars like it sucks to be me

Ain't that what you wanted? Stuntin' on you niggas Came in this game never frontin' on you niggas Gave you heart and soul, stories of my pain Feel naked cause I laid out all my glory and my shame Caught fire just to have niggas ignore me and my flame

'Bout to burn down the house, they tryna put me in the rain, no

Fuck it 'less you lame niggas and doubters I'm undoubtedly the hottest and that's just me bein' modest

Go check the numbers dummy, that's just me gettin' started

I'm artistic, you niggas is autistic, retarded

Started, hold your applause

Who gives a poker face when you jokers showed me your cards?

David and Goliath, takin' on the giants

No need for pause when I tell you my balls bigger than yours

No false gods, young mic [?]

Tappin' into '94 Nas

Or that '96 Jay, or that Chronic shit, Dre

Which is really just Slim Shady, I'm silly, my pen crazy Today I'm out in Philly, my fans waitin' for twelve hours Just to get their dollar signed Thoughts stream like I'm Spotifyin' Trenchcoat flow, bottom line To these too cool for school niggas I'm Columbine Flow dumber than your projections This makes twice now, I doubled what you expected, yet Your covers keep complexin' me Maybe it's too complex for me But is this 'bout skills or is this 'bout sales? Cause either way, all them niggas is less to me You legends know that we rap Bitches screamin' like Jodeci's back

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