

## Drake "Man Of The Year"

Visit "[Man Of The Year](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Feat. Lil Wayne

[Verse 1: Drake]

Damn!

I done walked in here

Lookin' like the mothafuckin' man of the year

Think I had the mothafuckin' plan of the year

Which was simply to make groupie fans of my peers

And I get my girl whatever she desire

And my niggas get whatever they require

These rappers old, I'm the reason they expire

Plus I got a city that I Carey like Mariah

Damn!

That punch line was predictable

I still got you shittin' bricks, homie, quit the bull

And we don't need new members

To me the clique is full

And I be getting' the same women that tip the pool

Believe or not

I receive a lot

So, I be wearing the same Gucci that Jeezy got

And I be buyin' the Louie that Kanyizzy cop

And I be rippin' the same reords that Weezy rock

This shit is east pot

That's why I'm ready, man

I'd never copy Norbit like eddie, man

Did you get it? Eddie Murphy was in Norbit

Or was it way over your head?

Did you forfeit?

Yeah, I take a woman shopping in a store quick

Her ass big, she just tryin' to make a four fit

Yeah, they need to issue out a recall

I'm goin' up and they headin' into a freefall

The fundamentals are needed, you playin' streetball

And I was out at BET, but I didn't see ya'll

These skee-low rappers wishing they could be tall

Lettin' all their fake friends use them like a free stall

Yep!

[Chorus: Lil' Wayne]

Damn!

I done walked in here

Lookin' like the mothafuckin' man of the year  
My shades so dark  
And my ice so bright  
My buddie in my pants wanna fight yo wife  
Like, round one, round two, round three  
I told you not to ever bring a bitch 'round me  
'Cause, ain't no nigga like a young money nigga  
No, ain't no nigga like me  
Ya dig?

[Verse 2: Drake]

I said I know you see me chillin'  
Super low key  
If I'm with the right niggas, you can scoop a O.Z.  
All the hustlers and the bouncers  
And the groupies know me  
Fresh denim, fresh shades  
In a coupe with no key  
It start up when I touch the door  
And I encourage ladies to touch the floor  
As soon as we finish cuttin', we can cut some more  
Then after you get high, make 'em, get 'em, girl you  
finna get low  
Lights dimmed down  
Got alota dough  
Plus a hit sound  
What you mean you ain't heard?  
I come highly recommended  
Everybody my friend, even if they been offended  
They ain't really got a choice, it's an obvious decision  
You tryna make a come up in my city, it's a given  
Plus a nigga famous  
Plus I got a vision  
Not to mention havin' bars like a mothafuckin' prison  
They takin' too long  
Their records on hold  
They threatened by my presence  
'Cause I make them feel old  
Guaranteed if they drop, they braggin' 'bout what they  
sold  
Just remember where I lived at, 50, 000's goin' gold  
Holla at me when you see me, make yourself known  
'Stead of hatin' on my music in the comfort of your  
home  
Nigga, be a man  
You actin' like a bitch  
I ain't actin' like I'm rude  
I'm just actin' like I'm rich, rich  
Yeah, uh!  
Ridin' with Weezy Fuckin' Baby  
Are you the type of girl that me and Weezy fuckin',

baby?

'Cause I don't waste time, can't yo see a nigga lazy?  
And I might need some help  
But, you know, Weezy's fuckin' crazy

[Chorus: Lil' Wayne]

Damn!

I done walked in here  
Lookin' like the mothafuckin' man of the year  
My shades so dark  
And my ice so bright  
My buddie in my pants wanna fight yo wife  
Like, round one, round two, round three  
I told you not to ever bring a bitch 'round me  
'Cause, ain't no nigga like a young money nigga  
No, ain't no nigga like me  
Ya dig?

[Spoken: Lil' Wayne]

Y.M., bitch!

Everybody!

Two time on Sunday!

Spit 'em!

Check ya blinkers, baby!

Check ya blinkers, baby!

'Cause, to me, look like you've been turning right all  
day! Yeah!

Right my way! Ha ha!

I got a boulevard, baby!

That's right!

Cash Avenue!

Wall Street gangsta!

Carter, ya'll! Heh heh!

Why would I lie?

Yeah!

I ain't rich, bitch, I'm wealthy!

Young! I talk shit 'til I die!

Come kill me, nigga!

Fuck you!

No homo!

She like it! Heh ha ha!

Yeah!

Boy, these mothafuckin' glasses I got on right now, are  
so mothafuckin' cold!

[Chorus: Lil' Wayne]

I'm feelin' like...

Damn!

I done walked in here

Straight up lookin' like the mothafuckin' man of the  
year

My shades so dark  
And my ice so bright  
My buddie in my pants wanna fight yo wife  
Like, round one, round two, round three  
I told you not to ever bring a bitch 'round me  
'Cause, ain't no nigga  
Ain't no nigga  
Ain't no nigga like a young money nigga

Damn!  
I done walked in here  
Lookin' like the mothafuckin' man of the year  
My shades so dark  
And my ice so bright  
My buddie in my pants wanna fight yo wife...

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

---

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