

# Drake

## "Miss Me"

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I said tell me what's really going on?  
Drizzy back up in this thing I'm ready, what's  
happening?  
Gone for surgery, but now I'm back again  
I'm 'bout my paper like a motherfucking scratch and  
win

World Series attitude, champagne bottle life  
Nothing ever changes, so tonight is like tomorrow night  
I will have a model wife, your bitch is as hot as ice  
Every time you see me, I look like I hit the lotto twice

Drake you got 'em right, yeah, I got 'em bun  
I love myself 'cause I swear their life is just not as fun  
Nic's got the weed, Hush got a gun  
CJ's got my credit cards and a lot of ones

Yeah, I'm in the city of the purple sprite  
Someone tell Malaya I'm on fire, she should work  
tonight  
Call her King of Diamonds and tell China it be worth the  
flight  
I'll be at my table, stacking dollars to the perfect height

Work something, let's work something basis  
She just tryna make it so she right here gettin' naked  
I don't judge her, I don't judge her, but I could never  
love her  
'Cause to her I'm just a rapper and since she'll have  
met another

That's why me and Lil' Jazz 'bout to spaz, can you keep  
up?  
I'm just feeling sorry for whoever gotta sweep up  
Yeah, bills everywhere, trill everything  
And Drake just stand for do right and kill everything

I love Nicki Minaj, I told her I'd admit it  
I hope one day we get married just to say we fucking  
did it  
And girl, I'm fucking serious, I'm with it if you with it  
'Cause your verses turn me on, and your pants are

mighty fitted

Uh, damn, I think you caught me in a moment  
Like I catch 'em stealing flows 'cause I swear I never  
loaned it  
And life ain't a rehearsal, the camera's always rollin'  
So come and get a portion of this money that we  
blowin'

'Cause it's on, yeah, girl, it's on  
You know what it is when I finally make it home  
I just thought that you miss me a little when I'm gone  
Yeah, that you miss me a little when I'm gone

Hey, you just tell me what you down for, anything you  
down for  
I know things have changed, know I used to be around  
more  
But you should miss a little when I'm gone  
I just hope that you miss me a little when I'm gone

Oh shit, motherfucker, goddamn  
Kicking bitches out the condo like Pam  
Getting money everyday, I'ma groundhog  
'Bout to scoop your girl up like a ground ball

I walk light so I don't piss the ground off  
Man, I swear my bitches do it 'til they suck the brown  
off  
Ew, that's nasty  
Yes, I am Weezy, but I ain't asthmatic

Jae's buyin' cologne, honey I put on  
Make 'em run and tell they friends like a marathon  
Voice baritone, haters carry on  
Beat the pussy up, call me Larry Holmes

Young Money, Jerry Sloan, I turn every stone  
When she masturbate to me, that's how she learn every  
song  
To women I condone, better write me when I'm gone  
No I'm not that thuggish, not that ruggish but I do pack  
bone

I'm a love machine and I won't work for nobody but you  
It's only me and her because the Bugatti a coupe  
It's blood gang slime but I parlay with Snoop

I ain't lying I shoot, you don't need signs for proof  
Turn you to a vegetable like you lining soup  
And when I'm in the booth, bitch, the lion is loose

Man, I got so many styles, I am a group

Damn, I be gone 'til November  
But fuck it, I ain't trippin', I know Drizzy gon' kill 'em  
I'm sticking to the script like lint on denim  
Mama said if the rules ain't bent don't bend 'em

Real nigga talking, shut the fuck up, ho  
Gotta do it one time for Haiti, what up Zoe?  
Weezy F baby and the F is for front do'  
'Cause that's where I bring it, so if you bang it,  
motherfucker

Yeah, girl, it's on  
You know what it is when I finally make it home  
I just hope that you miss me a little when I'm gone  
Yeah, I hope that you miss me a little when I'm gone

Hey, you just tell me what you down for, anything you  
down for  
I know things have changed, know I used to be around  
more  
But you should miss a little when I'm gone  
I just hope that you miss me a little when I'm gone,  
gone, gone

Fab in the house, J.J., Lay Boy  
H time  
I'm gone, I'm gone, I'm gone  
I'm gone, I'm gone, I'm gone

I just hope that you miss me, miss me, miss me, miss  
me  
Miss me a little when I'm gone  
Miss me a little when I'm gone, gone, gone

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