

Drake

"Overdose"

Visit "[Overdose](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

And I'm a leave on one more note
One more motherfuckin note
It's like this... Look at him

[Drake:]

I ain't been here in a minute
Cut the lights off I feel fantastic right now baby...
Yeah... Look...
I said I used to cut the porch lights on and now I cut the
porches lights on just to let them know their foresights
wrong
Where this rapper going with that obscure ice on he a
lame I'm just tryna get my mature life on
O D.
O. D. Everybody know me, even fans that resemble
them kids in the O.C.
Oh me Oh my them girls love me like Seth Cohen,
So get a grip get a glass pour the X. O. in
I did want one these niggas to say that I'm not the
same
Pick a road cause where you drivin is not a lane
And rest in peace to Pimp C life is not a game,
Taking over the world no pinky just a lotta Brain
He bout to send them the shit that I'm on (Yeah)
You prolly could have predicted I'm on (Yeah)
My sense of judgment is a officially gone
Up into the air all the smoke from the swisha is blown
Ahh... I'm grown I'm grown I'm living in this elevator
zone alone
I'm up so high I'm never coming down and you say you
got them hoes but they never coming round
I got pent house walls I stay high above your ass
And I can see it all, my balcony is glass
And wifey's over (Bitches)
But moneys over (Her)
Cause money's under (Nothin)
My life is such a (Blur)
That's not the way it has to go it's jus what I prefer
And do not disagree with me it's best you jus concur
I'm a legend with a legacy that can't help but survive
Even when I fuckin die they gonna bury me Alive...

[Chorus:]

And I'm so prestigious
I brought my niggas from the hood to the beaches
I'm living good gripping wood with all the features
Jesus my money straight no creases
P P P Peep this
We got bottles over here
Kush is in the air... we good (O. D. O.D.)
Bithces over there... we good (O. D. O. D.)
Money on the floor we good

O.D. O.D everybody know me

[Travis McCoy:]

Oh no Travie high on life again... (Wow)
Feel like I swallowed a whole bottle of Vicodin... (Dam)
So high I wanna cry like tiny violins
In my best mode the pesmote enjoy the silence... (Shh)
Stop the violence, how when every blind is like the
motherfuckin Watts riots pouring out my pen
light dam be easy I'm a get back
Gentleman with a superlative use of syntax
And I done gave up the narcotics but I can't leave the
crib without some xanax in my water... (Nope)
Hello my name is Travie and I'm a life-aholic
Told'em all these beats is like the Wallis to my Gromit...
(Ha)
The alpha to my Bruce wearing stripes on my candy
cane
Worn without the other so for real without the candy
brain
Super trooper like a gun tote in candyman

Ask me how I'm livin bet I tell ya fine and dandy man
Check his vital signs they peeping off the meter man
I'm a live forever in Neverland with Peter Pan
Fuck pulling the nine out
I'm a pull a Amy Winehouse
Sipping Purple Rain with Mary Jane girls in my house...
(My House)
Isaiah I'm a see ya when I get there
Until then hold me down like gravity it's Travie... Uno...
Easy

[Chorus:]

And I'm so prestigious
I brought my niggas from the hood to the beaches
I'm living good gripping wood with all the features
Jesus my money straight no creases
P P Peep this
We got bottles over here

Kush is in the air... we good (O. D. O.D.)
Bithces over there... we good (O. D. O. D.)
Money on the floor we good

It's Mickey

O.D. O.D everybody know me

[Mickey Factz:]

Ha I'm bout to overdose on life somebody please pass
the weed

So if I comatose tonight you won't have to ask for refer
If the things that I seen through my Prada frames got
me paid

Watch me mane I'm cocky slave with this Rocky chain
I got I got my fames cluttered with this bud
And this name of it is Fame and it's all up in my blood
Tyna suppress the too fresh feeling I got... Oooo yes
I'm in it for the huge yes duplex living like I'm Hugh
Heff

Every other night I need a blue net for group sex
Leaving with a bruise neck then I yell whose next...
(Next)

Stand'em in a line this is new fax city take this crack
between ya thighs... (Yeah)

(Mickey what you mean) I'm promethazine fuck the
queen

Sniff the white horse of success and then let him lean...
(Let'em see)

Tryna match my high on life... (Then let'em dream)
Gotta catch the spot on my flight

First class known of the aroma of the smoker life
Got me like a stoner, a zoner but nah it's never over...
(Mickey what you mean)

I stick my tongue out sippin Remy conceited of I'm
teasing every bum out
Hung out with celebrities from every drug house
So when you remember me say that I was strung out...
(Mickey what you mean)

I'm a addict for the green cash I'm a O.D. so flip going
to rehab

[Chorus:]

And I'm so prestigious
I brought my niggas from the hood to the beaches
I'm living good gripping wood with all the features
Jesus my money straight no creases
P P Peep this
We got bottles over here
Kush is in the air... we good (O. D. O.D.)
Bithces over there... we good (O. D. O. D.)

Money on the floor we good

O.D. O.D everybody know me

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

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