

# Drake

## "Pop Rose"

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[Intro: Drake]

I can buy it all out  
But this the only shit that I sip though  
So tell 'em bring the waitress  
And I won't even ask what it is, no  
Just send it to the bar like (like)  
Send it to the bar like (like)  
Send it to the bar like (like)  
Like them niggas over there wanna...

[Hook: Drake]

Pop Rose' (Hey... ay ay)  
Pop Rose' (Hey... ay ay)  
Pop Rose' (Hey... ay ay)  
Pop Rose'

[Verse 1: Drake]

Uh... They say you get paid when you think ahead  
Valentine's Day girl, all you see is pink and red

[Trey Songz:]

Eeeyup!

[Verse 1: Drake]

And everything is on me  
Rose' spade, to the '96 Don P  
Hang around us, and I bet you  
Will get to stunt on whoever ya sittin' next to  
You put 'em all on, and watch 'em run with it  
And then wait for whatever's next when I'm done with it  
And niggas show hate, period  
It's like they all pregnant, they late, period  
Yeah... and shit's all good  
The deal got signed and my split's all good  
And some people pretendin' that it's all good  
Say that shit in person man I wish ya'll would  
Yeah I told you I partied with Azuka  
I'll let them other niggas Grey Goose ya,  
Cause we about to...

[Trey Songz:]

Eeeyup!

[Hook: Trey Songz]

Pop Rose'

Pop Rose' (Ooooh!)

Pop Rose' (Ooooh!)

Pop Rose'

[Verse 2: Trey Songz]

If your beat gets released then I'm a take it

If your girl is a freak, then I'm her favorite

Got my partner with me, this is a replacement

Who do it like I do? You tellin' a lie fool

Leave the beat dead, all read like Piru

Been around the world, all girls like fly dudes

You a herb, get on her nerves like flies do

You need more girls, go call my manager

Two, three, four more, sure, we can handle ya

Gimme e'rythang I want, don't mess my order up

And her ass on point so my homie brought her up

Ma passed me the blunt, then I told her pour it up

In a flash we was gone, and you know I tore it up

Breast, ass, silicone, sex hot as Florida

South Beach, mouthpiece could swallow a Porterhouse

Yup, it get nasty, then I get gully

Grab the coochie, then the Gucci skully

A whole pack of rubbers, then I burned rubber

You cuddle undercovers, tellin' her you love her

When it come to verses, swear that I'm perfect

Murder in the first it's chillin in the hearses

Worthless, singing off key on purpose

We gon' pop, fuck urban (Ooooh!)

[Trey Songz:]

Eeeyup!

[Hook: Trey Songz]

Pop Rose' (Ooooh!)

Pop Rose' (Fa Sho... Ooooh!)

Pop Rose' (Fa Sho... Ooooh!)

Pop Rose'

[Trey Songz:]

Eeeyup!

[Bridge: Drake]

Are you drunk? I'm faded too

When you get money they just hate on you

But, fuck them, there's all these ladies in my view

So I buy out baby

[Trey Songz:]  
Eeeyup!

[Drake:]  
Buy out baby  
Buy out baby  
Buy out baby...

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