

# Drake "The Ride"

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[intro]

i hate when people say they feel me man, i hate that  
shit.

it'll be a long time before yall feel me, if ever

[verse 1]

you won't feel me til everybody say they love you, but  
it's not love

and your suit is oxblood and your girl f-ckin' hates you  
and your friends faded off shots of  
what you ordered than forget about the game you on  
top of

your famous girlfriend ass gettin' thicker than the plot  
does

and when you forget it, thats when she pop up  
and you got a drop but you ride around with the top up  
i get 3 suv's for niggas dressed like refugees  
and deal with the questions about all your excessive  
needs

and you do dinners at french laundry and napa valley  
scallops and glasses of dolce, that shit right up your  
alley

you see a girl and you ask about her  
bitches smiling at ya, it must be happy hour  
they put the cloth across your lap soon as you sat down  
it's feeling like you own every place you choosing to be  
at now

walking through airport security with your hat down  
'stead of gettin' a pat down, they just keep on saying  
that they feel ya nigga

yeah,  
it's been too long  
been way too long

[hook - the weeknd]

i'm faded too long, oooh  
still i'm faded too long, oooh  
still i've been faded too long  
i feel like i'm faded too long  
the ride

[drake - verse 2]

you wont feel me til you want it so bad you tell yourself  
you're in it  
and tell the world around you that your paper work is  
finished  
and steal your mothers debit cards so you maintain an  
image  
and ride around in overpriced rental cars that aint  
tinted  
you need a minute, you got it  
you know its real when your latest nights are your  
greatest nights  
the sun is up when you get home, thats just a way of  
life  
apartment 1503, some couches and paintings  
when you record with 2 others that want the same  
things  
yeah, it start to feel better than home feels  
and so you up there every night you swear you getting  
close  
that champagne money was for gas and phone bills  
but shit you bout to spend it on what matters most  
you drop a couple songs and hopes that you can beat a  
nigga  
and come out every night to let the city see the nigga  
telling stories that nobody relate to  
and even though they hate you they just keep on telling  
you they feel ya nigga

[hook - the weeknd]

[drake - verse 3]

i haven't been inside terminal 1 and 3 in so long  
i'm driving right up to it now, make sure you got your  
coat on  
that runway can be cold especially after summers  
rolled on  
and all you knew is alcohol and city lights and slow  
songs  
performance out the years, got you asking whats good  
at home  
whats good at home?  
the same hoes are still at it, i shoulda known  
my young niggas poppin' m's and sippin' dirty jones  
problem children that all be reppin' octobers own  
brand new girl, and she still growing  
brand new titties, stitches still showing  
yeah and she just praying that the heals good  
i'm bout to f-ck and i'm just praying that it feels good  
i really don't know much but shit i know a secret  
they say more money more problems, my nigga don't

believe it  
i mean sure there's some bills and taxes i'm still  
evading  
but i blew 6 million on my self and i feel amazing  
young money maker, season ticket holder  
season switching over  
i come through them bitches still scorching as if i didn't  
notice  
you niggas gettin' older, i see no threat in yoda  
i'm out here messing over the lives of these niggas  
that couldn't f-ck with my freshman flow  
look at that f-cking chip on your nephews shoulder  
my sophomore they was all for it, they all saw it  
my juniors and senior will only get meaner  
take care nigga

[hook]

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