

Drake

"Underground Kings"

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[Verse 1]

Bridge over troubled water, ice in my muddy water
Rich off a mixtape, got rich off a mixtape
Probably shouldn't be driving, it just got so much
harder
Can't even see straight, I can't even see straight
Oh, fuck with me, I buy the shots
Live a little, cause niggas die a lot, and lie a lot
But I'm the truth that's right I fucking said it
The living proof that you ain't gotta die to get to heaven
You Girl, you right there, you look like you like this shit
How'd I know, how'd I know? That's me on some
psychic shit
I could tell a lie if you asking me my where-about
But I might talk that real if you ask me what I care about
Rappin' bitches, rappin' bitches bitches
And rappin' rappin' an' bitches until all of us switches
I swear, it's been two years since somebody ask me
who I was
I'm the greatest, man, I said that before I knew I was
That's what's important, what really happened before
this
When me and my crew was all about this rapper from
New Orleans
Singing "walking like a man, finger on the trigger
I got money in my pocket, I'm a uptown nigga, ah"
With fame on my mind, my girl on my nerves
I was pushing myself to get something that I deserve
That was back in the days, Acura days
I was a cold dude, I'm getting back to my ways

[Hook]

People always ask how I got my nice things
Take my crown to the grave, I'm an underground king
I bet we can make tonight the greatest story ever told
Cause I'm down to spend whatever, lately I've been on
a roll
And I do it for the city, cause you know the city love a
nigga
Do it for the city, cause you know the city love a nigga
Do it for the city, cause you know the city love a nigga

Do it for the city, (UGK fuck these other niggas)

[Verse 2]

Sometimes I need that romance, sometimes I need that
pole dance

Sometimes I need that stripper thats gon' tell me that
she don't dance

Tell me lies, make it sound good, make it sound good

Do me like the women from my town would

Leather with that woodgrain, Persian rugs on wood
floors

Talking all them good things, that's all I'm really good
for

Memphis Tennessee no, see I start to go deep back

In Ridge Crest with my seat back with Yo Gotti and E-
Mack

And these niggas got them diamonds glowing in they
mouth

And they rockin' furs like its snowing in the south

And every pretty girl tell me that's the shit that she like

So why am I a classic, this is who I'm trying to be like

So I drop out, lessons I was taught are quick to fade

As soon I realize that turnin' papers in won't get me
paid

If I don't nothing I'mma ball

I'm countin all day like a clock on the wall

Yeah I need that, making major changes to the life I'm
living

I had no choice, I had to prove I made the right
decision

That was back in the days, Acura days

I was a cold dude, I'm getting back to my ways

[Hook]

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