

Drake

"Uptown"

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Yeah

Hardly home but always reppin'
You hardly on and always second
When I'm awake you always restin'
And when they call you the answer you are hardly
question

I, I'm doin' classic shit in all my sessions
Other niggas situations they are all depressin'
That's why I never follow y'all suggestions
I just always did my own thing

Now I run the game, you stupid mothasuckas
I see all this money through my Ohio state buck-eyes
Shit been goin' good but good could turn to better
'Cause you the type to lose her and I'ma 'bout to get
her

It's okay, it's okay, it's okay, it's okay, it's okay, it's okay
You could run and tell ya friends that I'm on
I'm on, I'm on, I'm on, I'm on, I'm on
Best believe I understand

It's okay, it's okay, it's okay, it's okay, it's okay, it's okay
You could run and tell my city I'm on
I'm on, I'm on, I'm on, I'm on, I'm on
You could run and tell my city it's on

Yeah, wrong way down a one way
Women don't get saved round me, even on a Sunday
Damn, where I get it from? These niggas always
wondered who
Then they meet my pop and tell 'em, "Drake is just a
younger you"

And shawty wanna party so don't let ya girl up out the
house
Or there'll be shots on TMZ of me givin' her mouth to
mouth
Now she's famous and the paparazzi starts to shoot
her

I dropped to black cards, I named 'em Malcolm X and
Martin Luther

I don't ever play but I'm in the game, lady
They just loose to love, those are tennis games, lady
Have you countin' money goin' duffel bag crazy
Sippin' on Pink Floyd and puffin' Wayne Brady

Damn, whose line is it anyway?
I'm in a daze, you been amazed
Y'all seem to be stuck on that beginner stage
I'm on fire, yep, I been ablaze

I got dough to blow but I wanna blow it right
You look nice and ya frame makes me wanna bowl a
strike
Well, alright, yes, I might, know what fuck it, yes, I will
I am more that what you bargained for
Nothin' less than real, put it to ya like

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Bun B, king of the trill also one of the dopest
Rep for the streets or on the mic, I'm dope and yes, I'm
focused
The gangsta recognize me for my locc'ness
No joke, it's time to shake these haters off like the skin
on a locust

Or maybe like a py-thon, that's the type of shit I'm on
I wrote this on my i-phone so let me drop this i-bomb
I-palm the game like it's a spalding ball and take flight
From the free throw line and slam it down like I'm the
great mike

Bun and Wayne and Drake in here, Mayne, it's gon' be
a great night
Look at all these posers bite, I swagger like a great
white
Try to cross me over, I just fake left then I break right
Stupid animal tricks like David Lettermans late night

This that major moment you been waitin' on too long

The best that ever did it and doin' it on a new song
UGK and Young Money too strong
Bound to be in the green like a crouton, so what the
fuck is you on?

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I am the leather jacket, black glasses, all American bad
boy
I own the swagger super market and you, you just a
bag boy
'Cause I got that swag boy, the swag you never had boy
Hate and I will leave your chest the color my flag boy

Suu-woo bitch, I do this shit, I'll erase you like I drew
you bitch
And I keep that toaster, you can come and be my spoon
bitch
I'm so uptown and muthafucka, if you ain't don't go
uptown

Yeah, and now I'm on that rock shit
But why they let me in, I'ma start shootin' in the most
pit
Fuck is you talkin' 'bout?
Weezy in ya mouth, now Weezy what you talkin' 'bout?

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