

Nickelus F

"Number 15"

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Yeah,
I had to do this shit for my little brother?
Young nigga just wanna hear me talk that toronto shit,
you know?

Verse 1 (drake)

Uh, you see bad bitches and fall in love
I be talking arithmetic in the club
Renegotiations
Young frank I seen all of your favorite girls naked
And mental pictures were taken
I never forget they faces
They lucky I can't draw, but still I'm artistic
Money on the way it's got both of my palms ichin'
You boys in the wrong business fo real
You boys in the wrong business
All that sittin back and watchin will make you a strong
witness
Testify to how I'm livin, make sure it's non fiction
Don't leave out anybody that put me in this position
We couldn't of done it better
We changed the city for ever
Puffin shisha
Laid back fuckin with fifa
What I get for the feature I wouldn't fuck with me
either for real
Now I'm in it for the hoes and the checks
Care less about respect from niggas I never met
Champagne

Verse 2 (nickelus f)

I know my city going crazy right about now
Broke nigga, so I'm greedy
Break a nigga down if they don't feed me
Yo girl break her neck the same second that she see
me
And I bet my last nickle that she ever?
Bradley cooper, a future is limitless
I'm infenint, take a photo of the synthesis
Grandmama got alzhyzers but she'll remember this
Ain't no way that she won't remember

I wake up every mornin' shower, gather my belongings
But I just quit my job, got some pussy cause I'm ballin
From am to pm, beefin with the?
Beefin with the boss, got fired by the gm
Fuck, I lost my nigga to a goddamn murder
In his own kitchen, with his own damn burner
You ain't no goddamn boss
You a goddamn worker
Fuck beef when niggas dying for a goddamn burger
My nigga all we know is pain
Chain smokin in the city where they smoke you for change
Jamaica house a crook spot, ridin round smokin pot
On broad street we all drink, pbr, rolling rock
Do this to get money, that ain't enough
Do this for my city, that ain't enough
I'm like andre 3k, 16 ain't enough
I get down like curtis snow
Dare you to call my bluff
Bet you won't pick up
We ride box chevy's but we built ford tough
And I bet you that we won't give up
The? try to lock us down
But we broke through cuffs

Yeah, I guess that's enough

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