

Drake f/ Lil Wayne**"Ignant Shit"**

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[Drake] Look, I'm the property of October I ain't drive here, I got chauffeured Bring me champagne flutes, RosÃ© and some shots over I think better when I'm not sober I smoke good ain't no glaucoma, I'm a stockholder Private flights back home, no stop over Still spitting that shit that they shot Pac over The shit my mother look shocked over Yeah, but with a canvas I'm a group of seven A migraine, take two Excedrin I'm the one twice over, I'm the new eleven And if I die I'm a do it repping, I never do a second I swear niggas be eyeing me all hard And lying to they girls and driving the same cars Sitting there wishing they problems became ours Cause we have nothing in common since I done became star I done became bigger swerving writing in my peer's lane Same dudes that used to holler my engineer's name One touch I could make the drapes and the sheers change And show me the city that I without fear claim What I set seems to never extinguish Coolest kid out baby, word to Chuck Inglish Count my own money, see the paper cut fingers My song is your girlfriend's waking up ringer Heh, or alarm, or whatever She be here at six in the morn if I let her But I never get attracted to fans Cause the eager beaver could be the collapse of a dam I always knew that I could figure How to get these label heads to offer him good figures And me doing them shows getting everyone nervous cause Them hipsters going have to get along with them hood niggas It's all good, I'm going off like lights when the show's over Make pasta, rent a movie, called hoes over Rest in peace to Heath Ledger but I'm no joker I'll slow roast you, got no holster Wet glass on your table, nigga no coaster Burn bread everyday boy, no toaster G and Tez got a cig but I'm no smoker They jus handing chips to me nigga, no poker I'm with it, Young Money, Cash Money soldier My cup runnith over The same niggas I ball with, I fall with On some southern drawl shit Rookie of the year, '06 Chris Paul shit D-R., CJ, and Po, I see y'all These cases don't workout I hope we can agree on Making enough to pay any Judge Judy off First thing I'm a do is free Weezy, go [Lil Wayne] And I take probation I don't want

that T.I. and Vick vacation Private plane, big location I'm
going to the bank to make a big donation Yeah, I don't
stunt, I stunt hard And if the food ain't on the stove I
hunt for it But in the meantime you can call me young
Roy Jones Jr. fighting the drugs and gun charge Shit,
don't leave me unguarded And I'm a cheese head,
word to Vince Lombardi Word to Marky Mark, leave a
snitch +Departed+ All that blood like the red sea
parted My gun go crazy like it's retarded Red light on it
like it's recording I ain't recording, I'm jus C-4ing My
currency foreign We are in a league they aren't Better
dig in your pocket and pay homage Better cover your
eyes, your face falling Watch the game from the side,
I'm play calling No, I didn't say that I'm flawless But I,
damn sure don't tarnish My piss don't got comments
for your garments I'm so high I can vomit on a comet K-
y no homo I'm on it Weezy F Baby, new born bitch You
know what they say bout when your palm itch I'm going
get money, money I'm going get Young Money in your
tummy and we going shit And get that toilet paper
quick like when bones split That's right bitch, I'm back
on my grown shit That ought to Marvin Gaye, no ice just
chrome shit And your boyfriend softer than a foam pit I
scream, "Fuck the world with a long dick" Motherfucker
I'm me, yeah bitch I'm me You niggas sweet like the
pussy in which I eat Fireman burn down your entire
street So fly I'm a take off when I leap, bye And you can
suck my wings Stand on my money, head butt Yao Ming
Put your hand in the oven if you touch my things I'm
shuffling the cards bout to cut my queens But I ain't the
dealer House full of bitches like Tila Tequila Yeah, I'm
the man in the mirror My swagger jus screaming,
motherfucker, do you hear her? Drizzy Drake what the
lick read We make magic boy, Roy and Siegfried

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