

# Drake, 30 For 30 Freestyle

Never thought I'd be talkin' from this perspective  
But I'm not really sure what else you expected  
When the higher-ups have all come together as a collective  
With conspiracies to end my run and send me a message  
40, did you get the message?  
'Cause I just checked my phone and I didn't get it  
I mean, I'll say hats off for a solid effort  
But we didn't flinch for a second, we got our shit together (6)  
Yeah, not here to fight wars  
But niggas wanna talk high scores  
PARTY just dipped off in a white Porsche  
And I just came from dinner where I ate some well-done seared scallops that were to die for  
But I got bigger fish to fry  
I'm talkin' bigger shit than you and I  
Kids are losin' lives, got me scared of losin' mine  
And if I hold my tongue about it, I get crucified  
Wrote this shit on a bumpy flight on a summer night  
Flyin' over Chattanooga, out here tryna spread the movement  
I just got me the Mercedes Pullman  
You niggas never heard of it, you gotta hit up Google, yeah  
Back in the city, shit is gettin' brutal  
These kids'll hit your noodle, then take a girl to the movies  
They've been droppin' out on both sides  
We ain't in it, we just ghost-ride  
The pen is workin' if you niggas need some ghost lines  
I thought you wanted yours like I want mine  
I guess you just makin' moves on your own time  
But just know it'll be January in no time  
And your absence is very concernin'  
It's like you went on vacation with no plan of returnin'  
Shit is purely for sport, I need a 30 for 30  
Banners are ready case we need to retire your jersey, yeah  
I got a club in the Raptors arena  
Championship celebrations durin' regular season  
Paternity testin' for women that I never slept with  
I'm legally obligated if they request it  
So much legal action like I'm Michael Jackson  
Luckily, I'm great at avoidin' distraction  
Used to give no reaction, now I'm overreacting  
Aw, nigga, that shit gotta go platinum  
I just listened to "Closer to My Dreams"  
Wide-eyed and uneducated at nineteen  
I can't rap like that, all young and naïve  
Not after all the shit I've seen and the things I believe  
Drastically changin', thank you for all your patience  
I'm just in a different space and I choose to embrace it  
Four thousand square feet just isn't as spacious  
You loved me back in the basement, guess it is what we make it  
I'm tired of awkward exchanges and niggas' crooked ways  
Tired of champagne toasts with people that look away  
Peyton and Eli when niggas called me their brother  
The season start and I don't wanna see you end up with nothin'  
Y'all throw the word "family" around too much in discussion  
Rookie season, I would've never thought this was comin'  
Their knees give out and they're passin' to you all of the sudden  
Now you the one gettin' buckets  
They put their arm around you, now you becomin' the crutches  
Kids got on your number 'cause you the one they look up to  
And women that you've seen on TV look better in person  
And either they wanna fuck you  
Or convince you that they care and see where it goes from there, but  
These ain't the girls from Brampton, this ain't that local action  
The hate is just bringin' me and my people closer, actually  
What happened to the things you niggas said was supposed to happen?

Are we just supposed to ignore the fact that it never happened?  
We just supposed to get the pie, then split it in two?  
Supposed to forget your mistakes, but not forget about you?  
My plan was always to make the product jump off the shelf  
And treat the money like secrets, keep the shit to ourselves  
Papi champú, young Pablito de seis dios  
6 G-O-D, I think I  
Was destined for this shit when I was 'round Keyshia Cole and T.I.  
And Young Dro was poppin' off with "Ain't I"  
Way before niggas had their hands out like they're doin' macarena  
But, who am I to complain now? I'm still around, they know  
Yeah