

Drake, Slime You Out (ft. SZA)

I don't know
I don't know what's wrong with you girls
I feel like y'all don't need love, you need somebody who could micromanage you
You know what I'm sayin'? Tell you right from wrong
Who's smart from who's the fool
Which utensil to use for which food, like
I got a schedule to attend to, though
I can't relate
6ix

You bitches really get carried away
Makin' mistakes, then you beg me to stay
Got me wigg'in' on you like I'm Arrogant Tae
You got my mind in a terrible place
Whipped and chained you like American slaves
Act like you not used to Sheraton stays
I met the nigga you thought could replace
How were there even comparisons made?
Bitch, next time, I swear on my grandmother grave
I'm slimin' you for them kid choices you made

Slimin' you out, slimin' you out, slimin' you out

Ayy, this ain't the littest I could get on you bitches
Send wires on wires on wires like Idris
You lucky that I don't take back what was given
I could have you on payment plan 'til you're hundred and fifty
And my slime right here, she got some bars for y'all niggas
So I'ma fall back and let SZA talk her shit for a minute

Slimin' you out, slimin' you out, slime

Damn, these niggas got me so twisted
How the fuck you so real, but play bitch on my line?
I can feel what you're spinnin'
Got too much pride to let no burnt nigga slime me out
Pull up, go write about
My night, got time, let's discuss all those lies about
Frontin' out here like you diggin' me out
And I ain't even cummin', I'm in and out
And you ain't 'bout the shit you rappin' about
And I can spin a ho, I'm airin' it out
I'm goin' off like a sawed-off
You tell these hoes you ain't cuddlin'
But with me, you know you doin' all that shit
You tellin' these hoes you ain't trickin' off
But with me, you know I'm gon' get it all
How you niggas get so carried away?
Trippin' when that dick is barely third place
Fucked out of pity, it's cute that you lame
Dip 'cause it's mid, I can't fake like it's hangin'

Slimin' you out, I'm slimin' you out, I'm slimin' you out
Oh-woah, woah

Yeah
January, you pretend to see life clearly, yearly
February is the time that you put the evil eye and the pride aside
For the fantasy of gettin' married, very scary
March got you already second guessin' titles
April, spring is here and just like a spring, you start to spiral
May brings some warmer days, poolside, gettin' very tan
June have you movin' ice cold, goin' back and forth with a married man
July, that's when I found out you lied

August, it was "baby" this, "baby" that like you had your tubes tied
September, we fallin' off, but I'm still the man you tryna win over
October is all about me 'cause your turn should've been over
November got you moodboardin' for next year and you're single
December the gift-givin' month and now you wanna rekindle our year
Tryna build trust, showin' me your DMs, how they tryna bag you
Irony how the news I got about you ended up bein' bad news
Get a nigga hit for fifty racks, girl, the beef cost like it's wagyu
Get a nigga hit, I'll make his ass see the light like a half-moon
Shout to QC, pretty sure I made Pee M's like it's past noon
All I really know is W's and M's, life lookin' like a bathroom
All I really know is M bags like I drove through and ordered fast food
Sayin' that I'm too guarded with my feelings, who the fuck even asked you?
Seven bodyguards just in case somebody really wanna try and crash through
Don't know why I listen to you when I hear you talkin' to me, it's some half-truths
If I don't pay your rent, it end up like an old hairstyle, girl, it's past due
If I don't

Ah-ah-ah, that's as far as I got