

# Drake, Evil Ways (feat. J. Cole)

Yeah (Oh, baby, be honest with yourself)

Yeah

Everything good, everything pure (There's some things in life and you know)

(Ooh, ways, if you wanna keep that guy)

Everything pure

(You've got to change your evil ways, if you wanna keep that)

Yeah, I got some evil ways

Even through the glasses, you can see the gaze

To find your way up to the top, this shit gon' be a maze

Volkswagon, shit the way I'm runnin' Beatles' plays

Yeah, and we linkin' like we freed the slaves

I conquered hell, I walked the 'Ville and set my feet ablaze

My heart hardens every year like sneakers that Adidas made

I never did the VMAs, I'm not in need of praise

All praise to the born sinners Jesus saves

My brothers runnin' through the 6ix like the green berets

Beefin' with a block that's five hundred feet away

Wheel of fortune, shit, the way they say they need a K

Nah, uh, I only need a raise

And a safe to stash these Frito Lays

Times was hard, I watched my mama robbin' hard just to get Peter paid

And now my paper folded like when teachers don't want classmates to see your grade

Time is speedin' now, I see the greys pokin' out this beard, but it's weird 'cause I feel like I ain't even

Y'all seize the rage, feet firmly planted for these precious flowers I've been handed, watch me be the

Man, I'm livin' out Carlito's way

You niggas ain't gettin' no bread, you in a keto phase

Wisdom comin' out my mouth like some teethin' pain

My whip used to have the seat displays where S.M.A.C.K. DVD would play

Zopiclone baby, I can't rest without the sleepin' aids

Bought this nigga jewels, these shits is light, let's get it reappraised

I bet you see the price and you gon' be amazed

And broski didn't do it, he like a piece of art, judge, he was framed

Some feed the J's to receive a wage

Coke got they nose bleedin' like the seats where you can't see the stage

High up in arenas where they see their faves

AKA me and Drizzy Drake, we the wave

Uh, yeah, we the wave

Like Christian Combs with a brush in his hand once the grease is laid

Shit is 360 like the label deal you signed to get your people paid

Me, I got tickets like a meter maid

And 21 my nigga like he celebrate a legal age

Next time I get in Rosalia face

I hope she tell her people that we need some space

Niggas think I won't get 'em hit but like like an Indian marriage, it could be arranged

Diss me, and you just may see us on your block like the street parade

At the top, playin' keeper way with the crown

Our life's an open book, come and read a page

Drake pulled a white bitch that's goin' both ways, she like the queen of spades

I'm startin' to think they percs is fake, they weed is laced

For thinkin' it's a game, if it's a game, these streets would be the Bushido's blade

Razor to his face and he ain't need a shave

I stay out of beef, see niggas' DNA get rearranged I'm with Drizzy in Atlanta, so many hitters with the

Young angel goin' through his demon phase

Hard to blame 'em, Lord knows this game could be depraved

Scary Hours undefeated, y'all should be afraid

Yeah, y'all should be afraid

Ooh, ways, if you wanna to keep that guy

You've got to change your evil ways, if you wanna keep that

Oh, baby, be honest with yourself

There's some thing's in life and you know

Ooh, ways, if you wanna to keep that guy

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