

# Drake, Hours In Silence

Leave your phone, come to mine  
You'll catch a hand in due time  
I think, think that I  
Could fuck the idea of him outta your mind  
You said he rap, he ain't signed, ain't a good sign  
Change your mind, good conversation and some rosé wine  
Honest, there's some other things you gotta mind  
You mind me, ayy, ayy  
The smoke got me talkin' in Dutch  
A pill in Ibiza, so what?  
She leanin' on me, I'm her crutch  
She creamin' on me, I'm on crush  
Her photos don't need a retouch  
She askin' me why haven't I nut  
I didn't know we in a rush  
Enjoyin' the moment, so hush  
My album was playin' on buildings  
I don't even need a deluxe  
Her stomach is flat as fuck  
She still fit that shit in her gut somehow  
The fat musta went in her butt somehow  
I don't even ask her what's up  
She sayin' that shit is natural  
Don't care if she makin' it up  
I never put you in no Uber girl  
I'm always gon' send you a truck  
I'm always gon' keep it a buck  
You give me that shit and I'm stuck

.30 on my waist  
'Cause a lotta broke niggas 'round the way ridin' 'round town  
And they lookin' for my face  
Gotta pray to God above you, girl  
You know that Savage love you  
And I hope that you feel the same  
Tryna be the one for you but my nickname true  
And I hope that I can change  
Girl, you know that Savage love you  
Girl, you know that Savage love you

Gotta turn my bitch up, turn my bitch up  
Turn my bitch up, turn my bitch up  
Turn my bitch up, turn my bitch up  
Turn my bitch up, turn my  
Know I gotta turn my bitch up, turn my bitty T  
Turn my bitty T, turn my bih'  
Turn my bitch up, turn my (Ayy)

I gotta stop goin' Van Cleef, condo, third week  
I like it but I'm too geeked  
Tryna turn you up  
I gotta stop goin' Lenci', Rollie, first week  
You're misreadin' me, I'm too geeked  
Tryna turn you up  
You were lost until me  
I didn't get no finder's fee  
You're actin' like a bride-to-be  
Behind closed doors, slimin' me  
Friends are all advisin' me  
Sayin' I could die tryna turn you up  
There's three sides to this story, girl  
The one you subtweet  
The one your group chat gets to read  
The one you come and tell to me

I understand it finally  
I'm tryin' to give you highs and you're plannin' our goodbyes  
Tryna turn you up  
It's my fault, burnin' cash like it's lit on fire  
Penthouse and some new attire  
I fulfilled all of your desires  
You don't work but you act retired  
'Cause you know that you're mine and it's my fault  
It's my fault, it's my fault, for once I take accountability  
It's my fault that you got superpowers on your knees  
It's my fault for once, don't keep you grounded on your feet  
It's my fault for once, I drain accounts to make you love  
It's my fault for once, it's one-sided loyalty  
It's my fault for once, I'm payin' lawyer fees  
Doin' things just to set you free, see you breathe  
It's my fault for once, I got the Wagen, G  
Got you ridin' 'round with niggas that are nothin' like me  
It's my fault for once, that's how you make it seem  
It's my fault, it's my fault  
You were lost until me  
You were lost until me, mm, mm  
You were lost until me  
My confidence is super low  
Baby M, you know I got a heart of gold  
You point at shit and hit the road, baby  
For goodness sakes, at this rate  
Your funeral is finna have like ten caskets on display  
One for you, the other nine for everything you're takin' to the grave  
You don't play, you don't, you don't, you  
You don't play no games  
There's three things I learned from love for free  
Only thing worth changin' is a dream  
People don't know you play your roles on screen  
Messy, started gettin' trendy, gotta keep it clean  
You know I keep it clean  
Clean as I can  
All weapons formed against me gotta jam  
Brought you 'round the dawgs, treat you like the fam'  
Shoulda been a wham, bam, thank you ma'am  
Know you got my confidence on cell  
Case you wanna feel better; bout yourself  
You were lost until me  
You were lost until me