

# Drake, On BS

Yeah, woah, woah, woah

I had to cut some niggas off, they did me-me no good  
I come from the ghetto, so my trunk is in my hood  
She want, wear no panties 'round me even if she could  
Gave out plenty spankings 'til they got it understood  
Fuck the nosebleeds, baby, come sit on this wood  
If you know it's tension, don't come 'round me like it's good  
I got street smarts, and you can't get this out no book  
I can't right no wrongs, but I can still write these hooks  
Oh, time to get exposed, you ain't  
Been from 'round here, nigga, come get off your show Savage  
Said you pussy and he hit it on the nose, but that  
Board is open, why you actin' like it's closed? I don't know  
Y'all be goin' in and out recessions, the same way that I be going in and out of Texas  
Or in and out my sessions, or in and out her best friends  
Or in and out these courtrooms, my lawyer like, "Objection"  
Yeah, woah, woah  
All my bitches Spanish, boricua  
Water on my neck, these diamonds came with coral reefer  
She from overseas, I had to buy her a new Visa  
Met your wife in Vegas but I hit her in Ibiza  
She a supermodel so she only eatin' caesar  
Used to date a rapper but he acted like a diva  
Niggas hustlin' backwards, out here ballin' with a re-up  
Popped a adderall, I feel like I can lift a tree up  
See too many cameras so I never lift my ski up (Yeah)  
I jump on your song and make you sound like you the feature  
I jump on your song and make a label think they need ya, for real

On that bull shit (Okay), on that bull shit (Okay)  
On that bull shit (Okay), on that bull shit (Okay)  
On that bull shit (Okay), on that bull shit (Okay)  
On that bull shit (Okay), we on all that bull shit (Okay)  
On that bull shit (Okay), on that bull shit (Okay, okay)  
On that bull shit (Yeah), on that bull shit (Yeah)  
On that bull shit (Okay), all that bull shit (Okay)

Damn, maybe I should do a twenty  
Maybe I should break that twenty, do a ten  
Maybe I should break that ten, do a five  
Then if it gets loud, do a five again  
If he held his tongue on that live, he'd be alive again, damn  
My uncle sister know she raised a real one, I'll one  
It's been thirty minutes, I don't feel none  
Oh shit, wait a minute, think I'm startin' to feel somethin'  
Where you get this motherfuckin' pill from?  
Heard they got some sanctions on my name  
Heard they plottin' on my name, heard they bankin' on my name  
I got Lita in this bitch and he might spank it on a lane  
I'm just- what, in the cut, throwin' Franklins on her frame  
I'ma- ayy, I'ma gentleman, I'm generous  
I blow a half a million on you hoes, I'm a feminist  
I never put no prices on no beef until we end this shit  
I pay her half a million for a soul, you my nemesis

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Nah, I'm on, its midnight, I don't care  
Nothing is happening on a Wednesday, I don't care, I'm on  
I'm looking for the smoke  
These guys sitting front row, man, poof, who needs that?  
Let me put my window down, I need fresh air  
We don't want that, we want bars  
The reason why we listen to 21 and The Boy  
That's what we do in Paris, we don't do Fashion Week  
Fashion Week is for the last decade, it's not for us  
It's about the lights, the lights that we put on in the city  
The lights of the Eiffel Tower  
I'm in charge of it, I'm the one who's putting it on everyday  
And you try to flex next, next to me on the red light with your ugly, whatever, flexing, most expensive  
I drive a Four-Cylinder, I come from nothing but I'm doing something, and you cannot catch my drive  
As fast as you try to go, you will never catch me man  
There is only one way, and this way I'm driving, nobody can do it  
I'm Birdman, that's who I am  
In Paris (Brrt, brrt)