

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)