

Drake, Pussy & Millions

I been out, late night creepin', should I slide on bitches?
Posted up with the militia
Niggas ain't switchin', mind on missions
Mind on pussy and millions, mind on pussy and millions
I'm tryna call a sex symbol to eat my kids up
They say more money, more problems (Will)
Bring on the problems (Will)
Bring on the problems (Will)
Bring on the motherfuckin' problems
They say more money, more problems
Bring on the problems
Bring on the problems
Bring on the motherfuckin' problems, ayy

Braided up and my two weeks up
Hit 'em then I get amnesia
Life ain't gettin' any easier
Flocka, Flockasita
I know that I'm not in love, she don't love me either
It's just hard to find the love, this shit keep on gettin' deeper
Who said it's cheaper to keep her?
I'd rather release her
Body ain't give her the wave like a feature
You know the procedure
Niggas is praying to God so we stay with the sweeper
I'm reppin' 4L with my twinnie, so treacherous introduce y'all to the leader

Come to me with all the smoke
I like the money, for sure
But I love the hustle the most
She pretty, she show off her toes
And my Pateks, they came with a pole
Know this money bring envy and jealousy
I'm like, "Fuck it, I want me some more"
Hit her from the back, she bent up
Playin' with the money, get spent up
Chains on my neck, no Kente
You the type of girl I pay rent for
Suck it in the car, that's what the tint for
Bought me a plane, not a sprinter
Quarter-million dollars on her dental
She say I'm a stepper, but gentle

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Only signin' the gang
We the new Lucian Grainge
Bring on the rings (Yeah)
Her MJ thing, I'm talkin' a Brady thing
I'm off of the juice, never could cycle the mix
Rockin' the braids, not the twists
Full puff, he can't comb

Not actin' like Christians in here
But Christian Dior in they homes, the bigger we get
Gotta thank God for this, I got a lot that I give
I be handin' out gifts like the Christmas on twenty-fifth
Out in the twenties inside of the twenty and
Said I would buy the jet 'fore I could 'fford this shit
Now I got the jet, building the landing strip
In the back of the crib, I record the hits
In the front of the crib they valet the whips
(How many whips I need? Let's go)
Breakin', breakin' the records, more money, more problems
They come with the status
Runnin' through customs when you run the atlas
I got accustomed, accustomed the fastest
I'm talkin' 'bout fabrics, I'm talkin' 'bout mattress
I never sleep, though I sleep with a baddie
I'm movin' deep 'cause that's just how it's happenin' (Ooh)
If you come out, just be ready for action (La Flame)
Just needed some time
I settled my time, now they see the signs
You didn't leave me solo, right here, all alone
You held it down for me, right on my own (Ooh)
Young nigga get it, just try to get home
I got a rolodex all on my phone and it's still wrong

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You know I got a sex symbol, that eat my kids, uh
They say more money, more problems
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Bring on the problems
Bring on the motherfuckin' problems
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