

# Drake, Wick Man

Yeah, grrat  
Yeah, damn  
I feel like John Wick, empty clips  
Yeah, empty clips  
Yeah, empty clips

Shell cases scatter the floor, bullets, they shatter the glass  
I could feel the tension in this room like a chatter in class  
Everyday breakin' records, shit is just happening fast  
That shit was a quick switch, yeah  
I feel like I'm always on thin ice with a thick bitch  
So many shots fired, I need me a clip switch  
I'm in that fuckin' bag right now I'm a lipstick  
Sabbatical in Miami, this shit was holistic  
Man, I remember niggas was jokin' 'bout some tick, tick  
And now that rapper broke as fuck, that boy statistic  
Empty clips, yeah  
Empty clips

I'm almost expressionless  
John Cena wouldn't know emotions I wrestle with  
Play 'bout the fact I was born a perfectionist  
Still can't even wrap my mind around the success of this  
Point me to your boss, nigga, you a receptionist  
I really hate the fact I make this shit sound effortless  
I put so much thought into the messages  
It's borderline obsessiveness, remember who you messin' with  
White America say I'm becoming a threat  
Black America love to remind me what my mama look like  
As if I'd ever fuckin' forget  
I'm never enough  
Much to their dismay, I'm levelin' up, yeah  
There's too much treasure to hunt, there's too many hoes in the spot  
The ratio seven to one  
Livin' for right now 'cause I really think heaven's a front  
Nadia died in Dubai  
I waited on a spirit to come by for like seventeen months  
That shit didn't visit me once, damn  
She wanted a better life  
She wanted some opportunity, we wasn't given a bunch  
Her ex would eat away at her soul, that nigga a munch  
The last message she sent to my phone's about keeping in touch  
So pardon me questioning God and not believing in much  
It's Wick, man, don't listen to Wikipedia  
Capo a wicked nigga, I pray it don't hit the media  
They say, "Drake, you gettin' harder, funny is getting easier"  
Rappers are slick comedians, and they get disobedient  
And they don't stay in they lane, it's like niggas hit the median  
Boat say he the recipe, I must be the key ingredient  
Capo might wick a man down with evil deviance  
They gon' have to talk to Ouija boards like heebie jeebian  
Like the large was too big for you, you'll need a medium  
Just to send a message to somebody you loved previous  
Empty clips, yeah