Drake, 6PM In New York

Yeah, yeah, oh, you gotta love it Oh, you got, oh, you gotta love it

I heard what circulated, let's get to the bottom of it I told 1da send me something and I got it covered

Somehow always rise above it

Why you think I got my head in the clouds on my last album cover?

The game is all mine and I'm mighty possessive

Lil Wayne could not have found him a better successor

Every shot you see them take at me? They all contested

Allen Iverson shoe deal, these niggas all in question

Last night I went to sleep, wanted more

Tried to decide what direction I should go towards

Some nights I wish I could go back in life

Not to change shit, just to feel a couple things twice

28 at midnight, wonder what's next for me

Longevity, wonder how long they'll check for me

Prolly forever if I stay in my zone

I speak on this generation, but can't change it alone

I heard a little little homie talking reckless in Vibe

That's quite a platform you chose, you should've kept it inside

Oh, you tried

It's so childish calling my name on the world stage

You need to act your age and not your girl's age

It gets worse by the annual, my career's like a "how to "manual

So I guess it's understandable, man

Oh, you gotta love it, you gotta love it, cheer

I know rappers that call Paparazzi to come and get 'em

To show they outfits off, guess they need the attention

I remember when it used to be music that did it

But then again times have changed, man, who are we kiddin'?

I'm managed by my friends that I grew up with

I'd rather give that 15% to people I fuck with

If me and Future hadn't made it with this rappin'

We prolly be out in Silicon tryna get our billions on

But here we are, yeah

Lately I feel the haters eatin' away at my confidence

They scream out my failures and whisper my accomplishments

Bitches alter my messages like we have words

And stories 'bout my life hit the net like a bad serve

Bitter women I'm overtextin' are PMSing crazy this year

Fuckin' with my image

I've been tryna reach the youth so I can save 'em this year

Fuck it, I guess I gotta wait til next year

And I heard someone say something that stuck with me a lot

'Bout how we need protection from those protectin' the block

Nobody lookin' out for nobody

Maybe we should try and help somebody or be somebody

Instead of bein' somebody that makes the news

So everybody can tweet about it

And then they start to R.I.P. about it

And four weeks later nobody even speaks about it

Damn, I just had to say my piece about it

Oh, you gotta love it

But they scared of the truth so back to me showin' out in public

That's a hotter subject

I've been whippin' Mercedes and nigga try to budget

I gotta make it back to Memphis to check on my cousins

Shout out to Ashley, Tasha, Biama, Julia, Ericka, Southern America

Part of my heritage, pardon my arrogance, part in my hair again

That's that comeback flow, comeback flow

Once I start it's apparent

I'm with girl whose ass is so big that's partly embarrassin'

But fuck all the blushin' and fuck your discussions And fuck all the judgement Your content so aggressive lately, what's irkin' you? Shit is gettin' so personal in your verses too I wanna prove that I'm number one over all these niggas Bein' number two is just being the first to lose My city dictated music, nobody seein' us Winter here already, but somehow I'm heatin' up Been observin' the game and felt like I've seen enough Let's drop a tape on these niggas then we'll see what's up Yeah, boy, you rappin' like you seen it all You rappin' like the throne should be the three of y'all " Best I Ever Had" seems like a decade ago Decadent flow and I still got a decade to go Oh please, take it ease, where's the love and the peace Why you rappin' like you come from the streets? I got a backyard where money seems to come from the trees And I'm never ever scared to get some blood on my leaves Phantom slidin' like the shit just hit a puddle of grease I cook the beef well done on the double with cheese Special order for anybody that's comin' for me Shit you probably flinch if somebody sneeze You see they got me back talkin' like it's just 40, Oli, and me Cuttin' all loose ends, I be the barber for free I'm almost at four minutes going off on the beat Feel like I'm in the Malibu that had the cloth on the seats Man, oh, you gotta love it

And on top of that it's getting harder to eat
Rappers downgrading houses, putting cars on the lease
To think labels said they had a problem marketing me
And now it's everybody else that's getting hard to believe
But man, oh, you gotta love it
And head to toe I'm Prada covered
I know your girl well, just not in public
Blame the city, I'm a product of it
Young nigga from the city
You gotta love it