

Drake, All Me (feat. 2 Chainz & Big Sean)

I'm really stepping up my game
These bitches gotta start paying me for this
Can't get no more free Randy

Got everything, I got everything
I cannot complain, I cannot
I don't even know how much I really made, I forgot
It's a lot, fuck that, never mind what I got
Nigga don't watch that cause I
Came up, that's all me
Stay true, that's all me
No help, that's all me
All me for real
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[2 Chainz:]

Money on my mind, you should think the same, J's on, pinky ring
Dogging these hoes, I need quarantine in the same league, but we don't ball the same
(Ah) She want all the fame, I hear that shit all the time
She said she love me, I said, "Baby girl, fall in line?"
Okay, made a million, off of denim, fuck, watch me switch it up
Walked in, "Ill nigga alert! Ill nigga alert!"
You need that work, I got that work, got bitches in my condo
Just bought a shirt that cost a Mercedes-Benz car note
From the A to Toronto, we let the metal go off
And my dick so hard it make the metal detector go off
This that sauce, this that dressing, Givenchy, nigga God bless you
If having a bad bitch was a crime, I'd be arrested (True)

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I touched down at '86
Knew I was a man by the age of 6
I even fucked girls that used to babysit
But that was years later on some crazy shit
I heard your new shit, nigga hated it
Damon Wayans told me don't play that shit
I get paid a lot, you get paid a bit
And my latest shit is like a greatest hits
God damn, ain't no wishing over on this side
Y'all don't fuck with us, then we don't fuck with y'all
It's no different over on this side
God damn, should I listen to everybody or myself?
Cause myself just told myself
"You're the motherfucking man, you don't need no help?"
Cashing checks and I'm bigging up my chest,
Y'all keep talking 'bout who next
But I'm about as big as it gets
I swear y'all just wasting y'all breath

I'm the light skinned Keith Sweat
I'mma make it last forever
It's not your turn 'cause I ain't done yet
Look, just understand that I'm on a roll like Cottonelle
I was made for all of this shit
And I'm on the road box office sales
I'm getting paid for all of this shit
Ask you to please excuse my table manners
I was making room for the table dancers
'Cause if we judging off your advances
I just got paid like eight advances
God damn!

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[Big Sean:]

Ho, shut the fuck up
I got way too much on my mental, I learn from what I've been through
I'm finna do what I didn't do and still waking up like the rent do
Not complicated, it's simple, I got sexy ladies, a whole Benz-full
And to them hoes I'm everything, Everything but gentle
But I still take my time, man, I guess I'm just old fashioned
Wearing retro shit, that's old fashioned, nigga, see what I'm saying, no closed caption
I paint pics, see the shit, good sex, need to hit
Keep a broad on the floor year 'round like season tickets, I plead the fifth, drink a fifth
Load the nine, leave you split, in the half, smoke a half, need a zip
My new girl is on Glee and shit, probably making more money than me and shit
I swear to God I got 99 Problems but a bitch ain't one
I got 99 problems, getting rich ain't one
Like I got trust issues, I'm sorry for the people I've pushed out
I'm the type to have a bullet-proof condom and still gotta pull out
But that's just me, and I ain't perfect, I ain't a saint but I am worth it
If it's one thing, I am worth it, niggas still hating but it ain't working
Lil' bitch

Oh me, oh me, oh my
I think I done fucked too many women from the 305
Before the end of this year, I'll do King of Diamonds, three more times
Smoking on that kush all in our section like it's legalized
Girl, you can't always have your way, sometimes it be like that
They don't really fuck with you like that, they ain't never did me like that
I just took my time, you got your shine, I let you eat like that
I've been taught to never loan somebody what you need right back
And I need that shit right back? (no more free Randy)
I'm blessed than a motherfucka
Niggas been stressed than a motherfucka
Niggas getting nervous, clutching they chests like a motherfucka, damn that's a motherfucker
Tell the truth, I don't listen to you, 'Cause I don't like being lied to
And that ship won't sail, and that wind won't guide you
Daddy was in jail we was talking through the window like a motherfucking drive-thru
That was back then man, now my niggas rich enough to do whatever I do