

Drake, Asthma Team

I swear to you lord the same dudes who used to laugh at me
See me in the CL6 with a half a bead
They know that money begets money so naturally
We'll have to blow stacks could blow a couple stacks hassle free
I'm like fuck y'all hatas on behalf of me cuz I could flood the city with a staff of three
I'm talkin me and two pat-a-naz in that caprice
With no copies made I got the last of keys with fast cars fast women fast cash and cream
Commode you rappers like plasticine
I have the dream but dog me and success are two things you don't wanna find yo ass between
Back against the wall like plastic screens
The inside of my wallet is pasture green and you are now hanging with the asthma team
Sweetie catch your breath while is smash the scene
I should leave earth nothin left to do here everyday is Christmas and every night is new years

```
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|song = Asthma Team  
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|language =  
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