

# Drake, I Guess It's Fuck Me

You said fuck me, and I was like "Cool"  
So now what's the problem?

Don't go hidin' again  
Tired of askin', "Where you been?"  
You left so abruptly  
I guess it's fuck me  
Tell me, what did I do wrong?  
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Before it's over  
I need to you come over once again  
And before you give me closure  
Need you to come a little bit closer

Still steppin' like it's omega sci-fi for mine  
If bein' real was a crime, I'd be doin' life  
Heard that nigga not nice, I don't know polite  
I'm the first ever antisocial socialite  
The pain that I seen in my mother's eyes in 2009  
Have me workin' 'til it's 2049  
And get hate when I tell you, "Oh, some other time"  
Like I really got some other time  
You just tell me, "Never mind"  
Know I sound crazy to a lazy mind  
Know it'll be a different kind  
Shoutout to the people that be workin' nine to five  
I be workin' nine to nine, and the 6ix upside down, it's a 9  
You already know the vibe  
And they leave 'cause of pride but they comin' back every time  
The devils that I recognize, most of 'em got pretty eyes  
Titties and some plans of just gettin' by  
That's the way they live or die  
Easy to judge, but, girl, who am I?  
Truth or dare, I'ma take a double dare, truth is a suicide  
I would rather live a lie, keep you on the outside  
Introduce you to the guys  
How you throwin' up the South side like you one of mine?  
You're not one of mine, you belong to everybody else when you're bored in your free time  
Shit could make a thug cry, play it like a tough  
Couldn't even land in the Hamptons  
'Cause they didn't have the stairs for the shit I fly  
Swear it's like a metaphor, I can't even get down from the shit I climb  
Can't even get down from the shit I climb  
Yeah, girl, you're my size, make me tell you one time  
We was on the front line, shit was in my bloodline  
Waitin' for the sunshine  
But the Sun never shines on me, on me  
Sleepin' in the whip sometimes, girl, I was sleepin' upright  
Henny, red cup life, broski kept it tucked tight  
Niggas talkin' bad shit about what they gon' do to mine  
Ah, now the tongues tied  
We was smokin', watch the sunrise  
I would trap until my thumbs cried  
Tryna change it all in one line  
Never seen a thug cry, never's been a long time  
Bet you never see a thug cry, hit me on my hotline  
And no ma', I'm not fine, at all

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