

# Drake, Live From The Gutter

Hendrix  
Yeah  
Aqua  
Ah  
(I woke up like this)

Reportin' live from the fuckin' gutter, bitch  
I ain't talkin' but some big money shit  
I ain't talkin' nothin' but big money shit  
I ain't talkin' nothin' but big money, bitch

Reportin' live from the gutter  
I'll buy this motherfucker, talkin' big money shit, bitch  
Straight up out the gutter, never had shit  
Now we got 90210 on our address  
Talking ten mil' just to get our assets  
I know them tears still fallin' now on my last bitch  
This money make me hungry, I'm a savage  
I seen the stars lining up, you couldn't imagine  
I watched my broad give up on me like I'm average  
I went back inside the attic, counted up and started laughing, ah  
I went back inside the attic, counted up and started laughing, ah (Freebandz)  
Ah, Cuban links hanging on my wrist, I was on welfare  
Wake up in the house, I look up, I see bales everywhere  
I see girls everywhere, I see scales everywhere  
I see hell everywhere, I get mail everywhere  
Walked inside the booth and came out in a Learjet  
A fiend for that lean, I ain't start drinking beer yet  
They bust the trap, I live there  
Came out clean, I ain't clean, my niggas still there  
Just imagine you was livin' lavish and they're still there  
Wake up in the crib, pool sitting on the hill now  
I just need some niggas with me that's gon' keep it real now  
Got a lot of pretty bitches, I just pay their bills now  
Money make her feel good, but damn she make me feel good  
Known for getting that guala out in Europe, but I'm still hood  
Known to pop a bottle on a model, fuck her like I'm on my last damn dollar

Reportin' live from the fuckin' gutter, bitch  
I ain't talkin' but some big money shit  
I ain't talkin' nothin' but big money shit  
I ain't talkin' nothin' but big money, bitch

Reporting live from the gutter  
I will buy this motherfucker, it's not even a discussion, woo  
And I got my niggas with me, yeah, yeah  
She gon' end up dippin' with me, yeah, yeah  
And I got her trippin' off the yah-yah  
Pillow talking, dishing out on all y'all, yeah  
In one ear and out the other  
Shut your mouth and take what's coming  
Live from the gutter, dog, yeah, yeah  
She don't want pets, but I'm a dog, yeah, yeah  
And she love it, dog, yeah, yeah  
And she love it, dog, yeah, yeah  
On the Billboards, all we do is pop shit  
Soon as night fall, that's when we lock in  
This for my niggas on that bullshit and that nonsense  
This for my dogs that go Karrueche with the chopsticks, woo  
And we gon' miss you  
They don't want no smoke, they don't want no issue  
But these the times we gotta live through  
But these the times we gotta live through, and I'm

Reportin' live from the fuckin' gutter, bitch  
I ain't talkin' but some big money shit  
Reportin' live from the damn gutter  
Swear to God, I'll buy this motherfucker, ah