Used To (feat. Lil Wayne)

Drake

Yeah, sound sound sound
Real 6 side shit
Sickos, ah manYeah, when you get to where I'm at
You gotta remind 'em where the fuck you at
Every time they talkin' it's behind your back
Gotta learn to line 'em up and then attack
They gon' say your name on them airwaves
They gon' hit you up right after like it's only rap
Jewels look like I found a motherfuckin' treasure map
And ain't told no one where the fuck it's at
Shout out to the G's from the ends
We don't love no girls from the ends
I'm gon hit 'em with the wham once again
I'mma always end up as a man in the end, dog
It's just apparent every year
Only see the truth when I'm staring in the mirror
Lookin' at myself like, there it is there
Yeah, like there it is there man, whoo
I ain't tryna chance it
I be with the bands like a nigga went to Jackson State
Or Grambling
Young Nick Cannon with the snare drum, dancin'
Watch the way I handle it, uh
Bring it to the bedroom, you know that shit is candle lit
She know I'm the man with it, uh
With the bands like I must've went to Clark, went to Hampton
I ain't playin' with it
I ain't felt the pressure in a little while
It's gonna take some getting used to
Floatin' all through the city with the windows down
Puttin' on like I used to
They never told me when you get the crown
It's gon' take some getting used to
New friends all in their old feelings now
They don't love you like they used to manWay more gully gully than buddy buddy
Never needed your acceptance, never needed nothin'
You don't understand, I'm the only one to hear from
You don't understand that it's me or nothin'
Yea, I'm fuckin' glowin' up
Shaq postin' up on niggas that I used to have posters of
Real quick man, you couldn't have hated that
Let's be real nigga, you couldn't have made it that

Woah, dance our dance, watch me dance
You're fuckin' with the best man, I'm too advanced
After this drop I got new demands
Can't meet the terms, keep it movin' then
Make sure the plane got a phone now
So when we bout to land I can call to tell the wolves I'm home now
I'll tell 'em link up at the valley at the Hazy
Think I had the shit that had the city going crazy
When you get to where the fuck I'm at
You gotta remind 'em about where you been
About all of the money that done came and went
About the two cents I ain't never spent
When they say you're too famous to pack a gat
I gotta remind 'em about where I'm from
Not about where I'm going, about where I've gone
Stepping on a Swisher roach like a stepping stone
Goin' at a nigga throat like a herringbone
Boy do I smell beef? Mmmm pheromones
Got a fuckin' halo over my devil horns
Trap pumpin' all night like Chevron
Suck a nigga dick for a iPhone 6
Fuck my nigga Terry for a new Blackberry
You can get buried for a ounce of Katy Perry
I was only five but still remember the drought in '87
Lord tell 'em bitches I ain't got no times to play games with 'em
I ain't got no time
Tell her that I love her and I hate her in the same sentence
I'm fuckin' her mind
I got, mind control over Deebo
Parmesan my panino
Promethazine over Pinot
And when my bloods start shootin' that's B-roll bitchLet's just let bygones be bygones, okay?
Let's just go ahead and just let bygones be bygones
I pull up lookin' like a damn cyborg, weighin' 224
Oh man, these boys don't even understand
Listen when you see OVO Jodi pull up on the scene with Drake
For goodness sakes, well for goodness sakes
You see this mixtape you listenin' to? This an album
Yea, we could have, we could have sold it to you for 17.99
Or 29.99 with the shirt, buy it at the Target
These motherfuckers trippin' so hard I had to look down and double check cause I thought they
had their shoes tied together
Motherfuckers got they shoes tied together
What more could you ask for?
Boys harassing me with these questions
How about this?
How about don't ask me no more motherfucking questions
We ain't doing no interview

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by