

# Grammys (feat. Future)

## Drake

Yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah  
Jheeze, yeah  
Right, look, look Tell me how you really feel  
Tell me how you really feel  
I would ask you what's the deal  
But you don't even got a deal  
Most niggas with a deal  
Couldn't make a greatest hits  
Y'all a whole lot of things  
But you still ain't this  
I don't know no one  
That could tell me what to do  
Heard you never claimed the hood  
Hear the hood claimed you  
That can't sit well  
Oh well, ship sailed  
Still mine, all mine  
Cosign, cosign  
I pull up in yachts so big that they try to hit me with boat fines  
Hype Williams, Big Pimpin'  
Yeah, Just like the old times  
Same niggas from the old days  
Lot of sides on the same side  
OVO we a gold mine  
But I'm goin' gold in no time  
Doing plat, plat only  
Boys better back off me  
Hall of fame, hall of fame  
Like I'm shirt off, like I'm shirt off  
Like I'm shirt off shorty  
Whole city goin' crazy, whole city goin' crazy  
Top 5 no debating  
Top 5, top 5, top 5  
And the whole city rave me  
And I'm back inside a matrix  
And I said that we would make it  
Aim squad with some traitors  
Knew my niggas from the basement  
This ain't no metal-on-the-way shit  
We done really put some days in  
Hey why you so excited? You know what I'm sayin'?

What happened?  
Did you win the Grammy? God damn  
You acting like you fucking won a trophy and shit  
This nigga turnt the fuck up They gon' think I won a Grammy  
They gon' think I won a Grammy  
Swervin' out the Panoramic  
I'm hangin' out, they can't stand me  
They gon' think I won a Grammy  
They gon' think I won a Grammy  
They gon' think I won a Grammy  
They gon' think I won a Grammy  
I'm showin' out, they can't stand me  
I'm showin' out, they can't stand me  
I'm swervin' off, they can't stand me  
I'm err off, can't stand me  
They gon' think I won a Grammy  
They gon' think I won a Grammy  
They gon' think I won a Grammy  
They gon' think I won a Grammy  
Gonna peel off like a bandit  
I'm noddin' off on a Xanax  
Get pissed off, start airin' it  
Get a head start, ain't friendly  
I stand out, I don't blend in  
When I say that I meant that  
I don't want to talk to you has-beens  
I don't want features or ad-libs  
I don't want features or nothin'  
You can't even get on my guest list  
They want me to go to the Met Gala  
I want a Percocet and a gallon  
That Actavis Hi-Tech it don't matter  
We sittin' right on the courtside  
I know the players on both side  
I'm cashin' out, fuck a cosign  
I wear the chain like a bowtie  
I wear the ring like a fo'-five  
Keep a fo'-five for the po' guys  
Black tints, low profile  
Celebratin' everyday cause I'm really really fresh out the coke house  
Countin' up every single day  
'Bout to bring a whole 'nother whip out They gon' think I won a Grammy  
They gon' think I won a Grammy  
Swervin' out the Panoramic  
I'm hangin' out, they can't stand me  
They gon' think I won a Grammy  
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