

# Pound Cake / Paris Morton Music 2 (feat. JAY Z)

Drake

[Intro: Jimmy Smith]

Good God Almighty—like back in the old days...

You know, years ago they had the A&R men to tell you what to play, how to play it and you know whether it's disco and rock but we just went in the studio and we did it. We had the champagne in the studio, of course—compliments of the company—and we just laid back and did it. So we hope you enjoy listening to this album half as much as we enjoyed playing it for you. Because we had a ball. Only real music is gonna last—all the other bullshit is here today and gone tomorrow...

[Chorus: Timbaland]

Cash rules everything around me, frikki-frikki-frik  
C.R.E.A.M.; get the, get the, get the, get the  
Get the, get the, get the, get the money, dollar, dollar  
D-d-d-d-dollar, dollar, dollar-dollar bill y'all (y'all, y'all)  
Cash rules everything around me, frikki-frikki-frik  
C.R.E.A.M.; get the, get the, get the, get the  
Get the, get the, get the, get the money, dollar, dollar  
D-d-d-d-dollar, dollar, dollar-dollar bill y'all (y'all, y'all)

[Verse 1: Drake]

Yeah, after hours at Il Mulino  
Or Sotto Sotto, just talkin' women and vino  
The contract like '91 Dan Marino  
I swear this guy Michael Rapino's boosting my ego  
Overly focused, it's far from the time to rest now  
Debates growin' 'bout who they think is the best now  
Took a while, got the jokers out of the deck now  
I'm holdin' all the cards and niggas wanna play chess now  
I hear you talking, say it twice so I know you meant it  
Fuck it, I don't even tint it, they should know who's in it  
I'm authentic, real name, no gimmicks  
No game, no scrimmage, I ain't playin' with you niggas at all  
My classmates, they went on to be chartered accountants  
Or work with their parents  
But thinkin' back on how they treated me  
My high school reunion might be worth an appearance  
Make everybody have to go through security clearance  
Tables turn, bridges burn, you live and learn  
With the ink I could murder, word to my nigga Irv  
Yeah, I swear shit just started clickin' dog

You know it's real when you are who you think you are

[Chorus: Timbaland]

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[Verse 2: JAY-Z]

Uh, I had Benzes 'fore you had braces  
The all-black Maybach but I'm not a racist  
Inside's whiter than Katy Perry's face is  
Yellow diamonds in my Jesús  
I just might learn to speak Mandarin  
Japanese for the yen that I'm handlin'  
International Hov', that's my handle  
My saint's Changó, light a candle  
El Gran Santo on the mantle  
Case y'all didn't know, I speak Spanish too, uh  
Shout out to World Wide Wes  
Everywhere we go, we leave a worldwide mess  
Yes, still Roc La Familia  
Says a lot about you if you not feeling us  
The homie said "Hov', it ain't many of us"  
I told 'em "Less is more, nigga, is plenty of us"

[Chorus: Timbaland]

Cash rules everything around me  
C.R.E.A.M.; get the, get the, get the, get the  
Get the, get the, get the, get the money, dollar, dollar  
D-d-d-d-dollar, dollar, dollar-dollar bill y'all (y'all, y'all)

[Verse 3: JAY-Z]

Cake, cake-cake, cake-cake, cake  
500 million, I got a pound cake  
Niggas is frontin', that's upside-down cake  
Get 'em a red nose, they clown cakes  
They shoulda never let you 'round cake  
Look at my neck, I got a karat cake, uh  
Now here's the icin' on the cake  
Cake, cake-cake, cake-cake, uhh  
I'm just gettin' started, oh, yeah, we got it bitch  
I've done made more millionaires than the lotto did  
Dame made millions, Biggs made millions  
Ye made millions, Just made millions

Lyor made millions, Cam made millions  
Beans'a tell you if he wasn't in his feelings  
Uh, I'm back in my bag  
My eyes bloodshot but my jet don't lag  
A pair of Jordan 3's tryna chase this cash  
Gucci airbag just in case we crash  
Uh, last night was mad trill  
I'm fresh out of Advil, Jesus grab the wheel

Part 2: Paris Morton Music 2, Produced by Detail

[Verse 4: Drake]

Look, fuck all that "Happy to be here" shit that y'all want me on  
I'm the big homie, they still be tryna lil bro me, dog  
Like I should fall in line, like I should alert niggas  
When I'm 'bout to drop somethin' crazy  
And not say I'm the greatest of my generation  
Like I should be dressing different  
Like I should be less aggressive and pessimistic  
Like I should be way more nervous and less dismissive  
Like I should be on my best behavior and not talk my shit  
And do it major like the niggas who paved the way for us  
Like I didn't study the game to the letter  
And understand that I'm not doin' it the same  
Man, I'm doing it better  
Like I didn't make that clearer this year  
Like I should feel, I don't know, guilty for saying that  
They should put a couple more mirrors in here  
So I can stare at myself  
These are usually just some thoughts  
That I would share with myself  
But I thought "Fuck it", it's worth it to share 'em  
With someone else other than Paris for once  
I text her from time to time, she a mom now  
I guess sometimes life forces us to calm down  
I told her she could live with me if she need to  
I got a compound but I think she's straight  
'Cause she supported since Hot Beats  
Right before Wayne came and got me  
Out of the back room where I was rapping with Jas  
Over beats that I shouldn't have in the hopes for the glory  
He walked right past in the hallway  
Three months later, I'm his artist  
He probably wouldn't remember that story  
But that shit stick with me always  
Couldn't believe when he called me  
You never know, it could happen to you  
And I just spent four Ferraris all on a brand new Bugatti  
And did that shit 'cause it's somethin' to do

Yeah, I guess that's just who I became, dawg  
Nothing was the same, dawg

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