

Two Birds, One Stone

Drake

Yeah,
More
Yeah
More time with family and friends, more life
More time to get it right
It's only me, but I'm seeing four shadows in the light
My demons visit me every night
To the most high, I'm forever indebted
I know I gotta pay somethin', I know that day's comin'
I put it all in the music
Because if I don't say it here, then I won't say nothin'
Could feel my hand getting tired from holding the grudges
Two birds, one stone, my aim is amazin'
I need to start losing my shit on you niggas that's hatin'
Too reserved, like I called ahead for me and my lady
Free C5, how the fuck we got the boss waiting?
Ever since the blue basement, I found God and I lost patience
Between rocks and hard places of all places
Spotted everywhere, like Dalmation
Cops snoop around now, 'cause all of my dogs famous
Please welcome the October fall baby
Vaughan Road Academy, star player—my mind's not all there
Used to carry a lot of dead weight like a pallbearer
People too scared to tell the truth, so it's all dares
Count it, it's all there, and we all square
Quick money, I'm in and out
My dad used to use a soap bar 'til it's thinnin' out
But, shit, look at Dennis now
All Stacy Adams and linnen'd out
More blessings for Sandy and him, more life
My parents never got it right
But God bless 'em both, I think we all alike
We all wide awake late at night, thinking on what to change
If we do get to do it twice in another life
Scared to go to sleep now
'Cause being awake is what all my dreams were like
Back when the bar that I had set for myself was out of sight
Tell me how I went and did chin-ups
On this shit when I can't see it
Pin-ups of Meagan Good and Pam Grier
Soul sisters inspired my old scriptures
Now that feeling's gone like them old pictures

Mixin' liquor got us both twisted, words get so vicious
You just stare at me while you roll Swishers
Girl, I love you, but I don't miss ya
And no matter what year it is, I'm a 06er
Go figure, cold nigga, stay in school, man
Fuck the rap game, it's all lies and it's all filthy
Two percent of us rich and the rest of these niggas all milk it
Got two of my niggas off with a "not guilty"
Gave back to the city and never said it if I didn't live it
But still they try and tell you I'm not the realest
Like I'm some privileged kid
That never sat through a prison visit
Or like it was just handed to me tied with a ribbon
I never worked to get it
But really it's you with all the drug dealer stories
That's gotta stop, though
You made a couple chops and now you think you Chapo
If you ask me though, you ain't lining the trunk with kilos
You bagging weed watching Pacino with all your niggas
Like, "This what we need to be on," but you never went live
You middle-man in this shit, boy, you was never them guys
I can tell, 'cause I look most of you dead in your eyes
And you'll be tryna sell that story for the rest of your lives
Can't show us where the cash is
Me, I don't judge, I'm just going off what the math is
Numbers inflated
They all look at me like, "What have you done for me lately?"
"I like your older shit but wasn't in love with the latest."
Aw, baby, stop debatin', I'm just a creative
My numbers out of this world
No wonder they got me feeling so alienated
You were the man on the moon
Now you just go through your phases
Life of the angry and famous
Rap like I know I'm the greatest
Then give you tropical flavours
Still never been on hiatus
You stay xann'd and perk'd up
So when reality set in, you don't gotta face it
I'm down 200 in Vegas but winning life on a daily basis
It seems like nobody wants to stay in my good graces
I'm like a real estate agent, putting you all in your places
Look what happens soon as you talk to me crazy
Is you crazy?

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