

Nice For What

Drake

I wonder who mothafucking representin' in here tonight
Hold on, hold on I keep letting you back in
How can I explain myself?
Care for me, care for me!
I know you care for me!
There for me, there for me! (Louisiana shit)
Said you'd be there for me!
Cry for me, cry for me! (Murda on the beat)
You said you'd die for me!
Give to me, give to me!
Why won't you live for me?!
I keep letting you back in
How can I explain myself?
Care for me, care for me!
I know you care for me!
There for me, there for me! (A song for y'all to cut up to, you know?)
Said you'd be there for me!
Cry for me, cry for me! (Yeah)
You said you'd die for me!
Give to me, give to me!
Why won't you live for me?!
Everybody get your mothafuckin' roll on
I know shorty and she doesn't want no slow song
Had it made last year, life goes on
Haven't let that thing loose, girl, in so long
You been inside, know you like to lay low
I've been peepin' what you bringin' to the table
Workin' hard, girl, everything paid for
First, last phone bill, car note, cable With your phone out, gotta hit them angles
With your phone out snappin' like you Fabo
And you showin' off, but it's alright
And you showin' off, but it's alright
It's a short life, yuh
Care for me, care for me!
I know you care for me!
There for me, there for me!
Said you'd be there for me!
Cry for me, cry for me!
You said you'd die for me!
Give to me, give to me!
Why won't you live for me?! That's a real one, in your reflection
Without a follow, without a mention

You rarely pipin' up on these niggas
You gotta be nice for what to these niggas
I understand, you gotta hunnid bands
You got it, baby, Benz
You got some bad friends
High school pics, you was even bad then
You ain't stressing off no lover in the past tense
You already had then
Work at 8am, finish around five
Hoes talk down, you don't see them outside
They don't really be the same offline
You know dog days, you know hard times
Doing overtime for the last month
Saturday, call the girls, get em gassed up
Gotta hit the club, gotta make that ass jump
Gotta hit the club like you hit them muthafucking angles
With your phone out snappin' like you
Fabo
And you showin' off, but it's alright
And you showin' off, but it's alright
It's a short life, yuh
These hoes
Your boy
I may
Watch the breakdown
Care for me, care for me!
I know you care for me!
There for me, there for me!
Said you'd be there for me!
Cry for me, cry for me!
You said you'd die for me!
Give to me, give to me!
Why won't you live for me?!
Gotta make that jump
Gotta make that-
Gotta make that-
Gotta make that jump
Gotta make that-
Gotta make that-
Gotta make that jump
Gotta make that-
Gotta make that-That's a real one, in your reflection
Without a follow, without a mention
You rarely piping up on these niggas
You gotta be nice for what to these niggas
I understand
Care for me, care for me!
I know you care for me!
There for me, there for me!
Said you'd be there for me!
Cry for me, cry for me!
You said you'd die for me!
Give to me, give to me!
Why won't you live for me?!
Gotta hit the club like you hit them, hit them angles

It's a short life, yuh
Cry for me, cry for me!
You said you'd die for me!
Give to me, give to me!
Why won't you live for me?!

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

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