

# Star67

## Drake

[Intro: Lil Wayne Sample]

"That's what they doin', Cam'ron  
They actin' like these singers, man:  
"I ain't goin' to the studio until I got a situation  
A subject, I need a beat, I need the producer  
Wh-who gonna be on the hook?"  
Man, what is you doin'?  
Go in the studio with fuckin' clips, clips, ammo!"

[Verse 1]

Brand new Beretta, can't wait to let it go  
Walk up in my label like, where the check though?  
Yeah, I said it—wouldn't dap you with the left, ho  
Shut the fuck up, text from a centerfold, I ain't reply  
Let her know I read it though, voice mail say she ready though  
Niggas know I'm credible, ain't no pussy on a pedestal  
Got my foot on the 'cedes Benz pedal  
Doin' 90 on the bridge like, "nigga you already know"  
And if you don't know, then now you know, now you know  
Switchin up the angles now I'm in the Rolls with illuminated angel  
Four, five chains, man the gold gettin' tangled  
My nigga Biz said, "the first mill gon' change you"  
Change for the better, hit it then dead her  
That's my vendetta, keep this shit together  
Goddamn, we ain't even gotta scam  
Cocaine coupe, we ain't even got a scale  
Used to flip apps, now that old plug murked  
Ain't a damn thing changed, you can still get the work

[Interlude]

Just hold on one moment and someone will be right with you  
(We're sorry, you have reached a number that has been disconnected or is no longer in service)

[Beat Switch]

[Verse 2]

Yeah, I remember I had went to Louis V with Haf'  
Watched them spread ten thousand dollars on the glass  
I never ever thought I'd see that in my life  
Now I'm in the East cause my boys are gettin' right, man  
I was on TV makin' fifty racks a year  
After helpin' mama out, the shit would disappear  
I am not a man, I can't do this on my own

So I started askin' them if they would put me on  
And they did put me on, yeah, they did put me on  
Now we in the basement and we workin' on the phone  
Now we in the basement and we workin' on the phone, line  
Line blowin' up, workin' on the phones  
Now we in the basement and we workin' on the phones  
But I just couldn't do it, had to leave that shit alone, man

[Interlude]

Hear what?

Yo hear what, tek time

(Ha, ha, ha) Ahh, nuh shake

Yo hear what?

Wa gwan fry skull

Him fried, him fried and a sleep awhile ago inna di van

You know Drizzy

[Hook]

Blowin' up, line blowin' up, they need the whole thing

Blowin' up, my niggas really need the whole thing

Blowin' up, line blowin' up, they need the whole thing

Blowin' up, my niggas really need the whole thing

[Verse 3]

I do better with the rider in my system

Oh yeah, I'm on deck, when you call me I'll listen

I listen unless I been mixin', you know when I'm mixin'

You know when I'm mixin', I smoke when I drink, it's tradition

Like Zoe mama I go hippy, peace sign in the air like I'm Nixon

I'm mixin'—I am not Esco, but it was written

I knew when they didn't

I been had these visions of the life I'm livin' since I was Jimmy

All I had to do was just go and get it, and now we

[Hook]

Blowin' up, line blowin' up, they need the whole thing

Blowin' up, my niggas really need the whole thing

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>