

Drake, 6PM In New York

Yeah, yeah, oh, you gotta love it
Oh, you got, oh, you gotta love it
I heard what circulated, let's get to the bottom of it
I told 1da send me something and I got it covered
Somehow always rise above it
Why you think I got my head in the clouds on my last album cover?
The game is all mine and I'm mighty possessive
Lil Wayne could not have found him a better successor
Every shot you see them take at me? They all contested
Allen Iverson shoe deal, these niggas all in question
Last night I went to sleep, wanted more
Tried to decide what direction I should go towards
Some nights I wish I could go back in life
Not to change shit, just to feel a couple things twice
28 at midnight, wonder what's next for me
Longevity, wonder how long they'll check for me
Prolly forever if I stay in my zone
I speak on this generation, but can't change it alone
I heard a little little homie talking reckless in Vibe
That's quite a platform you chose, you should've kept it inside
Oh, you tried

It's so childish calling my name on the world stage
You need to act your age and not your girl's age
It gets worse by the annual, my career's like a "how to" manual
So I guess it's understandable, man
Oh, you gotta love it, you gotta love it, cheer
I know rappers that call Paparazzi to come and get 'em
To show they outfits off, guess they need the attention
I remember when it used to be music that did it
But then again times have changed, man, who are we kiddin'?
I'm managed by my friends that I grew up with
I'd rather give that 15% to people I fuck with
If me and Future hadn't made it with this rappin'
We prolly be out in Silicon tryna get our billions on
But here we are, yeah
Lately I feel the haters eatin' away at my confidence
They scream out my failures and whisper my accomplishments
Bitches alter my messages like we have words
And stories 'bout my life hit the net like a bad serve
Bitter women I'm overtextin' are PMSing crazy this year
Fuckin' with my image
I've been tryna reach the youth so I can save 'em this year
Fuck it, I guess I gotta wait til next year
And I heard someone say something that stuck with me a lot
'Bout how we need protection from those protectin' the block
Nobody lookin' out for nobody
Maybe we should try and help somebody or be somebody
Instead of bein' somebody that makes the news
So everybody can tweet about it
And then they start to R.I.P. about it
And four weeks later nobody even speaks about it
Damn, I just had to say my piece about it
Oh, you gotta love it

But they scared of the truth so back to me showin' out in public
That's a hotter subject
I've been whippin' Mercedes and nigga try to budget
I gotta make it back to Memphis to check on my cousins
Shout out to Ashley, Tasha, Biama, Julia, Ericka, Southern America
Part of my heritage, pardon my arrogance, part in my hair again
That's that comeback flow, comeback flow
Once I start it's apparent
I'm with girl whose ass is so big that's partly embarrassin'

But fuck all the blushin' and fuck your discussions
And fuck all the judgement
Your content so aggressive lately, what's irkin' you?
Shit is gettin' so personal in your verses too
I wanna prove that I'm number one over all these niggas
Bein' number two is just being the first to lose
My city dictated music, nobody seein' us
Winter here already, but somehow I'm heatin' up
Been observin' the game and felt like I've seen enough
Let's drop a tape on these niggas then we'll see what's up
Yeah, boy, you rappin' like you seen it all
You rappin' like the throne should be the three of y'all
"Best I Ever Had" seems like a decade ago
Decadent flow and I still got a decade to go
Oh please, take it ease, where's the love and the peace
Why you rappin' like you come from the streets?
I got a backyard where money seems to come from the trees
And I'm never ever scared to get some blood on my leaves
Phantom slidin' like the shit just hit a puddle of grease
I cook the beef well done on the double with cheese
Special order for anybody that's comin' for me
Shit you probably flinch if somebody sneeze
You see they got me back talkin' like it's just 40, Oli, and me
Cuttin' all loose ends, I be the barber for free
I'm almost at four minutes going off on the beat
Feel like I'm in the Malibu that had the cloth on the seats
Man, oh, you gotta love it

And on top of that it's getting harder to eat
Rappers downgrading houses, putting cars on the lease
To think labels said they had a problem marketing me
And now it's everybody else that's getting hard to believe
But man, oh, you gotta love it
And head to toe I'm Prada covered
I know your girl well, just not in public
Blame the city, I'm a product of it
Young nigga from the city
You gotta love it