

Drake, Digital Dash

(Metro Boomin want some more, nigga)
Rollin' in the coupe, yeah
Yeah
Get it
Get it, get it, hey (Freebandz)
Cook it, cook it (Yeah), huh (Hold up)
(Southside)
Yeah
My dope in the bushes (Turn up)
My dope in the bushes (Hold up)
I know how to cook it (Cook it)
My bitch good looking (Woo)
My bitch good looking (Hold up)
My bitch good looking (I swear)
My dope in the bushes, I know how to cook it
Yeah (Yeah)
Yeah, yeah (Yeah, yeah)

I did the digital dash (I did it)
I fucked that bitch on the passenger (One hundred)
I gave that junky a blast (One hundred)
I sell that dope to your mama, though (Your mama)
Hot on the street like thermometers (Thermometers)
You rats'll never be honorable (Fuck 'em)
They know I'ma keep that my word (Yeah)
I hustle the first to the first (Future)

These bitches be naggin' the kid (Fuck 'em)
They get on my motherfuckin' nerves (My motherfuckin' nerves)
I showed up with racks and they love me (They love me)
I'm smokin' that pack and on muddy (That gushy)
Taliban on these hoes (Hoes)
Give a Xan' to these hoes (These hoes)
Got 'em playing with they nose (Yeah)
I sleep on a beach off the avenue (The avenue)
I came to your city with revenue (Miami)
I put in work, it was evident (It was)
I slide on your ass in a seven-deuce (I slide on 'em)
Come back on your bitch in a six-trey (Woo)
Chevy, Mercedes, I keep 'em comin' (Keep 'em comin')
Fuck all these bitches, I keep 'em comin' (Foreign)
I pull up right now, I'm parallel (Skrrt)
I hit your block with them swangers (I hit 'em)
My niggas ain't nothin' but some bangers (Throw up)
I sit in the trap with the gangsters
These niggas can't come around here 'cause it's dangerous (Wizard)
I be hangin' 'round here and I'm famous (Wizard)
Gotta keep the trigger by my finger (My finger)
Hit her sideways when I banged her (I fucked)
In the driveway on a Perc' (A Perc')
I was sideways on a Perc' (Pour up)
Had a stick on me, that's a first (Yeah)
Got your bitch on me gettin' murked (Let's get it)
I post up and that's confident (That's confident)
I boast up in a drop six (Drop six)
Had a Ghost Royce and I pop shit (Pop shit)
I'm a dope boy with that car trip (Yeah)
I came in the game, I had crack on me (I had crack on me)
Got Bape on my back with some Act' on me (Act')
I'm single and shit, now she latch on me (I'm single)
I told 'em I'm back, I'm a bachelor (I'm back)
I get focused on millions and everything (Focused)
I just took me a trip out to Africa (Africa)
See how we came from the mud and the bottom, we did it (Bottom, we did it, we did it, woo)

I see how they counted us out, bet they never gon' do it again (Freebandz)
You see why these niggas be hatin', ignorin', I'm goin' right in (Yeah)
I was born to get this money in this life of sin (Life of sin)
I poured up before they got my dog on murder again (Murder)
See the fire come out the ass on the Lamborghini (Skrrt)
When you say you love a nigga, do you really mean it? (No)
When I was sleepin' on the floor, you should see how they treated me (Hah)
I pour the Actavis, pop pills so I can fight the demons (Oh)

I did the digital dash (Fuck)
I fucked that bitch on the passenger (Fuck)
I gave that junky a blast (Blast)
I sell that dope to your mama, though (Mama)
Hot on the street like thermometers (Thermometers)
You rats'll never be honorable (Fuck 'em)
They know I'ma keep that my word (They know)
I hustle the first to the first (I hustle)

These bitches be nagging the kid
Fuck it, it is what it is
If you get hit, you get hit
I don't forget or forgive
Told myself never again
I don't let nobody in
Super just showed out again
And we just keep servin' and servin' again and again and again and again
I move the game up, I'm reckless
I'm Harlem shaking through the pressure
I might put Diddy on my next shit
I might could fit you in on Wednesday
I'm not here for no pretend shit
Just walked in with a girl that's making triple what I'm making, what an entrance
That's when you know it's a body
Zone 6, they know it's a body
Kirkwood, they know it's a body
Lil Mexico know it's a body
Scooter in here with the zombies
Gucci get out, it's a problem
I might take Quentin to Follies
You hate your life, just be honest
I got the digital dash
She want a picture with all of my niggas to just make the visual last
But she too embarrassed to ask
I got my foot on they neck and my foot on the gas
You remind me of a quarterback, your shit is all in the past
Esco and Boomin, they got it on smash
And I got the, I got the, I got the, I got the, I

I did the digital dash (Woo)
I fucked that bitch in the passenger
I gave that junky a blast
I sell that dope to your mama, though