

# Drake, Family Matters

[Part I]

[Intro: Drake & Sandra Graham]

Maybe in this song, you shouldn't start by saying  
Nigga, I said it, I know that you mad  
I've emptied the clip over friendlier jabs  
You mentioned my seed, now deal with his dad  
I gotta go bad, I gotta go bad

Mmm, mmm, yeah  
Drop, drop, drop, drop  
Drop a fifty bag for the mob in the spot  
Drop a fifty bag, twenty-nine for the thot  
Uh, I was really, really tryna keep it PG  
I was really, really tryna keep it PG

If you had a set, they'd give your ass a DP  
But you civilian gang, in real life, you PC  
You know who really bang a set? My nigga YG  
You know who really bang a set? My nigga Chuck T  
You know who even bang a set out there is CB  
And, nigga, Cole losin' sleep on this, it ain't me  
You better have some paperwork or that shit fake tea  
Can't be rappin' 'bout no rattin' that we can't read  
I mean it's true a nigga slimed me for my AP  
Just like how Metro nigga slimed him for his main squeeze  
Out here beggin' for attention, nigga, say please  
Always rappin' like you 'bout to get the slaves freed  
You just actin' like an activist, it's make-believe  
Don't even go back to your hood and plant no money trees  
Say you hate the girls I fuck, but what you really mean?  
I been with Black and white and everything that's in between  
You the Black messiah wifin' up a mixed queen  
And hit vanilla cream to help out with your self-esteem  
On some Bobby shit, I wanna know what Whitney need  
All that puppy love was over in y'all late teens  
Why you never hold your son and tell him, "Say cheese?"  
We could've left the kids out of this, don't blame me  
You a dog and you know it, you just play sweet  
Your baby mama captions always screamin', "Save me"  
You did her dirty all your life, you tryna make peace  
I heard that one of 'em little kids might be Dave Free  
Don't make it Dave Free's  
'Cause if your GM is your BM secret BD  
Then this is all makin' plenty fuckin' sense to me  
Ayy, let that shorty breathe  
Shake that ass, bitch, hands on your knees  
Hands on your knees, hands on your knees  
Shake that ass for Drake, now shake that ass for free  
Yeah, yeah  
Well, not that kind of free, I'm talkin' 'bout my nigga Dave  
Your man a lil' K, we call that shit a mini Drac'  
He always said I overlooked him, I was starin' straight  
These bars go over Kenny head no matter what I say  
I know you like to keep it short, so let me paraphrase  
Knew it was smoke when Abel hit us with the serenade  
Nigga said, "Uh, uh"  
Almost started reachin' for my waist

Drop, drop, drop, drop  
Drop a fifty bag for the mob in the spot  
Drop a fifty bag, twenty-nine for the thot

Uh, I was really, really tryna keep it—

Yeah

Let me stop playin' around, let me take this shit serious, like  
Niggas is a joke, I take it serious, though  
Yeah, look

If Drake shooters doing TikToks, nigga  
Realest shooter in your gang, that's P's brother, y'all ain't getting shit shot, nigga  
Can't listen to the stick talk in falsetto, save it for a hip-hop nigga  
You don't even be at home, dog, you a souvenir-out-the-gift-shop nigga  
Still mad about that one ho, we ain't even fuck, I just lip-locked with her  
I get active when it's war time, I ain't even really let my dick drop, nigga  
What the fuck I heard Rick drop, nigga? Talkin' somethin' 'bout a nose job, nigga  
Ozempic got a side effect of jealousy and doctor never told y'all niggas  
Put a nigga in the bars, let a nigga rot, kind of like your old job, nigga  
House sittin' on some land, but it's out where no one even really know y'all niggas  
Bitches gotta drive two hours 'fore you pay 'em just to give a blowjob, nigga  
Must've snorted up a snowball  
'Cause my last record deal was four hundred M's, these days, that's a low ball, nigga  
Ayy

Who's next on the list?

Which one of my so-called niggas

Which one of my so-called niggas

Which one of my so-called niggas need a shell from the clip?

Always knew I had to smoke y'all niggas

□good kid, m.A.A.d city van, we'll pop the latch and let the door slide

Tears runnin' down my cheek, laughin' at you pussies dyin', it's a war cry

Weeknd music gettin' played in all the spots where boys got a little more pride

That's why all your friends dippin' to Atlanta, payin' just to find a tour guide

Abel, run your fuckin' bread, need to buy some more chains for some more guys

Let me find another street nigga I can take to the game courtside

Let me get a used Ferrari for a rapper, take the nigga on a horse ride

Anything to take the spotlight off the fact the boss is a drugged-out lil' punk sissy from the Northside

Rakim talkin' shit again

Gassed 'cause you hit my BM first, nigga, do the math, who I was hittin' then?

I ain't even know you rapped still 'cause they only talkin' 'bout your 'fit again

Probably gotta have a kid again 'fore you think of droppin' any shit again

Even when you do drop, they gon' say you should've modeled 'cause it's mid again

Smokin' Fenty 'bout it, should've put you on the first one, tryna get it in

Ask Fring if this a good idea the next time you cuddled in that bed again

She'll even tell you leave the boy alone 'fore you get your head split again

Pluto shit make me sick to my stomach, we ain't never really been through it

Leland Wayne, he a fuckin' lame, so I know he had to be an influence

These niggas had a plan and they finally found a way to rope you into it

Two separate albums dissin', I just did a Kim to it, nigga, skim through it

Me and Savage had the hoes drippin' wet at shows, almost had to swim to it

K-Dot shit is only hittin' hard when Baby Keem put his pen to it

Ross callin' me the white boy and the shit kind of got a ring to it

'Cause all these rappers wavin' white flags while the whole fuckin' club sing to it

Murder scene on your man tonight, then come to the vigil with the candlelight

Body after fuckin' body and you know Rick readin' my Miranda rights

I'm goin' on vacation now, hope next time, y'all plan it right

'Cause you gotta pay for sayin' my name, guess now niggas understand the price

Nigga, what? (6ix)

[Part III]

[Verse]

Ayy

Kendrick just opened his mouth, someone go hand him a Grammy right now

Where is your uncle at? 'Cause I wanna talk to the man of the house

West Coast niggas do fades, right? Come get this ass whoopin', I'm handin' 'em out

You wanna take up for Pharrell? Then come get his legacy out of my house  
A cease and desist is for hoes, can't listen to lies that come out of your mouth  
You called the Tupac estate and begged 'em to sue me and get that shit down  
I'm losin' perspective on beef, Boi-1da send beat and I'll kill you for fun  
Your daddy got robbed by Top, you Stunna and Wayne, like father, like son  
Anthony set up the plays, Kojo be chargin' you double for nothin'  
They shook about what I'ma say, but textin' your phone like, "We already won"  
You tell me what I shouldn't say, but fuck it, my nigga, it's already done  
We already know it's a twenty-v-one, we already know why you went number one  
It's clearly because of The Boy, the honorable thing is to give me the loot  
You right about "Fuck the big three," it's only Big D, and there's video proof  
Our sons should go play at the park, two lightskin kids, that shit would be cute  
Unless you don't want to be seen with anyone that isn't Blacker than you  
We get it, we got it  
The blacker the berry, the sweeter the juice  
We get that you like to put gin in your juice  
We get that you think that you Bishop in Juice  
When you put your hands on your girl, is it self-defense 'cause she bigger than you?  
Your back is up against the curb, you diggin' for dirt, should be diggin' for proof  
Why did you move to New York? Is it 'cause you livin' that bachelor life?  
Proposed in 2015, but don't wanna make her your actual wife  
I'm guessin' this wedding ain't happenin', right?  
'Cause we know the girls that you actually like  
Your darkest secrets are comin' to light  
It's all on your face like what happened to Mike  
Oh shit, it's all makin' sense, maybe I'm Prince and you actually Mike  
Michael was prayin' his features would change so people believe that he's actually white  
Top would make you do features for change, get on pop records and rap for the whites  
And wait, you say your brother Jermaine, but you wanted him to stay out of the light  
Oh shit, just follow me, right? 'Cause nothin' you sayin' could bother me, right?  
I get off the plane and nothing has changed, I head to Delilah with all of my ice  
Head to Delilah with all of my ice, head to Delilah with all of my ice  
This shit gotta be over by now for anyone out here that's calling it, right?  
You're dead  
You're dead, you're dead  
There's nowhere to hide, there's nowhere to hide, you know what I mean  
They hired a crisis management team to clean up the fact that you beat on your queen  
The picture you painted ain't what it seem, you're dead