

# Drake, First Person Shooter

(Pew, pew-pew)

First-person shooter mode, we turnin' your song to a funeral

To them niggas that say they wan' off us, you better be talkin' 'bout workin' in cubicles

Yeah, them boys had it locked, but I knew the code

Lot of niggas debatin' my numeral

Not the three, not the two, I'm the U-N-O

Yeah

Numero U-N-O

Me and Drizzy, this shit like the Super Bowl

Man, this shit damn near big as the

Big as the what? (Ah)

Big as the what? (Mm)

Big as the what? (Ayy)

Big as the Super Bowl

But the difference is it's just two guys playin' shit that they did in the studio

Niggas usually send they verses back to me and they be terrible, just like a two-year-old

I love a dinner with some fine women when they start debatin' about who the G.O.A.T.

I'm like go on 'head, say it then, who the G.O.A.T.?

Who the G.O.A.T.? Who the G.O.A.T.? Who the G.O.A.T.?

Who you bitches really rootin' for?

Like a kid that act bad from January to November, nigga, it's just you and Cole

Big as the what? (Ah)

Big as the what? (Mm)

Big as the what? (Ayy)

Big as the Super Bowl

Niggas so thirsty to put me in beef

Dissectin' my words and start lookin' too deep

I look at the tweets and start suckin' my teeth

I'm lettin' it rock 'cause I love the mystique

I still wanna get me a song with YB

Can't trust everything that you saw on IG

Just know if I diss you, I'd make sure you know that I hit you like I'm on your caller ID

I'm namin' the album The Fall Off, it's pretty ironic 'cause it ain't no fall off for me

Still in this bitch gettin' bigger, they waitin' on the kid to come drop like a father to be

Love when they argue the hardest MC

Is it K-Dot? Is it Aubrey? Or me?

We the big three like we started a league, but right now, I feel like Muhammad Ali

Huh, yeah, yeah, huh-huh, yeah, Muhammad Ali

The one that they call when they shit ain't connectin' no more, feel like I got a job in IT

Rhymin' with me is the biggest mistake

The Spider-Man meme is me lookin' at Drake

It's like we recruited your homies to be demon deacons, we got 'em attending your wake

Hate how the game got away from the bars, man, this shit like a prison escape

Everybody steppers, well, fuck it, then everybody breakfast and I'm 'bout to clear up my plate (Huh)

When I show up, it's motion picture blockbuster

The G.O.A.T. with the golden pen, the top toucher

The spot rusher, sprayed his whole shit up, the crop duster

Not Russia, but apply pressure

To your cranium, Cole's automatic when aimin' 'em

With The Boy in the status, a stadium

Nigga

Ayy, I'm 'bout to, I'm bout to

I'm 'bout to, yeah

Yeah

I'm 'bout to click out on this shit

I'm 'bout to click, woah

I'm 'bout to click out on this shit

I'm 'bout to click, woah

I'm down to click out you hoes and make a crime scene  
I click the trigger on the stick like a high beam  
Man, I was Bentley wheel whippin' when I was nineteen  
She call my number, leave her hangin', she got dry-cleaned  
She got a Android, her messages is lime green  
I search one name, and end up seein' twenty tings  
Nadine, Christine, Justine, Kathleen, Charlene, Pauline, Claudine  
Man, I pack 'em in this phone like some sardines  
And they send me naked pictures, it's the small things  
You niggas still takin' pictures on a Gulfstream  
My youngins richer than you rappers and they all stream  
I really hate that you been sellin' them some false dreams  
Man, if your pub was up for sale, I buy the whole thing  
Will they ever give me flowers? Well, of course not  
They don't wanna have that talk, 'cause it's a sore spot  
They know The Boy, the one they gotta boycott  
I told Jimmy Jam I use a GRAMMY as a door stop  
Girl gave me some head because I need it  
And if I fuck with you, then after I might eat it, what?  
Niggas talkin' 'bout when this gon' be repeated  
What the fuck, bro? I'm one away from Michael  
Nigga, beat it, nigga, beat it, what?

Beat it, what? Beat it, what? Beat it, what? Beat it, what?  
Beat it, what? Beat it, what? Beat it, what? Beat it, what?  
Beat it, what? Beat it, what? Beat it, ayy, beat it, what?  
Don't even pay me back on none them favors, I don't need it