

# Drake, HYFR (feat. Lil Wayne)

[Drake:]

Gotta do what I gotta do

All my exes live in Texas like I'm George Strait  
Or they go to Georgia State where  
Tuition is handled by some random nigga that live in Atlanta  
That she only see when she feels obligated  
Admitted it to me the first time we dated  
But she was no angel, and we never waited  
I took her for sushi, she wanted to fuck  
So we took it to go, told them don't even plate it  
And we never talk too much after I blew up  
Just only "hello" or "happy belated"  
And I think I text her and told her I made it  
And that's when she text me and told me she prayed it  
And that's when I text her and told her I love her  
Then right after texted and told her I'm faded  
She asked what have I learned since getting richer  
I learned working with the negatives could make for better pictures  
I learned Hennessy and enemies is one hell of a mixture  
Even though it's fucked up, girl I'm still fucking with ya  
Damn, is it the fall, time for me to revisit the past  
It's women to call, there's albums to drop, there's liquor involved  
There's stories to tell, we been through it all  
Interviews are like confessions  
Get the fuck up out my dressing room, confusing me with questions like

[Lil Wayne:]

Do you love this shit? Are you high right now? Do you ever get nervous?  
Are you single? I heard you fucked your girl, is it true?  
You getting money? You think them niggas you with is with you?  
And I say hell yeah, hell yeah, hell yeah  
Fuckin' right, fuckin' right, all right  
And we say hell yeah, hell yeah, hell yeah  
Fuckin' right, fuckin' right, alright

So much for being optimistic  
They say love is in the air, so I  
Hold my breath until my face turn purple, keep a few bad bitches in my circle  
My nuts hang like ain't no curfew, bitch, if you wave, then I will surf you  
I flew jet, she flew commercial but we still met later that night  
After my session, she came over, I was aggressive and she was sober  
I gave her pills, she started confessing and started undressing and ask me to hold her  
And so I did, but that was last month and now she's texting me asking for closure  
Damn, she say this shit gon' catch up to me, I keep tissue paper  
We eat each other whenever we at the dinner table  
She say she hate that she love me and she wish I was average  
Shit, sometimes I wish the same and I wish she wasn't married  
Promises, I hope I never break 'em  
Met a female dragon, had a fire conversation  
But, interviews are like confessions  
Get the fuck up out my bedroom confusing me with questions like

[Lil Wayne:]

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