

Drake, Privileged Rappers

Woah, woah, yeah

Look at me dead in my eyes, I know that you know that a nigga ain't lyin'
Too much respect, all of my shawty BDs, they know not to try it
Too much respect, I used to hand out CDs before they would buy it
Woah, she love me so much, it seem like she biased
Niggas don't know how I live, but that's 'cause they live at the Hyatt, ayy
4L step team steppin' on shit 'til it's quiet
He brought me the money sealed up, I still had to count it, I cannot just eye it

Woah, woah, woah, yeah

Let's have sex in the bank, tell 'em to open the safe
I hate a privileged rapper who don't even know what it take
The diamonds, they hit like a rainbow, that's 'cause the necklace a frame (Purr)
Woah, woah, woah, yeah
Let's have sex in the 9 (Let's do it)
Breakin' and bendin' her spine (Let's do it, let's do it)
I hate a privileged rapper that ain't have to hit since he sign (Let's do it)
Niggas be full of excuses, act like they takin' they time (For real, for real)

Woah, woah, woah

Look at me dead in my eyes, you see all the times I had to go slide (21)
Too many sticks, we go to war with whoever ain't never been biased (Pussy)
Too many sticks, how was they your opps and none of 'em died? (Pussy)
Hol' up (21), hol' up (21), hol' up (21)
Why you pull up at one in the morning and sit on the edge of the bed? (For what?)
Textin' emojis, tongue out, eggplant, must've went over her head (21)
Catch him outside of the studio (Pussy), make him repeat what he said (Pussy, pussy)
Yeah, yeah, let's have sex in the car (On God)
The Maybach came with a bar (21)
I'm wipin' my dick with her bra (21, pew, pew, pew)
Snipe his ass, he got hit in the head from far (Pussy)
Opps gets undivided attention, I give them my all (On God)
How you come over to the spot when you know it's your time of the month? (How?)
Make a diss and see how fast you go from the booth to a blunt (Pussy)
She say she hungry, I gave her dick for brunch (On God)
Send me my whole fee, I don't do backends in front (21)

No, no, no

Let's have sex in the bank, tell 'em to open the safe
I hate a privileged rapper who don't even know what it take
The diamonds, they hit like a rainbow, that's 'cause the necklace a frame (Purr)
Woah, woah, woah, yeah
Let's have sex in the 9 (Let's do it)
Breakin' and bendin' her spine (Let's do it, let's do it)
I hate a privileged rapper that ain't have to hit since he sign (Let's do it)
Niggas be full of excuses, act like they takin' they time (Let's do it, for real)