

# Drake, Pussy & Millions

I been out, late night creepin', should I slide on bitches?  
Posted up with the militia  
Niggas ain't switchin', mind on missions  
Mind on pussy and millions, mind on pussy and millions  
I'm tryna call a sex symbol to eat my kids up  
They say more money, more problems (Will)  
Bring on the problems (Will)  
Bring on the problems (Will)  
Bring on the motherfuckin' problems  
They say more money, more problems  
Bring on the problems  
Bring on the problems  
Bring on the motherfuckin' problems, ayy

Braided up and my two weeks up  
Hit 'em then I get amnesia  
Life ain't gettin' any easier  
Flocka, Flockasita  
I know that I'm not in love, she don't love me either  
It's just hard to find the love, this shit keep on gettin' deeper  
Who said it's cheaper to keep her?  
I'd rather release her  
Body ain't give her the wave like a feature  
You know the procedure  
Niggas is praying to God so we stay with the sweeper  
I'm reppin' 4L with my twinnie, so treacherous introduce y'all to the leader

Come to me with all the smoke  
I like the money, for sure  
But I love the hustle the most  
She pretty, she show off her toes  
And my Pateks, they came with a pole  
Know this money bring envy and jealousy  
I'm like, "Fuck it, I want me some more"  
Hit her from the back, she bent up  
Playin' with the money, get spent up  
Chains on my neck, no Kente  
You the type of girl I pay rent for  
Suck it in the car, that's what the tint for  
Bought me a plane, not a sprinter  
Quarter-million dollars on her dental  
She say I'm a stepper, but gentle

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Only signin' the gang  
We the new Lucian Grainge  
Bring on the rings (Yeah)  
Her MJ thing, I'm talkin' a Brady thing  
I'm off of the juice, never could cycle the mix  
Rockin' the braids, not the twists  
Full puff, he can't comb

Not actin' like Christians in here  
But Christian Dior in they homes, the bigger we get  
Gotta thank God for this, I got a lot that I give  
I be handin' out gifts like the Christmas on twenty-fifth  
Out in the twenties inside of the twenty and  
Said I would buy the jet 'fore I could 'fford this shit  
Now I got the jet, building the landing strip  
In the back of the crib, I record the hits  
In the front of the crib they valet the whips  
(How many whips I need? Let's go)  
Breakin', breakin' the records, more money, more problems  
They come with the status  
Runnin' through customs when you run the atlas  
I got accustomed, accustomed the fastest  
I'm talkin' 'bout fabrics, I'm talkin' 'bout mattress  
I never sleep, though I sleep with a baddie  
I'm movin' deep 'cause that's just how it's happenin' (Ooh)  
If you come out, just be ready for action (La Flame)  
Just needed some time  
I settled my time, now they see the signs  
You didn't leave me solo, right here, all alone  
You held it down for me, right on my own (Ooh)  
Young nigga get it, just try to get home  
I got a rolodex all on my phone and it's still wrong

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