

# Drake, Slime You Out (ft. SZA)

I don't know  
I don't know what's wrong with you girls  
I feel like y'all don't need love, you need somebody who could micromanage you  
You know what I'm sayin'? Tell you right from wrong  
Who's smart from who's the fool  
Which utensil to use for which food, like  
I got a schedule to attend to, though  
I can't relate  
6ix

You bitches really get carried away  
Makin' mistakes, then you beg me to stay  
Got me wiggin' on you like I'm Arrogant Tae  
You got my mind in a terrible place  
Whipped and chained you like American slaves  
Act like you not used to Sheraton stays  
I met the nigga you thought could replace  
How were there even comparisons made?  
Bitch, next time, I swear on my grandmother grave  
I'm slimin' you for them kid choices you made

Slimin' you out, slimin' you out, slimin' you out

Ayy, this ain't the littest I could get on you bitches  
Send wires on wires on wires like Idris  
You lucky that I don't take back what was given  
I could have you on payment plan 'til you're hundred and fifty  
And my slime right here, she got some bars for y'all niggas  
So I'ma fall back and let SZA talk her shit for a minute

Slimin' you out, slimin' you out, slime

Damn, these niggas got me so twisted  
How the fuck you so real, but play bitch on my line?  
I can feel what you're spinnin'  
Got too much pride to let no burnt nigga slime me out  
Pull up, go write about  
My night, got time, let's discuss all those lies about  
Frontin' out here like you diggin' me out  
And I ain't even cummin', I'm in and out  
And you ain't 'bout the shit you rappin' about  
And I can spin a ho, I'm airin' it out  
I'm goin' off like a sawed-off  
You tell these hoes you ain't cuddlin'  
But with me, you know you doin' all that shit  
You tellin' these hoes you ain't trickin' off  
But with me, you know I'm gon' get it all  
How you niggas get so carried away?  
Trippin' when that dick is barely third place  
Fucked out of pity, it's cute that you lame  
Dip 'cause it's mid, I can't fake like it's hangin'

Slimin' you out, I'm slimin' you out, I'm slimin' you out  
Oh-woah, woah

Yeah  
January, you pretend to see life clearly, yearly  
February is the time that you put the evil eye and the pride aside  
For the fantasy of gettin' married, very scary  
March got you already second guessin' titles  
April, spring is here and just like a spring, you start to spiral  
May brings some warmer days, poolside, gettin' very tan  
June have you movin' ice cold, goin' back and forth with a married man  
July, that's when I found out you lied

August, it was "baby" this, "baby" that like you had your tubes tied  
September, we fallin' off, but I'm still the man you tryna win over  
October is all about me 'cause your turn should've been over  
November got you moodboardin' for next year and you're single  
December the gift-givin' month and now you wanna rekindle our year  
Tryna build trust, showin' me your DMs, how they tryna bag you  
Ironic how the news I got about you ended up bein' bad news  
Get a nigga hit for fifty racks, girl, the beef cost like it's wayu  
Get a nigga hit, I'll make his ass see the light like a half-moon  
Shout to QC, pretty sure I made Pee M's like it's past noon  
All I really know is W's and M's, life lookin' like a bathroom  
All I really know is M bags like I drove through and ordered fast food  
Sayin' that I'm too guarded with my feelings, who the fuck even asked you?  
Seven bodyguards just in case somebody really wanna try and crash through  
Don't know why I listen to you when I hear you talkin' to me, it's some half-truths  
If I don't pay your rent, it end up like an old hairstyle, girl, it's past due  
If I don't

Ah-ah-ah, that's as far as I got