

# Drake, Stories About My Brother

Yeah, right back

I walked in the studio, Noel said "I thought that you quit?"

I said "Nah, I'm quittin' again 'cause I started again"

Gotta wait on that

This like the storm before the calm, we'll get to the vacation later

For real

Ayy

Look

Look

This is the decompress before the intermission

Done a lot of post game talkin', but this one different

I told Lee to put him in the car, but don't pistol whip him

And definitely do not shoot his ass 'til you get permission

People got a heavy misread on my disposition

Talkin' loose, then hit me up after on some "Please, Drake listen, listen"

Energy they bringin' is inconsistent

I got two Virgil Benzes, one that I'm whippin' right now

And the other one, I'm keepin' in mint condition

And niggas bound to slip eventually like they sent permission

Imagine us gettin' our validation from an ex-musician searchin' for recognition

Same story every time, they heckle in repetition

I'm top of the mountain, these niggas still down at base camp, they plannin' they expedition

Y'all the type to catch a charge, head to the deposition

And act like the rapper named after the sex position

But let me tell you 'bout my brother, though

Let me tell you 'bout my brother, though, for real

Let me tell you 'bout my brother

Man, let me tell you 'bout my brother, though

My brother a tool toter, my brother a tombstoner

Diamonds and violence made us bond, we grew closer

Brother a clip loader, my brother a sick soldier

That nigga stick'll it to you for real, he a lint roller

My brother a aim botter, I bought him a Range Rover

My brother a flame thrower

It's like he playin' EDM, that nigga a chain smoker

Niggas want smoke with us, I promise, it's game over

Get your ass twist right here, he a kane roller

And any of you niggas whine to J Prince, like some grape growers

Man, what the-?

Got it to here with that shit

Let me tell you 'bout my brother, though

Yeah

I mean, enough about me (Conductor)

Let me tell you 'bout my brother, though

'Cause I'll backhand you boys with my writing hand

You niggas do your shootin' on the web, you Spider-Man

My brother robbin' it down to you junes like Iron Man

My brother make your ace disappear like a slight of hand

My brother carry bundles and extensions like hair stores

It's me, him, and a white ting, we movin' like Paramore

He into some shit that they call internal affairs for

I'm someone he care for, I'm someone he there for

My brother put some holes in your top, you a Air Force

I should charge for interviews, they want me to share more

A ticket just to check in with the boy, like the airport

This the part of the story you wasn't prepared for

Let me tell you 'bout my brother, though

My brother say I'm better than everyone, he biased as fuck

Blood is thicker than water, nigga, his iron is up

And if you keep eyein' me down, trust me, his iron is up

Your last album was buns, you niggas Hawaiian as fuck

Niggas so down bad, they makin' alliances up  
Cliquein' up with haters that was thinkin' of signin' to us  
Knowin' good and well, that when I drop, they inspired as fuck  
Secret admirers too embarrassed, they hide in the cut  
CN Towerin' over you niggas, I'm giant as fuck  
Wait on whoever to say whatever, they quiet as fuck  
The city don't love you like that and they fryin' you up  
I can't wait for the day that you choose to retire your stuff  
Takin' off the sneakers, 'cause you tired of tyin' 'em up  
And one day you wake up and tell 'em "Enough is enough"  
That's how you gon' find out that you not Kobe Bryant to us  
That you not Kobe Bryant to us, at all  
And if them hoes really love you, then them hoes, they lyin' to us  
They say they miss when you got 'em wettin', and you dryin' them up  
Also don't doubt that you sent them here, and they spyin' on us  
Man, either way, nigga, beware of the dog, deep in my character flaws (Conductor)  
Humble back in 2012, now I give arrogant bars  
I remember blue streak with Neeks, we sharin' the cost  
Now we go for dinner and we joke about sharin' the cost  
Got me a ranch in the H, fuck all the carryin' cause  
Boy, I'm on top of the cake, just like some caramel sauce  
Fuck all the settlin' down, these boys married in-laws  
I go for dinner, they wife is there and she starin' across  
God forbid I take her and they suffer a terrible loss, yeah  
But enough about me

Huh, yeah