

# Nonstop

## Drake

Tay Keith, fuck these niggas up! Look, I just flipped a switch (flipped, flipped)

I don't know nobody else that's doin' this

Bodies start to drop (ayy, hit the floor)

Now they wanna know me since I hit the top, ayy

This a Rollie, not a stopwatch, shit don't ever stop

This the flow that got the block hot, shit got super hot

Give me my respect (give me my respect)

I just took it left like I'm ambidex

Bitch, I move through London with the Euro step

Got a sneaker deal and I ain't break a sweat

Catch me 'cause I'm goin' outta there (I'm gone)

How I go from 6 to 23 like I'm LeBron?

Servin' up a pack (servin' up a pack)

Niggas pullin' gimmicks 'cause they scared to rap

Funny how they shook (ayy, got these niggas shook)

Pullin' back the curtain by myself, take a look, ayy

I'm a bar spitta, I'm a hard hitta

Yeah, I'm light-skinned, but I'm still a dark nigga

I'm a wig splitta, I'm a tall figure

I'm a unforgivin' wild-ass dog, nigga

Somethin' wrong with 'em, got 'em all bitter

I'm a bill printer, I'm a grave digger

Yeah, I am what I am

I don't have no time for no misunderstandings again

(My head is spinnin', from smokin' the chicken, the face is tickin')

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(My head is-)

Future took the business and ran it for me

I let Ollie take the owl, told him brand it for me

I get 2 million a pop and that's standard for me

Like I went blind, dog, you gotta hand it to me

(Gotta gimme that shit, dog)

Prayed, then I prayed again (amen, Lord)

Had a moment but it came and went (they don't love you no more)

You don't wanna play with him (nah, nah, nah)

They'll be mournin' you like 8AM (R.I.P.)  
Pinky ring 'til I get a wedding ring (woah, yeah)  
Love my brothers, cut 'em in on anything (big slice)  
And you know it's King Slime Drizzy, damn (ooh, yeah)  
She just said I'm bae, I hit the thizzle dance (Mac Dre shit, damn)  
Either hand is the upper hand (oh, yeah, shit)  
Got a bubba on my other hand (oh, yeah, shit, yeah)  
This shit ain't no hundred bands (nah, nah, nah, nah)  
Palace look like Buckingham  
Bills so big, I call 'em Williams, for real  
Reasons to go crazy, got a trillion, for real  
They been tryin' me but I'm resilient, for real  
I can't go in public like civilian, for real  
And I hardly take offense  
Money for revenge, man, that's hardly an expense  
Al Haymon checks off of all of my events  
I like all the profit, man,  
I hardly do percents (I don't do that shit)  
A big part of me resents  
Niggas that I knew from when I started in this shit  
They see what I got and, man, it's hard to be content  
Fuck what they got goin' on, I gotta represent (My head is spinnin', from smokin' the chicken,  
the face is tickin')  
(My head is spinnin', from smokin' the chicken, the face is tickin')  
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This the flow that got the block hot, shit got super hot  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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