

# Ignant Shit (feat. Lil Wayne)

Drake

Yeah, I appreciate ya patience tonight  
It's been a moment since I've done some public speaking  
I find now-a-days it's just best to keep quiet  
But uh, sometimes you jus gotta let it out  
Young angel and young lion  
You know what it is, uh  
Look, I'm the property of october  
I ain't drive here I got chauffeured  
Bring me champagne flutes,  
Rose and some shots over  
I think better when I'm not sober  
I smoke good ain't no glaucoma  
I'm a stockholder,  
Private flights back home no stop over  
Still spittin that shit that they shot pac over  
The shit my mother look shocked over  
Yeah, but with a canvas I'm a group of seven  
A migraine, take two exceedrin  
I'm the one twice over I'm the new eleven  
And if I die I'm a do it reppin, I never do a second  
I swear niggas be eyein me all hard  
And lyin to they girls and drivin the same cars  
Sittin there wishin they problems became ours  
Cause we have nothin in common  
Since I done became star  
I done became bigger swervin writin in my peer's lane  
Same dudes that used to holla my engineer's name  
One touch I could make the drapes and the sheers change  
An show me the city that I without fear claim  
What I set seems to never extinguish  
Coolest kid out baby word to chuck inglish  
Count my own money see the paper cut fingers  
My song is ya girlfriend's wakin up ringer  
Heh, or alarm, or whatever  
She be here at six in the morn if I let her  
But I never get attracted to fans  
Cause the eager beaver could be the collapse of a dam  
I always knew that I could figga  
How to get these label heads to offer 'em good figures  
And me doin them shows gettin everyone nervous cause  
Them hipsters gon have to get alone with them hood niggas  
It's all good I'm goin off like lights when the show's over

Make pasta rent a movie called hoes over  
Rest in peace to heath ledger but I'm no joker  
I'll slow roast ya, got no holster  
Wet glass on ya table nigga no coaster  
Burn bread everyday boy no toaster  
G and tez got a cig but I'm no smoker  
They jus handin chips to me nigga no poker  
I'm with it, young money, cash money soldier  
My cup runneth over,  
The same niggas I ball with, I fall with  
On some southern drawl shit  
Rookie of the year, '06 chris paul shit  
D.r., c.j, an po' I see y'all  
These cases don't workout I hope we can agree on  
Makin enough to pay any judge judy off  
First thing I'm a do is free weezy, go  
And I take probation  
I don't want that t.I. and vick vacation  
Private plane, big location  
Goin to the bank to make a big donation  
Yeah, I don't stunt, I stunt hard  
And if the food ain't on the stove I hunt for it  
But in the meantime you can call me young roy  
Jones junior fightin the drugs and gun charge  
Shit, don't leave me un-guarded  
And I'm a cheese head word to vince lombardi  
Word to marky mark leave a snitch departed  
All that blood like the red sea parted  
My gun go crazy like it's retarded  
Red light on it like it's recordin  
I ain't recordin I'm jus C-4'in  
My currency foreign  
We are in a league they aren't  
Better dig in ya pocket an pay homage  
Better cover ya eyes ya face fallin  
Watch the game from the side I'm play callin  
No I didn't say that I'm flawless  
But I, damn sure don't tarnish  
My piss don't got comments for ya garments  
I'm so high I can vomit on a comet  
K-y no homo I'm on it  
Weezy f baby new born bitch  
You know what they say bout when ya palm itch  
I'm gon get money money I'm gon get  
Young money in ya tummy and we gon shit  
An get that toilet paper quick like when bones spit  
That's right bitch I'm back on my grown shit  
That oughta marvin gaye no ice just chrome shit  
And ya boyfriend softer than a phone bit

I scream fuck the world with a long dick  
Motherfucker I'm me, yeah bitch I'm me  
You niggas sweet like the pussy in which I eat  
Fireman burn down ya entire street  
So fly I'm a take off when I leap, bye  
And you can suck my wings  
Stand on my money headbutt yao ming  
Putcha hand in the oven if ya touch my things  
I'm shufflin the cards bout to cut my queens  
But I ain't the dealer  
House full of bitches like tila tequila  
Yeah, I'm the man in the mirror  
My swagger jus screamin mothafucker do you hear her  
Drizzy drake what the lick read  
We make magic boy roy and sigfreid  
Whoo! young mulah baby, yeah  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>