

Grammys (feat. Future)

Drake

Yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah
Jheeze, yeah
Right, look, look Tell me how you really feel
Tell me how you really feel
I would ask you what's the deal
But you don't even got a deal
Most niggas with a deal
Couldn't make a greatest hits
Y'all a whole lot of things
But you still ain't this
I don't know no one
That could tell me what to do
Heard you never claimed the hood
Hear the hood claimed you
That can't sit well
Oh well, ship sailed
Still mine, all mine
Cosign, cosign
I pull up in yachts so big that they try to hit me with boat fines
Hype Williams, Big Pimpin'
Yeah, Just like the old times
Same niggas from the old days
Lot of sides on the same side
OVO we a gold mine
But I'm goin' gold in no time
Doing plat, plat only
Boys better back off me
Hall of fame, hall of fame
Like I'm shirt off, like I'm shirt off
Like I'm shirt off shorty
Whole city goin' crazy, whole city goin' crazy
Top 5 no debating
Top 5, top 5, top 5
And the whole city rave me
And I'm back inside a matrix
And I said that we would make it
Aim squad with some traitors
Knew my niggas from the basement
This ain't no metal-on-the-way shit
We done really put some days in
Hey why you so excited? You know what I'm sayin'?

What happened?
Did you win the Grammy? God damn
You acting like you fucking won a trophy and shit
This nigga turnt the fuck up They gon' think I won a Grammy
They gon' think I won a Grammy
Swervin' out the Panoramic
I'm hangin' out, they can't stand me
They gon' think I won a Grammy
They gon' think I won a Grammy
They gon' think I won a Grammy
They gon' think I won a Grammy
I'm showin' out, they can't stand me
I'm showin' out, they can't stand me
I'm swervin' off, they can't stand me
I'm err off, can't stand me
They gon' think I won a Grammy
They gon' think I won a Grammy
They gon' think I won a Grammy
They gon' think I won a Grammy
Gonna peel off like a bandit
I'm noddin' off on a Xanax
Get pissed off, start airin' it
Get a head start, ain't friendly
I stand out, I don't blend in
When I say that I meant that
I don't want to talk to you has-beens
I don't want features or ad-libs
I don't want features or nothin'
You can't even get on my guest list
They want me to go to the Met Gala
I want a Percocet and a gallon
That Actavis Hi-Tech it don't matter
We sittin' right on the courtside
I know the players on both side
I'm cashin' out, fuck a cosign
I wear the chain like a bowtie
I wear the ring like a fo'-five
Keep a fo'-five for the po' guys
Black tints, low profile
Celebratin' everyday cause I'm really really fresh out the coke house
Countin' up every single day
'Bout to bring a whole 'nother whip out They gon' think I won a Grammy
They gon' think I won a Grammy
Swervin' out the Panoramic
I'm hangin' out, they can't stand me
They gon' think I won a Grammy
They gon' think I won a Grammy
They gon' think I won a Grammy
They gon' think I won a Grammy

I'm showin' out, they can't stand me
I'm showin' out, they can't stand me
I'm swervin' off, they can't stand me
I'm err off, can't stand me
They gon' think I won a Grammy
They gon' think I won a Grammy
They gon' think I won a Grammy
They gon' think I won a Grammy

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>