

# All Me (feat. 2 Chainz & Big Sean)

Drake

Got everything, I got everything  
I cannot complain, I cannot  
I don't even know how much I really made, I forgot, it's a lot Fuck that, never mind what I got,  
nigga don't watch that cause I  
Came up, that's all me, stay true, that's all me  
No help, that's all me, all me for real  
Came up, that's all me, stay true, that's all me  
No help, that's all me, all me for real  
Money on my mind, you should think the same  
J's on, pinky ring  
Dogging these hoes, I need quarantine In the same league, but we don't ball the same  
(Ah) She want all the fame, I hear that shit all the time  
She said she love me, I said, "Baby girl, fall in line"  
Okay, made a million, off of denim, fuck, watch me switch it up  
Walked in, "Ill nigga alert! Ill nigga alert!"  
You need that work, I got that work, got bitches in my condo  
Just bought a shirt that cost a Mercedes-Benz car note  
From the A to Toronto, we let the metal go off  
And my dick so hard it make the metal detector go off  
This that sauce, this that dressing, Givenchy, nigga God bless you  
If having a bad bitch was a crime, I'd be arrested (True)  
Got everything I got everything I can not complain I cannot  
I don't even know how much I really made, I forgot, it's a lot  
Fuck that, never mind what I got, nigga don't watch that cause I  
Came up that's all me  
Stay true that's all me  
No help that's that's all me, all me for real  
Came up that's all me  
Stay true that's all me  
No help that's that's all me, all me for real  
I touched down at '86  
Knew I was a man by the age of 6  
I even fucked girls that used to babysit  
But that was years later on some crazy shit  
I heard your new shit, nigga hated it  
Damon Wayans told me don't play that shit  
I get paid a lot, you get paid a bit  
And my latest shit is like a greatest hits  
God damn, ain't no wishing over on this side  
Y'all don't fuck with us, then we don't fuck with y'all  
It's no different over on this side  
God damn, should I listen to everybody or myself?

Cause myself just told myself  
 "You're the motherfucking man, you don't need no help"  
 Cashing checks and I'm bigging up my chest  
 Y'all keep talking 'bout who next  
 But I'm about as big as it gets  
 I swear y'all just wasting y'all breath  
 I'm the light skinned Keith Sweat  
 I'mma make it last forever It's not your turn 'cause I ain't done yet  
 Look, just understand that I'm on a roll like Cottonelle  
 I was made for all of this shit And I'm on the road box office sales  
 I'm getting paid for all of this shit  
 Ask you to please excuse my table manners  
 I was making room for the table dancers  
 'Cause if we judging off your advances  
 I just got paid like eight advances  
 God damn!  
 Got everything, i got everything  
 I cannot complain, I cannot  
 I dont even know how much I really made i forgot its a lot  
 Fuck that, never mind what I got, nigga don't watch that cause I  
 Came up that's all me  
 Stay True that's all me  
 No help that's all me, all me for real  
 Came up that's all me  
 Stay True that's all me Ho, shut the fuck up  
 I got way too much on my mental, I learn from what I've been through  
 I'm finna do what I didn't do and still waking up like the 'rents do  
 Not complicated, it's simple, I got sexy ladies, a whole Benz-full And to them hoes I'm  
 everything, Everything but gentle  
 But I still take my time (time), man, I guess I'm just old fashioned  
 Wearing retro shit, that's old fashioned  
 Nigga, see what I'm saying, no closed caption  
 I paint pics, see the shit, good sex, need to hit  
 Keep a bra on the floor year 'round like season tickets  
 I plead the fifth, drink a fifth  
 Load the nine, leave you split, in the half, smoke a half, need a zip  
 My new girl is on Glee and shit, probably making more money than me and shit  
 I swear to God I got 99 Problems but a bitch ain't one  
 I got 99 problems, getting rich ain't one  
 Like I got trust issues, I'm sorry for the people I've pushed out  
 I'm the type to have a bullet-proof condom and still gotta pull out  
 But that's just me, and I ain't perfect, I ain't a saint but I am worth it  
 If it's one thing, I am worth it, niggas still hating but it ain't working  
 Lil' bitch...

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

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