

The Real Her (feat. Lil Wayne & Andre 3000)

Drake

People around you should really have nothing to say
Me, I'm just proud of the fact that you've done it your way
And the weekends here started it right, even if you only get part of it right
Live for today, plan for tomorrow, party tonight, party tonight
Dying to meet your girlfriends that you said you might bring
If they're the ones that tell you that you do the right thing
Houston girls, love the way it goes
down

Atlanta girls, love the way it goes down
Vegas girls, love the way it goes down
But I gotta say, oh, baby, oh baby, why is this so
familiar?

Just met her, already feel like I know the real her
You musta done this before, this can't be your first time
We musta been here before, it's still fresh on my mind
You got that shit that somebody would look for but won't find
You musta done this before, this can't be your first time
They keep telling me don't save you
If I ignore all that advice, then something isn't right
Then who will I complain to?

But the weekend's here, started it right, even if I only get part of it right
Live for today, plan for tomorrow, party tonight, party tonight
You got your guards up, I do too, there's things we might discover
Cause you got a past and I do too, we're perfect for each other
Houston girls, love the way it
goes down

Atlanta girls, love the way it goes down
Vegas girls, love the way it goes down
But I gotta say, oh, baby, oh baby, why is this so
familiar?

Just met her, already feel like I know the real her
You musta done this before, this can't be your first time
We musta been here before, cause girl you're fresh on my mind
You got that shit that somebody would look for but won't find
You musta done this before, this can't be your first time
Cause to her I'm just a rapper, and soon she'll have met another

So if tonight's an accident, tomorrow we'll recover
And I know I'm not supposed to judge a book by its cover
I don't wanna be in the blind, but sometimes I Stevie Wonder
About her, and she with it if I'm with it, and I'm with it

I know what makes her smile, but I won't know what makes her different
Or should I just be realistic? Lipstick on the glass
I know this ain't your first, but it's better than your last.
But I gotta say, oh, baby, oh baby, why
is this so familiar?

Just met her, already feel like I know the real her
You musta done this before, this can't be your first time

We musta been here before, cause girl you're fresh on my mind
You got that shit that somebody would look for but won't find
You musta done this before, this can't be your first time
Shower her with dollar tips
Shawty went and bought a whip
Guarantee the city remember her name
You owe that ho a scholarship
All of them ain't all equipped
And this saddens me, I see the pecking order
Quote-unquote "bad bitches" work the whole floor
Those that get laughed at sit off in the corner
Like a lab rat nobody want her
Niggas that are married don't wanna go home
We look up to them, they wish they were us
They want some new trim
We lust for some trust
Now the both of us are colorblind
Cause the other side looks greener
Which leaves your turf in the Boise state
Can't see her play or the team, cuz
Everybody has an addiction; mine happens to be you
And those who say they don't
Souls will later on say to them "that ain't true"
All of them will have an opinion
But y'all know what you can do with them
But if you unsure, I'll take you on tour
To a place I can stick that in
Well, sitting here sad as hell
Listening to Adele, I feel you baby
Someone like you, more like someone unlike you
Or someone that's familiar maybe
And I can tell that she wants a baby
And I can yell "Girl, that shit crazy!"
Oh what the hell? Nope, can't be lazy
Please be careful: bitches got the rabies

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

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