Drake Voice

Juelz Santana

[Intro]

I got jewels just like Santana

I got jewels just like Santana[Hook]

Feel like Juelz Santana

Leg hangin' out the Phantom

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Feel like Juelz Santana

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[Verse]

I feel like Juelz Santana

Leg hanging out the Phantom

Oh wait, who the fuck I think I'm fooling

I just feel like my damn self

Caught you lil [?] Drake Voice, make that my anthem

I'm Hype Williams with a handheld

Bobby Brown with a handscale

Y'all niggas on a treadmill

Just runnin' at a stand still

I'm that motherfucking nigga homie, that's just something that I can't help

All these sucker MC's, that's just something that I can't feel

Was I with your bitch last night, that's just something that I can't tell

Gotta fuck with niggas doing better

Can't fuck with niggas doing lesser

All these fake niggas doing extra

Til you put them underneath some pressure

It's like niggas in a rat race, they tryna see who can tell the fastest

Tell 'em niggas go that way, that or they momma picking out caskets

I done gave so much help out

Niggas don't appreciate shit

So it's time to help myself out

These niggas always gon' forget

It's 2017 nigga everbody giddy up, all bets took

Triple double on these niggas every night got me feeling like Westbrook

Got the basics on 'em like a textbook

Getting to the money, smoking best kush

I ain't worried 'bout none of you niggas

I'm just worried 'bout how my checks look
My new bitch she the baddest so I ain't worried 'bout how my ex look

But I've seen a picture of that bitch and she got that [?]

All these fucking Twitter threats, you gon' kill this you gon' injure that

Like the police ain't got the internet

Man, real niggas ain't into that

When it's real nigga we getting into that

No chitter chat, we come through

Hate shit you still talking, we spinning back getting rid of that

Niggas better chill, life cheap on the block

Where we from we see a lot

Niggas get popped tryna be who they not

Niggas don't know how to dress

No stylist I be all kinda fresh

I'm a big fiend for Aumary jeans cause they fit good and the pockets stretch Big wad and the small tool on me, yeah nigga that's my pocket wrench

Leap frog, I hopped the fence

Like you ain't got no fucking common sense

And I'ma start busting on your ass like I ain't got no fucking kinda sense

Aw man, they ain't ready for me

Aw man, they ain't ready for me

Probably got your bitch somewhere butt naked 'bout to get ready for me

Had to cut a lot of niggas off but I realize they was never for me

You tryna get that right now paper, I'm tryna get that forever money

Just a nigga with a attitude, tryna get that Jerry Heller money

I'm ruthless in the booth bitch

Ice on, lights on, I'm too lit

Car, cool whip and the roof lift

Forgiatos offset it

Bowlegged how the coupe sit

Here that boy go stunting again, yeah I'm back on my bullshit

[Hook]

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