

# Drive (feat. Ty Dolla \$ign & Jeremih)

## Fat Joe & Dre

[Intro: Ty Dolla \$ign]

Ooh yeah (Yeah)

Dolla \$ign

Hitmaka! [Chorus: Ty Dolla \$ign]

Late night I put you in drive (Drive)

'Cause I don't see no lights behind me, lights behind me, yeah

Late night I put you in drive (Drive)

'Cause I don't see no lights behind me, lights behind me, yeah

Na-na, na-na, na-na

[Verse 1: Fat Joe]

My pretty woman

With Himalayans and bigger chains and boogers in 'em

And we be on yachts that we don't even post

And she be like "Damn, daddy you do it most"

'Cause we did Italy, then the Philippines

Beat it, Billie Jean, gave her bigger D

Mamí ven aqui, rock and roll like molly, Viagra

And when I hit the road them bodies can add up

She callin' me selfish, I call her the same

[? 0:55] just don't help, butter cake and cream

Backseat of the Rolls, Teddy P love, TKO

Beat the box up, she be like "Si señor"

I've been fuckin' on shorty before she got her bags up

You know me, couple cuffs, a nigga masked up

Colombiana, dripped in designer, Dolce Gabbana

But you know it's really nada, and that's a burner

[Chorus: Ty Dolla \$ign]

Late night I put you in drive (Drive)

'Cause I don't see no lights behind me, lights behind me, yeah

Late night I put you in drive (Drive)

'Cause I don't see no lights behind me, lights behind me, yeah

Na-na, na-na, na-na [Verse 2: Dre]

Yeah, let me kick you up and down

Ride you through the town, you belong to the city, playin' in the background

Old money, new money, makin' it complete

All that's missin' is a tiger ridin' in my front seat

Paid in full, how I drive it off the lot

This my Thursday car, Friday it's the cherry drop (Skrr)

Niggas hate a lot, bitches do too

And everyday's a vacation, sans in Cancun

And all I really want in this life of sin

Is a hunnid mil' times ten and somebody to share it with

You gotta be a rider though, my niggas real protective  
We done hit so many bitches, turned a couple into exes, oh  
So maybe on the weekend I might scoop you up  
Remember when I used to send them Uber trucks  
Next time I'm in the club I might just shoot it up  
Give you that human touch[Chorus: Ty Dolla \$ign]  
Late night I put you in drive (I keep you in the clutch, drive)  
'Cause I don't see no lights behind, lights behind me, yeah  
Late night I put you in drive (Drive)  
'Cause I don't see no lights behind, lights behind me, yeah  
Na-na, na-na, na-na[Verse 3: Jeremih]  
I just wanna feel what you feel, baby  
I just wanna feel something real, baby  
I done had the snack, I want the meal (Meal)  
Ooh, I wanna do it for the thrill (For the thrill)  
Pardon my language, your body onto some  
First class seats, across the border stone  
Now that you bringin' some to the table  
But don't worry 'bout nothin', you know it's paid for (Oh, yeah)  
You know I got it like that, keep you comin' right back  
Damn it's like that, yeah, yeah  
Put you on your back (On your back)  
To relax, then I make your legs go shake  
Can I get a witness? You trippin' on that nigga?  
That's none of my business (None of my business)  
Hey, call me your genie, I grant your wishes[Chorus: Ty Dolla \$ign & Jeremih]  
Late night I put you in drive (Drive)  
'Cause I don't see no lights behind, lights behind me, yeah  
Late night I put you in drive (Drive)  
'Cause I don't see no lights behind, lights behind me, yeah  
Na-na, na-na, na-na

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