Drake, Evil Ways (feat. J. Cole)

Yeah (Oh, baby, be honest with yourself)
Yeah
Everything good, everything pure (There's some things in life and you know)
(Ooh, ways, if you wanna keep that guy)
Everything pure
(You've got to change your evil ways, if you wanna keep that)

Yeah, I got some evil ways
Even through the glasses, you can see the gaze
To find your way up to the top, this shit gon' be a maze
Volkswagon, shit the way I'm runnin' Beatles' plays
Yeah, and we linkin' like we freed the slaves
I conquered hell, I walked the 'Ville and set my feet ablaze
My heart hardens every year like sneakers that Adidas made
I never did the VMAs, I'm not in need of praise
All praise to the born sinners Jesus saves
My brothers runnin' through the 6ix like the green berets
Beefin' with a block that's five hundred feet away
Wheel of fortune, shit, the way they say they need a K
Nah, uh, I only need a raise
And a safe to stash these Frito Lays
Times was hard, I watched my mama robbin' hard just to get Peter paid
And now my paper folded like when teachers don't want classmates to see your grade
Time is speedin' now, I see the greys pokin' out this beard, but it's weird 'cause I feel like I ain't eve
Y'all seize the rage, feet firmly planted for these precious flowers I've been handed, watch me be th
Man, I'm livin' out Carlito's way
You niggas ain't gettin' no bread, you in a keto phase
Wisdom comin' out my mouth like some teethin' pain
My whip used to have the seat displays where S.M.A.C.K. DVD would play
Zopiclone baby, I can't rest without the sleepin' aids
Bought this nigga jewels, these shits is light, let's get it reappraised
I bet you see the price and you gon' be amazed
And broski didn't do it, he like a piece of art, judge, he was framed
Some feed the J's to receive a wage
Coke got they nose bleedin' like the seats where you can't see the stage
High up in arenas where they see their faves
AKA me and Drizzy Drake, we the wave
Uh, yeah, we the wave
Like Christian Combs with a brush in his hand once the grease is laid
Shit is 360 like the label deal you signed to get your people paid
Me, I got tickets like a meter maid
And 21 my nigga like he celebrate a legal age
Next time I get in Rosalia face
I hope she tell her people that we need some space
Niggas think I won't get 'em hit but like like an Indian marriage, it could be arranged
Diss me, and you just may see us on your block like the street parade
At the top, playin' keeper way with the crown
Our life's an open book, come and read a page
Drake pulled a white bitch that's goin' both ways, she like the queen of spades
I'm startin' to think they percs is fake, they weed is laced
For thinkin' it's a game, if it's a game, these streets would be the Bushido's blade
Razor to his face and he ain't need a shave
I stay out of beef, see niggas' DNA get rearrangedI'm with Drizzy in Atlanta, so many hitters with th
Young angel goin' through his demon phase
Hard to blame 'em, Lord knows this game could be depraved
Scary Hours undefeated, y'all should be afraid
Yeah, y'all should be afraid

Ooh, ways, if you wanna to keep that guy
You've got to change your evil ways, if you wanna keep that
Oh, baby, be honest with yourself
There's some thing's in life and you know
Ooh, ways, if you wanna to keep that guy
You've got to change your evil ways, if you wanna keep that