Drake, Push Ups (Drop & Give Me Fifty)

I could never be nobody number-one fan
Your first number one, I had to put it in your hand
You pussies can't get booked outside America for nan'
I'm out in Tokyo because I'm big in Japan
I'm the hit maker y'all depend on

Backstage, in my city, it was friend zone
You won't ever take no chain off of us
How the fuck you big steppin' with a size seven men's on?
This the bark with the bite, nigga, what's up?
I know my picture on the wall when y'all cook up

Extortion, baby, whole career you been shook up
'Cause Top told you drop and give me fifty like some push-ups, huh
Your last one bricked, you really not on shit
They make excuses for you 'cause they hate to see me lit

Pull your contract 'cause we gotta see the split
The way you doin' splits, bitch, your pants might rip
You better do that motherfuckin' show inside the bity

Maroon 5 need a verse, you better make it witty
Then we need a verse for the Swifties
Top say drop, you better drop and give 'em fifty
Pipsqueak, pipe down
You ain't in no big three, SZA got you wiped down
Travis got you wiped down, Savage got you wiped down

Like your label, boy, you in the scope right now
And you gon' feel the aftermath of what I write down
I'm at the top of the mountain, so you tight now
Just to have this talk with your ass, I had to hike down
Big difference between Mike then and Mike now

What the fuck is this, a 20-v-1, nigga?
What's a prince to a king? He a son, nigga
Get more love in the city that you from, nigga
Metro, shut your ho-ass up and make some drums, nigga
Yeah, I'm the 6ix god, I'm the frontrunner
Y'all nigga manager was Chubbs lil' blunt runner
Claim the 6ix and you boys ain't even come from it

And when you boys got rich, you had to run from it
Cash blowin' Abel bread, out here trickin' (Out here trickin')
Shit we do for bitches he doin' for niggas (What the fuck?)

Jets, whips, chains, wicked, wicked, wicked (Wicked, wicked)
Spend it like you tryna fuck, boy, you trippin', boy, you trippin'
Drizzy Chip 'n Dale, probably got your bitch Chanel
I just got 'em done, boy, don't make me have to chip a nail
Rolling Loud stage, y'all were turnt, that was slick as hell
Shit'll probably change if your BM start to kiss and tell
Hugs and kisses, man, don't tell me 'bout no switches

I'll be rockin' every fuckin' chain I own next visit, ayy
I be with some bodyguards like Whitney
Top say drop, your little midget-ass better fuckin'

Ayy, better drop and give me fifty, ayy
Drop and give me fifty, drop and give me fifty, ayy
Niggas really got me out here talkin' like I'm 50, ayy
Niggas really got me out here rappin' what I'm livin'

I might take your latest girl and cuff her like I'm Ricky
Can't believe he jumpin' in, this nigga turnin' fifty
Every song that made it on the chart, he got from Drizzy
Spend that lil' check you got and stay up out my business

Nigga, shoutout to the hooper that be bustin' out the griddy
We know why you mad, nigga, I ain't even trippin'
All that lil' heartbroken Twitter shit for bitches
This for all the top dogs, drop and give me fifty, drop, drop
And that fuckin' song y'all got did not start the beef with us
This shit been brewin' in a pot, now I'm heatin' up
I don't care what Cole think, that Dot shit was weak as fuck

Champagne trippin', he is not fuckin' easin' up
Nigga calling Top to see if Top wanna piece it up
"Top, wanna piece it up? Top, wanna piece it up?"
Nah, pussy, now you on your own when you speakin' up
You done rolled deep to this, it's not fuckin' deep enough
Beggin' Kai Cenat, boy, you not fuckin' beatin' us

Numbers-wise, I'm out of here, you not fuckin' creepin' up
Money-wise, I'm out of here, you not fuckin' sneakin' up
Cornball, your show money merch money fee to us
I'ma let you niggas work it out because I seen enough

This ain't even everything I know, don't wake the demon up
This ain't even everything I know, don't wake the demon up
Drop and give me fifty, all you fuck niggas teamin' up

What top five you smokin' on, Kendrick?

Hm, hm, yeah
Drop, drop, drop, drop
Drop a fifty bag for the mob in the spot
Drop a fifty bag, twenty-nine for the thot
Uh, I was really, really tryna keep it PG