Drake, Red Button

Check, yes
One, one-one, one
Ayy, yeah
Look

The most decorated, competition decimated
My drive is dedicated, your drive is designated
Niggas got you to the spot and then you separated
Reasons for it speculated, we know how it escalated
Rarely celebrated, grade eleven educated
Radio is king again, Billboard got me regulated
Wanna make it fair for you, numbers that I generated
Do right and kill everything, people knew that death awaited
Taylor Swift the only nigga that I ever rated
Only one could make me drop the album just a little later
Rest of y'all, I treat you like you never made it
Leave your label devastated
Even when you pad the stats, period, I never hated
Even when you stab me in the back, the vest is metal-plated
Tryna see a B inside my circle like I'm gettin' graded
Man, all this luggage in the lobby like I'm gettin' traded
Every time you need me for a boost, I never hesitated
Every time that Yeezy called a truce, he had my head inflated
Thinkin' we gon' finally peace it up and get to levitatin'
Realize that everything premeditated
Everyone was good with me, then everyone expression faded
Tickin' time bomb and they beggin' me to detonate it
If I press this red button, dog, everybody Heaven Gated
Press this red button, dog, and everything forever changes
Word to M-Dolla, she the only one could maybe save it
Should've hit you first, but, sis, you know about the shit I've taken
Niggas think it's sweet, but I am not a diabetic patient
No
I will start blackin' over here like it's segregation
I will fuckin' double-cross you niggas like it's meditation
I'll give you a hard pill to swallow, this your medication
I will fuckin' pop up on your ass like a revelation
I could tell you better than I show you, this a demonstration
I will fuckin' leave you in the dirt like some vegetation
Chemicals is mixin' in my brain and killin' hesitation
I will fuckin' force a few shots like a vaccination
Niggas fuckin' call me up to cap, this not a graduation
I will fuckin' put your ass on pause like I'm Pastor Mason
I will set alarms off and cause a whole evacuation
I'll fuckin'-, I'll fuckin'-
I'll get to you ten years from now like procrastination
I'll fuckin' find out wherever y'all are celebratin'
Pull up, park my Phantom on the curb like I'm Larry David
And then we'll see who's really crazy

Yeah
Grrah