Drake, Stories About My Brother

Yeah, right back
I walked in the studio, Noel said "I thought that you quit?"
I said "Nah, I'm quittin' again 'cause I started again"
Gotta wait on that
This like the storm before the calm, we'll get to the vacation later
For real
Ayy
Look
Look

This is the decompress before the intermission
Done a lot of post game talkin', but this one different
I told Lee to put him in the car, but don't pistol whip him
And definitely do not shoot his ass 'til you get permission
People got a heavy misread on my disposition
Talkin' loose, then hit me up after on some "Please, Drake listen, listen"
Energy they bringin' is inconsistent
I got two Virgil Benzes, one that I'm whippin' right now
And the other one, I'm keepin' in mint condition
And niggas bound to slip eventually like they sent permission
Imagine us gettin' our validation from an ex-musician searchin' for recognition
Same story every time, they heckle in repetition
I'm top of the mountain, these niggas still down at base camp, they plannin' they expedition
Y'all the type to catch a charge, head to the deposition
And act like the rapper named after the sex position
But let me tell you 'bout my brother, though
Let me tell you 'bout my brother, though, for real
Let me tell you 'bout my brother
Man, let me tell you 'bout my brother, though
My brother a tool toter, my brother a tombstoner
Diamonds and violence made us bond, we grew closer
Brother a clip loader, my brother a sick soldier
That nigga stick'll it to you for real, he a lint roller
My brother a aim botter, I bought him a Range Rover
My brother a flame thrower
It's like he playin' EDM, that nigga a chain smoker
Niggas want smoke with us, I promise, it's game over
Get your ass twist right here, he a kane roller
And any of you niggas whine to J Prince, like some grape growers
Man, what the-?

Got it to here with that shit
Let me tell you 'bout my brother, though
Yeah
I mean, enough about me (Conductor)
Let me tell you 'bout my brother, though

'Cause I'll backhand you boys with my writing hand
You niggas do your shootin' on the web, you Spider-Man
My brother robbin' it down to you junes like Iron Man
My brother make your ace disappear like a slight of hand
My brother carry bundles and extensions like hair stores
It's me, him, and a white ting, we movin' like Paramore
He into some shit that they call internal affairs for
I'm someone he care for, I'm someone he there for
My brother put some holes in your top, you a Air Force
I should charge for interviews, they want me to share more
A ticket just to check in with the boy, like the airport
This the part of the story you wasn't prepared for
Let me tell you 'bout my brother, though
My brother say I'm better than everyone, he biased as fuck
Blood is thicker than water, nigga, his iron is up
And if you keep eyein' me down, trust me, his iron is up
Your last album was buns, you niggas Hawaiian as fuck

Niggas so down bad, they makin' alliances up
Cliquein' up with haters that was thinkin' of signin' to us
Knowin' good and well, that when I drop, they inspired as fuck
Secret admirers too embarrassed, they hide in the cut
CN Towerin' over you niggas, I'm giant as fuck
Wait on whoever to say whatever, they quiet as fuck
The city don't love you like that and they fryin' you up
I can't wait for the day that you choose to retire your stuff
Takin' off the sneakers, 'cause you tired of tyin' 'em up
And one day you wake up and tell 'em "Enough is enough"
That's how you gon' find out that you not Kobe Bryant to us
That you not Kobe Bryant to us, at all
And if them hoes really love you, then them hoes, they lyin' to us
They say they miss when you got 'em wettin', and you dryin' them up
Also don't doubt that you sent them here, and they spyin' on us
Man, either way, nigga, beware of the dog, deep in my character flaws (Conductor)
Humble back in 2012, now I give arrogant bars
I remember blue streak with Neeks, we sharin' the cost
Now we go for dinner and we joke about sharin' the cost
Got me a ranch in the H, fuck all the carryin' cause
Boy, I'm on top of the cake, just like some caramel sauce
Fuck all the settlin' down, these boys married in-laws
I go for dinner, they wife is there and she starin' across
God forbid I take her and they suffer a terrible loss, yeah
But enough about me

Huh, yeah