Drake, The Shoe Fits

Yeah
Y'all might want to skip this one, this is a
Harsh truth
Very harsh truth
Look

To all the ladies wonderin' why
Drake can't rap like that same old guy
It's 'cause I don't know how anymore
I don't know how, yeah
I've had my beliefs tested, my faith broken in half
I try to joke and I laugh
But I just don't know how anymore, love
I don't know how, yeah

To all the super triggered women talkin' down on me
Relax, drink some water, act like you somebody daughter
Can't get a tan from your phone light
Baby, it's late June, open the blinds, get out The Shade Room
Maybe you could stop gettin' involved in some shit when you not involved
Or maybe you go for a walk somewhere that is not a mall
What's your baby's shoe size? Could tell by the laces, they tight
Aw, you only focus on the steps that I'm taking in life
And then you got the ones who claim a guy that's everyone's nigga
Leave for a month to Colombia and now everything bigger
Even your attitude is bigger, your appetite growing
Your nigga is not even a starting QB
That nigga on the field before the game, he just practicin' throwing
What happened to sellin' real estate? Where all that shit was goin'?
All your fuckin' captions lately talkin' 'bout happy and glowin'
All of that snappin' and posin'
Whole time, he jealous of your past, who the fuck was your last?
Askin' questions 'bout niggas, and you get slapped in the face if you happen to know him
Domestic abuse, that man is not a man for you, he's a pathetic excuse
Lyin' through your teeth, scared of lettin' your skeletons loose
But you stick around, 'cause who's out there that's better for you?
Plus he paid the surgeon so your ass could get a caboose
But he wants you covering it up, so your dresses is loose
Plus it's the only thing they see when you get introduced
Now you on a flight to Bogotá just to get it reduced, good Lord
More weeks of recovery clinics, front like you love every minute
You gettin' pushed to the brink, you sittin' at double your limit
Meanwhile, that nigga out in my city fuckin' on bitches
If they even mention me and showin' me love, then it's finished
Jealous-ass niggas
Damn
Then you got the ones that travel 'cross the globe
Everything is paid, they don't need a man
Don't listen to Drake, never been a fan
You got a million hoes, yeah, I understand
I'm never fuckin' you, so take that out your plans
I'm good on all you niggas 'til a ring is on my hand
Then I search your name, find you on the 'Gram
Click the Linktree and see you suckin' dick on cam, what the fuck?
Oh, hell no
It can't be
Not Mrs. Independent, dude
Nah
So, uh

To all the ladies wonderin' why
Drake can't rap like that same old guy
It's 'cause I don't know how anymore
I don't know how, yeah

I've had my beliefs tested, my faith broken in half
I try to joke and I laugh
But I just don't know how anymore, love
I just don't know how, yeah

To all the ladies on my case with a look on they face
Allow me to put these bums right back in they place
For all the niggas who act twelve
The fake gangsters with a MAC-12
The ones that only hit your phone up when it's past twelve
Baddies not the only ones worried 'bout strikin' a pose
You orderin' one bottle to split between five of the bros
All your boos think it's Halloween and they went ghost
That's when you go Miami on the 'Gram and you rent boats
And now they thinkin' you sweet with the bread like French toast
You boys becomin' detectives, but ain't in no trench coats
I would never guess that you niggas is this crazy
She took dick in Ibiza, you turnin' to Dick Tracy
You niggas so jaded
Actin' Hulk tough, but you only turn green because your necklace is gold-plated
She settled for an NBA star that's through playin'
Instead, she got an NBA fan that's 2K-in'
She lookin' for high ground, hate bein' tied down
She loved you for the first year, but those feelings died down
She livin' in downtown, you live with your parents still
You don't own a steering wheel, so you can't even drive down
You down loaded to my Mercedes after some time now
To track where she ride 'round
You know where she goin' before she there, it raise eyebrows
You hackin' her iCloud, you committing cyber crimes
You niggas is out of line
She's finally movin' on, she's only said it a thousand times
You sold her a dream talkin' that give you the world shit
Her friends wanna get her back on that diamonds in perth shit
I mean, it was girls there, but it wasn't a girl's trip
She met a guy, she met a guy that ain't just gettin' by a better guy
She about to spread her wings and you just gotta let her fly
You know you can't control a Gemini, that's facts
She like, "Shh, quiet everybody, the game started
My new boo whoopin' tonight and he said he played the garden
He said if I ain't watching and that ain't started"
She point to the guy that she talkin' about it and it's James Harden
Damn, dog
Lost your, lost your girl to the Sniper, huh?
13, good God
I feel for you, bro

Look, to all the ladies wonderin' why
Drake can't rap like the same old guy
It's 'cause I don't know how anymore
I don't know how, yup
I've had my beliefs tested, my faith broken in a half
I try to joke and laugh
But I just don't know how anymore, love
I don't know how, yup

That's real