

# 6PM In New York

## Drake

Yeah, oh you gotta love it  
Oh you got, oh you gotta love it  
I heard what circulated, let's get to the bottom of it  
I told 1da send me something and I got it covered  
Somehow always rise above it  
Why you think I got my head in the clouds on my last album cover?  
The game is all mine and I'm mighty possessive  
Lil Wayne could not have found him a better successor  
Every shot you see them take at me? They all contested  
Allen Iverson shoe deal, these niggas all in question  
Last night I went to sleep, wanted more  
Tried to decide what direction I should go towards  
Some nights I wish I could go back in life  
Not to change shit, just to feel a couple things twice  
28 at midnight, wonder what's next for me  
Longevity, wonder how long they'll check for me  
Prolly forever if I stay in my zone  
I speak on this generation but can't change it alone  
I heard a lil lil homie talking reckless in Vibe  
Quite a platform you chose, you shoulda kept it inside  
Oh you tried, it's so childish calling my name on the world stage  
You need to act your age and not your girl's age  
It gets worse by the annual my career's like a how to manual  
So I guess it's understandable man  
Oh you gotta love it, you gotta love it cheer  
I know rappers that call Paparazzi to come and get 'em  
To show they outfits off, guess they need the attention  
I remember when it used to be music that did it  
But then again times have changed man, who are we kiddin'?  
I'm managed by my friends that I grew up with  
I'd rather give that 15% to people I fuck with  
If me and Future hadn't made it with this rappin'  
We prolly be out in Silicon tryna get our billions on  
But here we are, yeah  
Lately I feel the haters eatin' away at my confidence  
They scream out my failures and whisper my accomplishments  
Bitches alter my message like we have words  
And stories bout my life hit the net like a bad serve  
Bitter women I'm overtextin' are PMSing crazy this year  
Fuckin' with my image  
I've been tryna reach to you so I can save 'em this year  
Fuck it I guess I gotta wait til next year

And I heard someone say something that stuck with me a lot  
Bout how we need protection from those protectin' the block  
    Nobody lookin' out for nobody  
Maybe we should try and help somebody or be somebody  
    Instead of bein' somebody that makes the news  
    So everybody can tweet about it  
    And then they start to RIP about it  
And four weeks later nobody even speaks about it  
    Damn, I just had to say my peace about it  
    Oh you gotta love it  
But they scared of the truth so back to me showin' out in public  
    That's a hotter subject  
    I've been whippin' Mercedes and nigga try to budget  
    I gotta make it back to Memphis to check on my cousins  
    Shout out to Ashley, Biama, Julia, Ericka, Southern America  
Part of my heritage, pardon my arrogance, part in my hair again  
    That's that comeback flow, comeback flow  
    Once I start it's apparent  
I wanted a girl whose ass is so big that's partly embarrassin'  
    But fuck all the blushin' and fuck your discussions  
    And fuck all the judgement  
    Your content so aggressive lately, what's irkin' you?  
    Shit is gettin' so personal in your verses too  
I wanna prove that I'm number one over all these niggas  
    Bein' number two is just being the first to lose  
    My city dictated music, nobody seein' us  
    Winter here already but somehow I'm heatin' up  
    Been observin' the game and felt like I've seen enough  
Let's drop a tape on these niggas then we'll see what's up  
    Yea, boy you rappin' like you seen it all  
    You rappin' like the throne should be the three of ya'll  
    Best I Ever Had seems like a decade ago  
    Decadent flow and I still got a decade to go  
    Oh please, take at ease, where's the love and the peace  
    Why you rappin' like you come from the streets?  
I got a backyard where money seems to come from the trees  
And I'm never ever scared to get some blood on my leaves  
    Phantom slidin' like the shit just hit a puddle of grease  
    I cook the beef well done on the double with cheese  
    Special order for anybody that's comin' for me  
    Shit you probably flinch if somebody sneeze  
    You see they got me back like it's just 40, Oli, and me  
    Cuttin' all loose ends, I be the barber for free  
    I'm almost at four minutes going off on the beat  
Feel like I'm in the Malibu that had the cloth on the seats  
    Man, oh you gotta love it  
    And on top of that it's getting harder to eat  
    Rappers downgrading houses  
    Putting cars on the lease

To think labels said they had a problem marketing me  
And now it's everybody else that's getting hard to believe  
Oh you gotta love it  
And head to toe I'm Prada covered  
I know your girl well, just not in public  
Blame the city, I'm a product of it  
Young nigga from the city  
You gotta love it

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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