

# Circo Loco-Drake & 21 Savage Lyrics

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## “Circo Loco”

### [Intro]

One more

### [Verse 1: Drake]

I been blowin' through the money like it grow on trees  
I been fuckin' on a French bitch, c'est la vie  
I just put 'em on a jet, now they all Italian  
Way I'm dressin' tell I been to a thousand islands  
This bitch lie 'bout gettin' shots, but she still a stallion  
She don't even get the joke, but she still smilin'  
Every night late night like I'm Jimmy Fallon  
Cro shoot from anywhere like he Ray Allen  
Cro die, turn me up  
Cro die, turn me up  
Cro die, turn me up  
Got a fur on in Tampa, got me burnin' up  
Shorty say she graduated, she ain't learn enough  
Play your album, track one, 'kay, I heard enough  
Girl, the driver downstairs, better hurry up  
Savage got a new stick he wanna dirty up  
Touch down in NY, tear the Mercer up (One more)  
Ayy, Bottega shades with the grey tints  
Introduce me to her nigga, yeah, it make sense  
Gotta put her on the team, got a great bench  
Linking with the opps, bitch, I did that shit for J Prince

Bitch, I did it for the mob ties  
Feel like seventeen, two Percs, frog eyes  
And I never been the one to go apologize  
Me, I'd rather hit 'em up one more time  
Ayy, known the girl for six months, dinner up at my place  
But I got these diamonds on my neck, so it's a blind date  
All my niggas on the roads raising up the crime rate  
Your name not ringin' out here, it's on vibrate  
And she took a score, now shorty gotta hydrate  
And he did some dirt, now my crodie gotta migrate  
Prolly won't see him for some years, when I do, though (One more)  
Turn me up  
Crodie, turn me up  
Crodie, turn me up  
Ayy, Crodie, turn me  
Ayy, yeah, what? Crodie, turn me, what?

**[Verse 2: 21 Savage]**

(21) In a droptop Benz like it's '03  
(21) Had the shooters aim down from the nosebleeds  
(21) Gotta get this passport, keep my nose clean (One more)  
Bitch tried to burn me up  
Keep a Magnum tucked (Yeah)  
I'll never slip (Never)  
SF90 rims red like a poker chip (Pussy)  
Rich as hell, still hood, in the Stroker's VIP (Pussy)  
Pink slip in the glove for the ownership (21)  
Limpin' with the .30 on like a broke hip (21)  
Red flag giving blood on some donor shit (On God)  
All the opps get a bullet on some Oprah shit (One more)  
Went from Angell Town Estate to a big estate  
Prolly woulda had a zombie on me if I woulda stayed (21)  
Still a caught a case if I woulda stayed (Facts)  
I been thuggin' all my life, that's just how I play it (Facts)  
Still posted in the A where niggas fear me

Still gotta see the Gunners win Premier League (21)  
Still gotta keep a gun that's always near me  
And I'm down to hit 'em up

**[Chorus: Drake]**

One more time  
Hit my line, you know that head was great  
Oh, yeah, alright, don't do romancin'  
One more time, you gotta run the fades  
Oh, yeah, alright  
One more time

**[Outro]**

One more  
One more  
One more time

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