

# Major Distribution-Drake & 21 Savage Lyrics

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## “Major Distribution”

### [Intro: Drake]

No, no, no, no, no, no

No, no, no, no, no

Major distribution, man, my label on my dick, for real  
Fuckin' with your friend and she ain't tell you, y'all ain't shit, for real  
I've been out here crushin' on success, now she my bitch, for real  
You say I'm persuasive, girl, but you can't spell that shit, for real

### [Verse 1: Drake & Lil Yachty]

Hmm, hmm, in this mansion, I'm Macaulay Culkin

Paid in full, I'm Mekhi Phif'

Know you're tired, we just did dinner for three hours

Lyin' to me all night

Buyin' BM's Benzes out of spite

Paid a hundred, ran up somethin' light

Simple price to keep 'em out my life

Booby Trap, we need a business office

Magic City need a business office

Twenty-nine, I keep a business office

I'm in love with Houston, Dallas, Austin

Tell your guys to hold off on the team chains

Seem like they may need money for coffins

Cuban girl, her family grind coffee

Text me on the signal, don't call me  
Hmm, hmm, major distribution, labels call me  
Bad Bunny numbers, it's a robbery  
Five-hundred million, just for Aubrey  
Hmm, hmm, yeah, major distribution how I pop it  
Mention me to be the hottest topic  
Same place you singin', bitch, you shoppin'

**[Chorus: Drake]**

Okay, go stupid, go stupid  
Go stupid, go stupid  
Go stupid, go stupid  
Okay, okay, go stupid, stupid  
Go stupid, go stupid  
Go stupid, go stupid  
Go stupid, okay

**[Verse 2: 21 Savage]**

Nigga tried to play this shit light, play it cool, play me like I'm sweet  
Fuckin' on an opp nigga bitch, say she miss the golds in my teeth  
4L shit, know we steppin', y'all should get to funeral preparin'  
SF90, this is not McLaren, make an IG model run my errands  
He gon' miss and we gon' spin his parents, stayed in Houston long as  
Steve Francis  
Shoot his feet, got him doin' dances, wiggin' niggas like I played at Kansas  
Ever seen somebody get shot? Lot of shit I seen before the top  
I ain't tryna wrestle like The Rock, fuck the trish, I'd rather sip the wock  
Lot of things I do to stay alive, everythin' except for call the cops  
Savage still let his gun pop, FOX 5 gang, get you knocked  
Major distribution, labels callin', Harry Styles numbers, it's a robbery  
My niggas go in-Zayn to catch a body, we was face to face, you could've  
shot me

**[Chorus: Drake]**

Okay, go stupid, go stupid

Go stupid, go stupid  
Go stupid, go stupid  
Okay, okay, go stupid, stupid  
Go stupid, go stupid  
Go stupid, go stupid  
Go stupid, okay

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