

Middle Of The Ocean-Drake Lyrics

This Lyrics is downloaded from Showthelyrics.com check out for more lyrics

“Middle Of The Ocean”

[Intro: Drake]

Yeah

I'm in the Missoni room at the Byblos

The boat was rockin' too much on some Aaliyah shit

For real

We goin' from the Vava to Cinquante-Cinq, then back to the Vava

If you know, you know, baby, I don't, I don't know what to tell you

Yeah

Ayy

[Verse: Drake]

Look

Long way from Sette Mezzo

Meet Tommaso and Ernesto

Short rigatoni with the pesto

These verses are my manifesto

Hallways got an echo

Me and Smiggz on the loose in the city, you know how the rest go

Casual sex, I'm like, "Fuck a dress code"

The first martini is an espresso

Chill shot glasses with prosecco

Niggas so ignorant in our hood, they be like, "Why the fuck you makin'
techno?"

I'm worldwide and this is just another cargo jet flow, I had to let go

Life insurance policies, you niggas 'bout to need the gecko

I got some meaner threats, though
Me, Spider-Man, and Leonardo, I'm back tomorrow
I had the chopper to a wedding out in Monaco or Monte Carlo
I'm losin' track of where we all go
I wouldn't trade my life for none of y'all, it's an embargo
Fifty-nine bags on the 767, this is heavy cargo
Yeah

Fifty-nine bags on the—, ayy
Swedish jail cell smellin' like some Carby Musk
For your birthday, your boyfriend got a party bus
Bottle signs, club lines, should've come with us
We left that shit in '09 when we was comin' up
I mean, these just my suggestions of course

EmRata here fresh off divorce
And I'm tryna look in her eyes, maybe express my remorse
If she want a rebound with me, I'm down to go get her some boards
I'm here for the moral support

Whippin' the Vespa off of six tequilas
Big Benjamins like the Pittsburgh Steelers
Drake, you got it

Robert Kraft sent the jet for us, that shit was patriotic
You would think we live in Baltimore, the way they ravin' 'bout the latest
product

Teachin' niggas how to mind they business, and my latest stuff
Might be the only teacher that gets paid enough
That's why I'm in Hyde Park buyin' like half of Harrods
You niggas are too concerned with makin' sure y'all outfits gon' match in
Paris

If we don't like you, you payin' tax and tariffs
Come to the 6 and I'm like the actin' sheriff, deputy
First got to America, niggas wouldn't check for me
No chance the kid'll make it here like vasectomy
They underestimated my trajectory
But now they gotta pay that shit direct to me

I send the label bills, bills, bills like the other two women standing next to
Bey, that shit was just—
Independent women is lovin' the new appearance
Matter of time before I go net a Bey like a Paris
Like, "Honey, you gotta know that I never wore Mike Amiris or never
hopped in a Urus"
I got my head in the clouds, I'm serious
The lyrics begin to reveal themselves over time periods
Promise you'll get that shit when the sky clears
This shit designed for divine ears
My favorite two words from you white boys is, "Sign here"
And then comes the sound of glass clinkin' from a wine cheers
Swear I'm pocket checkin' y'all for five years
And then we 'bout to kick this shit in high gear
Eight karats like vegetarians, nigga, the earrings are droopy
Contract Lord of the Rings, think it's a script for the movie
Shout out TVGUCCI, my cousin is spooky
I swear you don't even mean what y'all say like y'all dubbin' a movie
Sidebar, Serena, your husband a groupie
He claim we don't got a problem but
No, boo, it is like you comin' for sushi
We might pop up on 'em at will like Suzuki
Kawasaki, sushi, saké, the money grow on trees like shiitake
They tried to get spicy with me, so I wonder how they gon' stop me
I'm really on a roll like hamachi
The fuck would y'all really do without me?
For your birthday, your man got a table at Hibachi
Last time I ate there, Wayne was doin' numbers off the cup like Yahtzee
And Paris Hilton was steady duckin' the paparazzi
Quavo might've sent me a song that he called "Versace"
I really can't remember it properly
All I know is that God got me, I'm sittin' on large properties
Treat me like a newborn, Lucian not droppin' me
I'm goin' Pink Floyd, you niggas cannot rock with me
She could be givin' me head and somehow you not toppin' me

Niggas see the 6ix God pass, they high-fivin' me
Need to be high-sixin' me
Swear niggas highkey sick of me
They wifey on my head 'cause I vibe differently
Feel like an AMBER Alert the way that I can take her to the mall and she
find Tiffany
I'm like a cup holder the way that these dimes stick to me
They should've been in the fountain based on what y'all wishin' me

[Outro: Birdman]

Know what I'm sayin'?
Yeah
Million-dollar spot (Brr, brr)
That's how motherfuckers in CMB play it
Middle of the ocean (Blatt)
Just like that (Shine, shine)
All dark fresh green water
Land that thing
With 'bout a hundred hoes
We up and we livin' like that, boy
Fresh fly fish like, you understand me, like, real G shit
You hear me? A neighborhood superstar
It's bigger than anything
You know, we start from the bottom, then we come to the top
Get to the top and we stay up there
You hear me? (Ball, ball, ball, ball, ball)
We look down and we'll be down, but we stayin' up
And we rise up, we stay on 'em, you heard me? (Ball, ball, ball, ball, ball)
Big Florida water, big water ocean
On that type of time
You understand me?
Rich nigga, rich life, you understand me?
Come from the bottom, but we come from the bottom (Rich life)
But we understand the bottom 'cause we come from it
And we live with it (You understand?)

Go to our grave 'bout this here, boy (Yeah, yeah, yeah)

Showthelyrics.com