

# Sticky - Drake Lyrics

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## "Sticky"

Ayy

Homer hangin' on my neck

The bracelet matches the set

My brother named his ting Nadal

Let's stop all that back and forth over the net

My mama wish I woulda went corporate

She wish I woulda went exec'

I still turn to a CEO

So the lifestyle she respect

Ayy, two Sprinters to Quebec

Chérie, où est mon bec?

They only givin' niggas plus ones

So I never pull up to the Met

You know I gotta bring the set

You know I gotta bring the G-Block

You know I gotta bring the D-Block

'Cause you know how sticky it get, ayy

You know how sticky it get, ayy

You know how sticky it get, ayy

You know how sticky it get, ayy

She want me to play with that cat, ayy

She lovin' how I'm makin' her wet, ayy

You know how sticky it get, ayy

Ayo Eric, bring them girls to the stage

'Cause somebody's gettin' paid and

Free Big Slime out the cage and

Shawty try to play it cool but

Now she wish she woulda stayed 'cause

Every song that I made is

Ringin' like I got engaged, yeah

Love my guys, I wouldn't trade, ayy

From the cradle to the grave, ayy

Gordo got me on the wave, ayy

Ant got me on the wave, ayy

Couple hits, now you brave, what

You niggas better behave, what

All that pumpin' up your chest, what

All that talk about the best, what

You know how sticky it gets

Yeah

If I'm with two of 'em, then it's a threesome

If she alone, you know she a freak one

If it's a escort, it's a police one

King of the hill, you know it's a steep one

If we together, you know it's a brief one

Back in the ocean you go, it's a

It's a deep one

Forgave niggas in they feelings

Lucky for y'all, we don't do civilians

You say I changed, I say that I million

I did

The toughest act to follow's back on tour

Off-road Maybach, Pyrex trap

Virgil came back through the boy, damn

That's somethin' to me, niggas really had they back turned to me

I ain't talkin' my assistant

When I say niggas down to pack somethin' for me

Then they thought they had the trap set for me

How you really think that went for me?

Niggas gotta do a fact check for me

When everything is put to rest

And everybody takes a breath

And everything gets addressed  
It's you alone with your regrets  
All that pumpin' up your chest  
All that talk about the best  
You know how sticky it gets  
Like, we weren't supposed to come up with something this clean  
You know it's, like, something happened

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