

Jimmy Cooks - Drake Lyrics

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"Jimmy Cooks"

Just awaken shaken once again, so you know it's on
(Just awaken shaken once again, ho, you know it's on)
Just awaken shaken once again, so you know it's on
(Just awaken shaken once again, ho, you know it's on)

Yeah, life

Life is only thing we need

They need me to go, but I don't wanna leave

Rest in peace to Lil Keed

Fuck a pigeonhole, I'm a night owl, this a different mode

I might have to make her paint a 6 on her pinky toe

Heard you with a shooting guard, just let a nigga know

I would have you courtside, not the middle row

All good, love, in a minute, though

I can't stress about no bitch 'cause I'm a timid soul

Plus I'm cookin' up ambition on a kitchen stove

Pot start to bubble, see the suds, that shit good to go

Hoes say I'm suave, but I can't get RICO'd

Bro think he John Wayne, I bought him yellow stones
Love the way they hang, babe, fuck the silicone
Everybody fake now, you could crack the code
Bust down everything, set in rose gold
Dread talkin' to you niggas like I'm J. Cole
I can tell her head good before I even know
Bitch, don't tell me that you model if you ain't been in Vogue
Gotta throw a party for my day ones
They ain't in the studio, but they'll lay somethin'
Rest in peace to Drama King, we was straight stuntin'
You don't like the way I talk? Nigga say somethin'
Gotta throw a party for my day ones
Pull up, and you know it's us, the bass jumpin'
You don't like the way I talk? Then say somethin'
Get out my face, nigga
Gotta throw a party for my day ones
They ain't in the studio, but they'll lay somethin'
Rest in peace to Drama King, we was straight stuntin'
If I let my nigga 21 tell it, you a pussy
Spin a block twice like it ain't nowhere to park (21)
Smack the backside of his head like he Bart (pussy)
OVO 4L, we come out when it get dark (21, 21)
Big stepper, he came in a Rolls, but he left in a stretcher (21)

Let my brother drive while I shoot, team effort (21)
Askin' all these questions, bitch, you must think you Nadeska
The chopper like to feel on all the opps, it's a molester (21)
I be with my gun like Rozay be with lemon pepper
She wanna hear some Afrobeats 'cause she just popped a Tesla
All that workin' out, that nigga must think he a wrestler
But this ain't UFC, this chopper came with a compressor (21)
This chopper came with a compressor (pussy)
His chopper came with a- (pussy)
This Glock .45 came with a switch (21)
If I was Will Smith, I would've slapped him with a stick
Put your hands in the air, it's a stick-up (21)
Spin the same hood where I get my dick sucked (facts)
If you standin' on business, put your blick up (21, 21)
Come around actin' scary, get your shit took (21)
Fell in love with feelin' dizzy, so I spizzin (21)
I got mad love for the boy, yeah, that's my twizzin (21)
If them niggas keep on dissin', slide agaizzin (21)
We the reason why the ops ain't got no frizziends (21)
Last nigga played with me got turned duppy
I ain't even roll him in the wood 'cause he musty
You ask how she doin', I just tell her come and fuck me
Shot his ass twenty times, damn, this nigga lucky (damn, that nigga lucky)

Gotta throw a party for my day ones

They ain't in the studio, but they'll lay somethin'

Rest in peace to Drama King, we was straight stuntin'

You don't like the way I talk, nigga, say somethin'

Say somethin', say somethin', say somethin', say somethin', say somethin'

You don't like the way I talk, nigga, say somethin', say somethin'

Say somethin', say somethin', say somethin'

For any correction please mail us at showthelyrics1@gmail.com
