November 18th - Drake Lyrics

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"November 18th"

It's the ones that smoke blunts with ya, seen ya picture Now they wanna grab a gun and come and getcha It's the ones that smoke blunts with ya, seen ya picture Now they wanna grab a gun and come and getcha One time for the homie DJ Screw Already I'm feelin' throwed in this bitch I'm so high even when I'm comin' down Just met a girl, said she from the H-Town I said my name is Drizzy and ain't nobody realer A cup inside a cup smokin' ghost face killah Got these boppers goin' crazy Nigga, I'm the man, I sent your girl message Said I see you when I can She send me one back but I ain't never read it 'Cause pussies only pussy and I get it when I need it and I'm tellin' you when homies runnin' down in the winter

And I be riding rims with tires in it thinner

Air force stun fly charters over seas full of Don Perian

And the water for the D's

Don't know why it happens every time we alone

But here we are again and I swear I'm in my zone

So I'ma sip this drink till that motherfucker gone

Than you go get undressed and we gon' get it on

I don't give you the time you deserve from me

This is something I know, I know, I know

So tonight I'll just fuck you like we're in Houston

Taking everything slow so slow, so slow but I do it to her

Draped up and dripped out know what I'm talkin' 'bout

Three in the morning get it poppin' in the parking lot

It's on once again and I never pretend

A nigga stay G till the end, yeah

I swear like every time we find ourself in this situation

I just get that feeling like I mean Houston candy paint

Switching colors in the light, it's about like 11 p.m.

And you just roaming through the city bumpin' that screw

It feel like everything just moving slow

Let's take my time, I pace it, baby

Big Mo, UGK, Lil Keke

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