

# Uptown (feat. Lil Wayne & Bun B)

Drake

Yeah..  
Uh huhhhUh, Hardly Home But Always Reppin'  
You Hardly On And Always Second  
When I'm Awake, You Always Restin'  
And When They Call You  
The Answer You Will Hardly Question  
I... I'm Doin' Classic Shit In All My Sessions,  
Other Niggas Situations They Are All Depressin'  
That's Why I Never Follow Yall Suggestions  
I Just Always Did My Own Thing  
Now I Run The Game... You Stupid Mothasuckas  
I See All This 'Money' Through My Ohio State 'Buck'-Eyes  
Shit Been Goin' Good, But Good Could Turn To Better  
Cuz You The Type To Lose Her, And I'm About To Get Her  
It's Okay, It's Okay, It's Okay, It's Okay, It's Okay, It's Okay  
You Could Run And Tell Ya Friends That I'm On  
I'm On, I'm On, I'm On, I'm On, I'm On  
Best Believe I Understand It's Okay  
It's Okay, It's Okay, It's Okay, It's Okay, It's Okay,  
You Could Run And Tell My City I'm On  
I'm On, I'm On, I'm On, I'm On, I'm On  
You Could Run And Tell My City It's On Yeah, Wrong Way Down A One Way  
Women Don't Get Saved 'Round Me  
Even On A Sunday,  
Damn, Where I Get It From  
These Niggas Always Wonder Who,  
Then They Meet My Pop  
And Tell Him, Drake Is Just A Younger You,  
And Shawty Wanna Party,  
So Don't Let Yo Girl Up Out The House  
Or They'll Be Shots On TMZ  
Of Me Givin' Her Mouth To Mouth,  
Now She's Famous  
And The Paparazzi Starts To Shoot Her,  
I Drive Two Black Cars  
I Named Them Malcom X And Martin Luther,  
I Don't Ever Play But I'm In The Game Lady,  
They Just Lose To Love, Those Are Tennis Games Lady  
Have Ya Countin' Money, Goin' Duffle Bag Crazy,  
Sippin' On Pink Floyd And Puffin' Wayne Brady,  
Damn, Whose Line Is It Anyways,  
I'm In A Daze, You've Been Amazed

Ya'll Seem To Be Stuck On That Beginna Stage  
I'm On Fire, Yup I've Been Ablaze,  
I Got Dough To Blow, But I Wanna Blow It Right  
You Look Nice  
And Yo Frame Makes Me Wanna Bowl A Strike  
Well Alright, Yes I Might, Know What  
Fuck It, Yes I Will  
I am More Than What You Bargained For  
And Nothin' Less Than Real  
Put It To Ya Life  
It's Okay, It's Okay, It's Okay, It's Okay, It's Okay, It's Okay  
You Could Run And Tell Ya Friends That I'm On  
I'm On, I'm On, I'm On, I'm On, I'm On  
Best Believe I Understand It's Okay  
It's Okay, It's Okay, It's Okay, It's Okay, It's Okay  
You Could Run And Tell My City I'm On  
I'm On, I'm On, I'm On, I'm On, I'm On  
You Could Run And Tell My City It's OnBun B, King Of The Trill Also One Of The Dopest  
Whether The Streets Or On The Mic  
I'm Dope And Yes I'm Focused,  
The Gangstas Recognize Me For My Loc'ness  
No Joke It's,  
Time To Shake These Haters Off Like The Skin Of A Locust,  
Or Maybe Like A Python,  
That's The Type Of Shit I'm On  
I Wrote This On My iPhone,  
So Let Me Drop This iBomb,  
I, Palm The Game Like It's A Spalding Ball And Take Flight,  
From The Free Throw Line, And Slam It Down Like I'm The Great Mike  
Bun And Wayne And Drake In Here, Mayne It's Gon' Be A Great Night,  
Look At All These Posers Bite Our Swagger Like A Great White  
Try To Cross Me Over, I Just Fake Left Then I Break Right  
Stupid Animal Tricks Like David Letterman's Late Night,  
This That Major Moment You Been Waitin' On For Too Long,  
The Best That Ever Did It And Doin' It On A New Song,  
UGK And Young Money... Too Strong  
Bound To Be In The Green Like A Crouton  
So What The Fuck Is You On?It's Okay, It's Okay, It's Okay, It's Okay, It's Okay, It's Okay  
You Could Run And Tell Ya Friends That I'm On  
I'm On, I'm On, I'm On, I'm On, I'm On  
Best Believe I Understand It's Okay  
It's Okay, It's Okay, It's Okay, It's Okay, It's Okay  
You Could Run And Tell My City I'm On  
I'm On, I'm On, I'm On, I'm On, I'm On  
You Could Run And Tell My City It's OnYeaah, Yah  
I am The Leather Jacket, Black Glasses, All American Bad Boy  
I Own The Swagger Super Market, And You, You Just A Bag Boy  
Cuz I Got That Swag Boy  
The Swag You Never Had Boy

Hate And I Will Leave Your Chest The Color My Flag Boy  
Suu Woo Bitch I Do This Shit  
I'll Erase You Like I Drew You Bitch  
And I Keep That Toaster, You Can Come And Be My Strudel Bitch  
I'm So Uptown  
And Muthafucka If You Ain't... Don't Go Uptown!!  
Yeeeeeeaaaahh!!  
And Now I'm On That Rock Shit  
But Why They Let Me In... Imma Start Shootin' In The Mosh Pit,  
Haha... Fuck Is You Talkin' Bout?  
Weezy In Ya Mouth  
Now Weezy What You Talkin' Bout It's Okay, It's Okay, It's Okay, It's Okay, It's Okay, It's Okay  
You Could Run And Tell Ya Friends That I'm On  
I'm On, I'm On, I'm On, I'm On, I'm On  
Best Believe I Understand It's Okay  
It's Okay, It's Okay, It's Okay, It's Okay, It's Okay  
You Could Run And Tell My City I'm On  
I'm On, I'm On, I'm On, I'm On, I'm On  
You Could Run And Tell My City It's On Young Mula Baby! It's Okay, It's Okay, It's Okay, It's  
Okay, It's Okay, It's Okay  
You Could Run And Tell Ya Friends That I'm On  
I'm On, I'm On, I'm On, I'm On, I'm On  
Best Believe I Understand It's Okay  
It's Okay, It's Okay, It's Okay, It's Okay, It's Okay  
You Could Run And Tell My City I'm On  
I'm On, I'm On, I'm On, I'm On, I'm On  
You Could Run And Tell My City It's On  
Yeah  
Uh huh

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>