

Trophies (feat. Drake) [Mr. Carmack Remix]

Young Money

Had hit records on my demo
Did y'all boys not get the memo
I do not stay at the Intercontinental
And anything I got is not a rental, I own that mothafucka
Figured out this shit, it's simple
My stock been going up like a crescendo
A bunch of handshakes from the fakes
But nigga I do not want to be friends though
I told y'all mafuckas, man, this shit is not a love song
This is a fuck a stripper on a mink rug song
This a fuck them boys forever, hold a grudge song
Pop some fucking champagne in the tub song, nigga, "just because" song
What's the move? Can I tell truth?
If I was doing this for you
Then I have nothing left to prove, nah
This for me, though
I'm just tryna stay alive and take care of my people
And they don't have no award for that
Trophies, trophies
And they don't have no award for that
Shit don't come with trophies
Ain't no envelopes to open
I just do it cause I'm 'sposed to, nigga
Bitch I go to Dreams with a suitcase
I got my whole country on a new wave
She like, "I heard all your niggas stay where you stay"
House so big I haven't seen them boys in two days
Bitch, I use a walkie talkie just to get a beverage
I saw my parents split up right after the wedding
That taught my ass to stay committed, fuck the credit
Bitch check the numbers, I'm the one who really get it
I told y'all mafuckas, man, this shit is not a love song
This a doing me and only God can judge song
I do not know what the fuck you thought it was song
Pop some fucking champagne in the tub song, nigga, "just because" song
What's the move? Can I tell truth?
If I was doing this for you
Then I have nothing left to prove, nah
This for me, though
I'm just tryna stay alive and take care of my people
And they don't have no award for that
Trophies, trophies

And they don't have no award for that
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