

# Nice For What

Drake

I wanna know who mothafuckin' representin' in here tonight  
Hold on, hold on

I keep lettin' you back in  
How can I explain myself?

Care for me, care for me  
You said you'd care for me  
There for me, there for me (Louisiana shit)  
Said you'd be there for me  
Cry for me, cry for me (Murda on the beat)  
You said you'd die for me  
Give to me, give to me  
Why won't you live for me?  
I keep letting you back in  
How can I explain myself?  
Care for me, care for me  
I know you care for me  
There for me, there for me  
(A song for y'all to cut up to, you know?)  
Said you'd be there for me  
Cry for me, cry for me (Yeah)  
You said you'd die for me  
Give to me, give to me  
Why won't you live for me?

Everybody get your mothafuckin' roll on  
I know shorty and she doesn't want no slow song  
Had a man last year, life goes on  
Haven't let that thing loose, girl, in so long  
You been inside, know you like to lay low  
I've been peepin' what you bringin' to the table  
Workin' hard, girl, everything paid for  
First, last phone bill, car note, cable

With your phone out, gotta hit them angles  
With your phone out, snappin' like you Fabo  
And you showin' off, but it's alright  
And you showin' off, but it's alright  
It's a short life, yeah

Care for me, care for me  
You said you'd care for me  
There for me, there for me  
Said you'd be there for me  
Cry for me, cry for me  
You said you'd die for me  
Give to me, give to me  
Why won't you live for me?

That's a real one, in your reflection  
Without a follow, without a mention  
You really pipin' up on these niggas  
You gotta be nice, for what to these niggas  
I understand, you gotta hunnid bands  
You got a baby Benz  
You got some bad friends

High school pics, you was even bad then  
You ain't stressin' off no lover in the past tense  
You already had them  
Work at 8 a.m., finish 'round five  
Hoes talk down, you don't see 'em outside  
Yeah, they don't really be the same offline  
You know dark days, you know hard times  
Doin' overtime for the last month  
Saturday, call the girls, get 'em gassed up  
Gotta hit the club, gotta make that ass jump

Gotta hit the club like you hit them mothafuckin' angles  
With your phone out, snappin' like you Fabo  
And you showin' off, but it's alright  
And you showin' off, but it's alright  
It's a short life, yuh

These hoes  
Your boy  
I may  
Watch the breakdown

Care for me, care for me!  
You said you'd care for me!  
There for me, there for me!  
Said you'd be there for me!  
Cry for me, cry for me!  
You said you'd die for me!  
Give to me, give to me!  
Why won't you live for me?!

Gotta make that jump  
Gotta make that  
Gotta, gotta make that  
Gotta make that jump  
Gotta make that  
Gotta, gotta make that  
Gotta, gotta, gotta g-g-gotta  
G-g-gotta, gotta  
Gotta, g-g-gotta, gotta  
Gotta make that jump, jump  
Let's go  
Bend it over, lift it up  
Bend it over, lift it up  
Make that jump, jump  
Bend it over, lift it up  
Bend it over, lift it up  
Make that jump, jump  
Bend it over, over, over, over, over  
Lift it up  
Make that jump, jump  
Bend it over, lift it up  
Make that jump, jump  
Bend it over, lift it up  
Make that jump, jump

That's a real one, in your reflection  
Without a follow, without a mention  
You rarely pipin' up on these niggas  
You gotta be nice for what to these niggas  
I understand

Care for me, care for me

You said you'd care for me  
There for me, there for me  
Said you'd be there for me  
Cry for me, cry for me  
You said you'd die for me  
Give to me, give to me  
Why won't you live for me?

Gotta hit the club like you hit them, hit them, hit them angles  
It's a short life, yeah  
Cry for me, cry for me  
You said you'd die for me  
Give to me, give to me  
Why won't you live for me?