

# Summer Sixteen

Drake

Look, looking, looking  
Looking, looking, looking  
Looking, looking  
Looking  
Looking

Looking for revenge  
All summer sixteen  
All summer sixteen  
Playing dirty, not clean  
Out front of Four Seasons  
Looking like a damn football team  
All in the same thing  
All repping one thing  
Looking for revenge

To do what you couldn't do  
Tell Obama that my verses  
Are just like the whips that he in  
They bulletproof  
Minus twenty we in Pitfield  
That Kai's kitchen in a Canada Goose  
Famous as fuck but I'm still in the cut  
When they round up the troops  
I'm just a sicko, a real sicko  
When you get to know me, nigga  
I let the diss record drop  
You was staying right below me, nigga  
We must have played it a hundred times  
You was going to bed  
Why would I put on a vest?  
I expect you to aim for the head?  
I coulda killed you the first time  
You don't have to try and say it louder nigga  
Trust, we heard you the first time  
It's nothing personal  
I would have done it to anyone  
And I blame where I came from  
And I blame all my day ones  
You know Chubbs like Draymond  
You better off not saying nothing  
Them boys they a handful  
Then I hit 'em with the Hotline  
Chris Breezy with the dance moves  
Mo-G with the dance moves  
Ave Boy with the dance moves  
Jimi Hendrix with the solo  
Those the strings that you can't pull  
Yeah, and I could really dish it out  
Come and get it from the source  
Or fuck with all the word of mouth  
Golden State running practice at my house  
Nigga, what am I about?  
You gon' really feel it now

I'm out here looking for revenge  
All summer sixteen

All summer sixteen  
Playing dirty, not clean  
Out front of Four Seasons  
Looking like a damn football team  
All repping one thing  
Looking for revenge

All you boys in the new Toronto  
Wanna be me a little  
All your exes know I like my O's  
With a V in the middle  
You would love it if I went away  
And didn't say nothing else  
How am I keeping it real  
By keeping this shit to myself?  
You was never gang, gang, gang, gang  
You was never one of us  
Had us fooled for a minute there  
Now we done all grown up  
But I'm better off anyway  
Y'all never gonna finish Drake  
Say you seeing 'bout it when you see me man  
Y'all never home anyway  
Thought of things that you shoulda say  
Said things that you shouldn't say  
We even gave y'all the whole money play  
Y'all broke to this day  
"Oh, it's your time now" yeah  
That's what everybody say  
I used to wanna be on Roc-A-Fella  
Then I turned into Jay  
Now I got a house in LA  
Now I got a bigger pool than Ye  
And look man, Ye's pool is nice  
Mine's just bigger is what I'm saying  
I'm that nigga's what I'm saying  
Getting things done around here  
How you let me run it down here  
I'm not even from around here  
Six, six, six, six, six  
Soon as I'm back in the city they throw a parade  
I might get a key to the city and give it to Wayne  
Or give it to one of the young boys to carry the wave  
Yeah

So trust me they'll be out here looking for revenge  
All summer sixteen  
All summer sixteen  
Playing dirty, not clean  
Out front of Four Seasons  
Looking like a damn football team  
All repping one thing  
Looking for re

They don't want us to have a bigger pool than Kanye