

Way 2 Sexy Lyrics Drake | I'M Too Sexy For This Syrup Lyrics | I'M Too Sexy For My Shirt Lyrics | Drake ft. Future and Young Thug

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Way 2 Sexy Drake Lyrics

I'm too sexy for my shirt
Too sexy for my shirt
So sexy, it hurts
I'm too sexy for Milan
Too sexy for Milan
New York or Japan

Yeah, woah, woah, woah
I'm too sexy for this syrup
Too sexy for your girl
Too sexy for this world
Too sexy for this ice
Too sexy for that jack, yeah, yeah
I'm too sexy for this chain
Too sexy for your gang
Too sexy for this fame, yeah, yeah
I'm too sexy for the trap
Too sexy for that cap
Too sexy for that jack, yeah, yeah

Okay, alright, that's fine, okay (Okay)
I'm feelin' too sexy to accept requests (Way too sexy)
And I'm way too sexy to go unprotected (Way too sexy)
And she popped a Tesla, now she goin' electric
Okay, alright, that's fine, okay
Think we got too sexy for that metro housin' (Way too sexy)
Diamond popped out, almost swallowed sixty thousand (Sixty piece)
Section need more tings in here, I like it crowded, ayy (Woah, woah)
Yeah, I like it crowded
Oh, you like the boy? Well, tell me what you like about him
You a turnt up little thotty, ain't no wife about it
I'ma fuck her friends and send her back to Metro housin'

Yeah, woah, woah, woah
I'm too sexy for this syrup
Too sexy for your girl
Too sexy for this world

Too sexy for this ice
Too sexy for that jack, yeah, yeah
I'm too sexy for this chain
Too sexy for your gang
Too sexy for this fame, yeah, yeah
I'm too sexy for the trap
Too sexy for that cap
Too sexy for that jack, yeah, yeah (Yeah)

I pop out, get ghost on a bitch, she don't know where I went (Where I
go?)

Pray for all my dogs, all my niggas behind the fence (Prayer)
Drippin' in it, I be spillin' in it, new designer gear bicoastal
Pay attention to the detail, goin' two-tone on a choker
Young niggas always ready to murk somethin', call them some smokers
Young nigga havin' motion, he gon' make sure the car get—
Did a 360 windmill when I left the scene
That's that action, her best work on her knees
Too sexy for this cash
Too sexy for this syrup
Too sexy for these pills, I'm too sexy for this
I get cash wherever I fly, got bitches sexin' on me
Money, cars, and all this jewelry make a bitch look sexy
I get cash wherever I fly, got bitches sexin' on me

Yeah, woah, woah, woah
I'm too sexy for this syrup
Too sexy for your girl
Too sexy for this world
Too sexy for this ice
Too sexy for that jack, yeah, yeah
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Too sexy for your gang
Too sexy for this fame, yeah, yeah
I'm too sexy for the trap
Too sexy for that cap
Too sexy for that jack, yeah, yeah

Too sexy to count (Ah), fatty (Oh)
My neck baguette (Hoo)
Red diamonds, spaghetti (Oh)
This paper, I shred it (Yeah)
I swindled, no sweatin'
I saw you (Bitch), beggin' (Ho)
Goddamn, you petty (Ha)
I ain't done spending (Yeah)

No penny pinch, I spend it (Spend)
Bags in and out (Let's get bags)
My man ain't gon' steal it (On God)
Hundred bags for her (Hundred bags)
Make these young hoes wish they was rich (Woo)
All-green gators, they look like a switch
Giorgio, I spent twenty-six licks ('Mani)
I'm too sexy (Yeah)
My neck (Yeah), baguetties
Molest me (Woah), caress me (Woah)
I'll let you (Ah), todayski (Ski)
I been kickin' shit (Woah, woah), might need a prosthetic (Yeah)
I pray to the chopper under my pillow, tooth fairy (Woo)