

## Belly

Wale

Back to life  
Back to reality  
Back to life  
Back to reality

They say the streams fake, the bots runnin' this thing, wait  
Still I gotta make that 'vance, count my cheesecake  
Nigga offsidies, this my free play  
I'm internin' for my barber, get your free fade  
Oh, wait, tell me where we at though  
I'm looking through the windows of your soul, I don't backdoor  
I lost some good men 'cause they couldn't see the back door  
We Black, bearing arms now, keep it in the satchel  
Paige, all this hating on me isn't natural  
But God gave me this and atheists can see the passion  
And y'all nigga lame, hydroplanin' with the crash outs  
But everything a lot, so, bring everything, everything

Back to life  
Back to reality  
In the belly of the-  
Back to life  
Back to reality  
Yeah, in the belly of the beast  
Back to life  
Back to reality  
In the belly of the-  
Back to life  
Back to real-  
But ain't no fuckin' way, boy

Yeah, we celebrating while opposition ain't optimistic  
God's good, but I'm often questioning when He listen  
The hate is bigger than me, the weight is bigger than me  
They crashing out, I feel like I'm at Talladega winning  
Chocolate City, we supposed to be good  
Never thought I'd see Rayful Edmond's on social media  
They out their cotton-pickin' minds, they don't know the details  
Me and Kazz talkin' Silk, Temple Beverly Hills  
Southwest, Southwest, shout out to 106  
Every show I had a platinum, they was gettin' me lit  
Everybody show you love when you givin' 'em shit  
One day you say no and no longer pretend to be friends  
My men don't sketch, y'all drawin' and shit  
I lost some nigga to dippers, I lost some nigga to fent  
I lost it all, when I got it all, I'm a target again  
When everything you do offensive, you be hard to defend, I'm goin'

Back to life  
To the belly of the-  
Back to reality  
In the belly of the-  
Back to life  
Yeah  
Back to reality  
In the belly of the beast  
Back to life

Yeah  
Back to reality  
In the belly of the-  
Back to life  
Back to re-  
How ever do you want me?

Look, bands on Melrose, chain on Mayday  
IRS patient, friends on JPay  
How can I express in the shit that got me rich  
That depression and the pressure is the motherfucker?  
Look, wine drinking in Malibu is a mindfuck  
Used to buy ten-dollar pieces with nine bucks  
A dollar short, a day late  
Nigga with Broadways, I'm sorry, I'm not for play-play  
Small conversations I vacate  
They all say we brothers, I feel like I'm Bison Dele  
Yeah, I got a stripper from L.A.  
My cousin just had a wedding, I put her ass in the gele  
Yeah, maybe I'm way too careless  
Or maybe need to appear to my parents I'm on the same wave  
Look, the ebb and flow of this talent  
It's like a balancing act but my parents gave me my stage name  
Bands on Melrose, chain on Mayday  
IRS patient, friends on JPay  
How can I express in the shit that got me rich  
That depression and the pressure is the motherfucker?  
How ever do you want me?  
Look, look, bands on Melrose, chain on Mayday  
How ever do you need me?  
IRS patient, everybody waitin'  
How ever do you want me?  
How can I express in the shit that got me lit  
How ever do you need me?  
That depression, the pressure, the motherfuckin' same thing?

Back to life  
In the belly of the-  
Back to reality  
In the belly of the-  
Back to life  
Yeah  
Back to reality  
In the belly of the beast  
Back to life  
Back to reality  
You know what I'm sayin'?  
Back to life  
Back to reality