

Bickenhead (Freestyle)

Wale

Yo, nasty ho, yeah
Nasty ho, yeah, yeah
I'm a nasty shon, yeah
Nasty ho

Do it big, you the best
I'm just lookin' at your face and your chest
I'm just playin', go low
Real girls get down on the floor, yeah
I got guy-guys in them trenches, guy-guy in them feds
Got ties with the prez, block a nigga back
Bossed out, really yeah, [?] brought her back
I'll be honest, [?] Lauren taught a lot of niggas swag, woo
Prada comin' back, woo, college I ain't grad
I know some cum laudes, ain't got a dollar but got a dad
Nah nah, I ain't with it, nah nah, shit is sad
Thank God for that shit I do, 'cause now I'm in my bag
Pause pause, stop and think, smoke shop, drop a G
Real live, kneel down, chill, y'all still coppin' nicks
I draw up my plans, I'm sketchy with these chicks
I know this Welling girl from Denver one devilish bitch
We never convinced, our trust is conflicted
We steppin' in [?], we was Huxtable kids, yeah
Feel sorry for Claire though but gotta be real though
Would love to believe it, but see me I gotta live one
For shawty, I'll probably tie you or rob you or kill some'
My shoppin' is like my child that I gotta let Bill go
I'm flexin' 'em still though, I'm flexin' it still though
Tell KOD play KOD, yes the world is still cold
He facin' 'em hell though, that hatin' be real though
My nigga just came from Naja, a lot of them didn't go
Forever my man though, infinity and more
They fingers on Kobe Bryant, I'm tryna be Thanos
So get all your friends ho, one - and your clan dash
You niggas is all Hulk, I'm the villain, the vans one
Untouchable, double, shout out Philly, my mans, them
I'm tortured, I'm such a genius, go read up on Van Gough
I'm thinkin' 'bout land though, I'm thinkin' 'bout layin' low
Attention ain't all good, better watch what you sayin' Bo
No, mind my business, get back to my bag
Don't know who you root for but you frontin' do know hold you back
Guap guap, get your chicken, guap guap, make a bag
Got ties with the president, block a nigga bag, yeah