

Camp Lo

Wale

(Get that Glow)
Yeah, Yeah, Hip Hop forever
202, 301

Doors open we stepping out
The illest they yell about it
The city wasn't cursed I be working with Kevin Liles
Now, I remain unnoticed, with Jimmy I'm Interscope'ing
But it's like I'm on some cloak shit
Now I'm looking like O and them, so I be showing off my tape
Got the whole hood focusing
I make music like Caine, see a cheap death but they get it in the end, aim
Fire, line after line, you better get that boy off that big wheel child
Everybody get it like a synonym line
AOL virus can't produce a sicker I'm
Get it, IM, AIM nigga ain't playing
You can be a Hummer I'm a fucking A-Train
Um, H&M yeah I know that shit cheap jo'
But I'm just looking for a peacoat see jo'
And Lyor I'm the hottest in the east coast
Sneakerhead, back packer, most important these whores
No lying all foes must detour
Yeah they rhyme but they ass like Eeyore
I bare with me like Winnie
The money like honey, I'm always gon' get it
I ride around the city as I watch for the Piglet
And when it get hot I bounce like Tigger, nigga
Yeah, the Camp Lo of today, I learned my game in 90's
But I'm so in the 80's, baby I am just that vintage
This is Hip-hop on that Popeye spinach
Pimp type image when my pen get in it
Put tracks on track, make a limerick trick
Yeah, and have my money in the morning
Before I get that armor have that comma in a coma
No sir, don't test the patience
I will execute any exclamation
Handle that stanza, man oh man, what and they would not like
Cause the metaphor in ransom, Wale hip-hop black panther
Free lunch programmer when challenged I am more slam
Than the rest of them, fly when I encompass
Peep my direction, yes, am jive throwed, so he leaning
Always got a bottle like a genie, thousand dollar sneakers
100 Miles Running through your speakers
Whole time I Camp Lo I'm looking for Luchini

Introducing phantom of the whole whatever you call it
I'm better than all of 'em, leave 'em in awe incredible artist
A fucking scholar who never did college
I just opted to dodge out and get my chips I'm Erik Estrada
I'm in a cardigan lapel, I'm freaking it proper
Wale Folarin, swear my product should be up in Prada
Or even Gucci, in a movie you living a lie
I call my Goonies they pursue you, you live where you lie
And those my height still will never be level to I
In plain English, Wale lyrically inclined
They climax when I rap, orgasmic, organic speakers and the ashes
They cannot win without the rap Steve Nash

Yeah, it's sad but it's true but they Udonis Haslem
And what you've done is had this Shaq of an MC
Just be here while they get killed
So hip-hop but D.C. still
OG of Goadomes leave them D.C's chill
Hypebeast nigga are the people they feel
Niggas like Beckham they ain't playing for the Real
I'm Madrid, consistently, persistently make a lot of noise
And I fill a void of the industry
I'm praying for my enemies, they don't know now better
Aye Guru, tell Blaze that I just need that Polo sweater
And I don't need a beat now, wait until they sign me
When my budget there I will be dialing
Name Wale my big brother Wall-E
PG or D.C. this is where you'll find me
You won't find peace on this side
Like Larry in Commonwealth 'round here we bring them Clipse out
I cover you son, I flow with an eclipse mouth
So Catchdubs bring the mix out
Out