

Chun Li

Wale

Real rap, peel back in the Mac black
She ain't at where I'm at, send that ass back

Hoes in the telly on the late night
Smoking real good, my eyes late flight
She riding now, she tryna tell me where her heart was at
I'm like nah, what the face like
Yea, I'm a straight shot
I'm a thorough nigga but I'm a great guy
In a old car, a new paint job
My crew ain't the squad, my new ain't... tall
Who ain't talking that shit the ballers get with
All of this shit is scholarship flow, I'm tossing free wisdom
I'm aware that my artistry different
I'm aware that my heart is by my cuff link
Though I'm living a life with a lot of plush things
I'm living a life without trusting
Yea, too much hate when ya crew hot, too much love get you 2Pac'd
Too much bread over here get you stalked by the feds
The IRS, and a few broads

Real rap, peel back in the Mac black
She ain't at where I'm at, send that ass back
I'm a tell you where these guys staying, where they at
Them niggas ain't fly, they can't rap

Yup yup, can a nigga flow
Yup yup, got a million hoes
Yup yup, when a nigga step out in a pair of what's those
Yup yup, all the niggas go

Yup yup, at a nigga show
Live bitches at a nigga show
Yup yup, when a nigga step out in a pair of what's those
Yup yup, all the bitches go

Yop yop, nigga getting rich
Yop yop, nigga bought a Six
Yop, I, bought a spot on the top floor
And my view from the living room, it go off shore
Yea, yop yop, nigga on his tip
Yop yop, nigga never slip
Nah, hold up, wait a minute with that homie shit
I was on my grind, you ain't never loan me shit
I was on a mission, nigga you ain't never load a clip
Hold up, you remind me of my old bitch
Hold up, why you always on that ho shit
Man hold up, got me talking 'bout some old shit
So I get back to the money, say I'm acting funny
Face everywhere, thank God I ain't ugly
See him in the mirror, they say God is above me
In a Porsche Panamera, smoking weed, getting skully
Yop, so come get me if you want me
Me and my buddy, leave shit real bloody
Yellow tape on the beat, it's no wonder why they love me

It's a whole lotta 'Gnac, not a lot to chase
And the hoes in the back, they ain't tryna wait
She open thighs and I'm close-minded
This is Cashmere Thoughts meets North Face
This is Iceberg Slim with some more game
This is Martin Payne, niggas Pam James
That's a damn shame, niggas without game
Call them all the time, I call 'em any name
I am highly respected amongst young dames
Rolling up sour, bumping Sweet James, Jones
G thing made G's, speaking G code
On fire, make a riot be a free show
Beat a beat up, get a couple knots
I am nothing like these muthafuckin' other guys
Them PR's sitting hard with them number nines
In the fall, they be talking that the summer's mine