

I'm a gorilla
I spit till the void fill up
Cause honestly I feel the radio is staright filler
If North is up and South is down
Why every five minutes niggas walking out
That's not a jab at UNK but I don't think the PD's are reasoning with us
Cause they don't think, no
They just wanna dance
And she don't want to learn
She gon' shake that little ass while they rain with that cash
If I don't make that man there dance
That man there throw Wale on the shelf and I lose
I'm not moving like a cartoon
Or a harpoon to Tom Cruise with a jock tune
For every Black Thought, I thought I caught Roots
It don't feel right, so what I'm gonna do
It's lopsided like a AA college student trying to undertake a D1 scholar
They need work, the freaks here makes their knees work
Yep she's on X, I called that bitch speed burst
I plead with em, the system ain't right
Like the first Nintendo, the blinking red light
So my thought process is all but a cartlidge
When I'm blown I can work proper
Yeah listen up, I ain't here kissing up
Every single single ain't a single just to hit the clubs
I am not involved, nor do I indulge in the hardest thing of poor artistry
I rock awesomley, the offspring of the flawless brings game
I'm autumn leaves change
Photosynthesis, notice what the focus is
I move the club like a poker dealer
And most feel me like masseuse
Lyrical kama sutra
But radio ain't trying to follow suit
So what you've heard is the fix like super
Intendent attend them, cool cause
It's cool cause the radio don't do much
I lead the city in requests, but don't do nothing
Them dudes fronting like grills
Fronting like Pharrell
They take a loss man
I'm all about the bills
And I'm about to fill y'all in on the real
No BDS, no deal
Y'all don't wanna tango with me
I'm dangling with E's and a straight Dave Blaine from the scene
PFKT with the lane's on the feet, you ain't know a rap nigga like me
Reggie Miller Nike's
I do the right thing
Although I missed out on them white Spike Lee's
I lack jungle fever, had to black for the sneakers
Had to get my utmost feeted sleep cause
They getting deals with their weak buzz
Fuck it, Wale still kicking like FIFA
So keep fronting till my peeps come
Relief pitchers put the heat to em
Blackberry and T phone
Slam X high piece on it

Damn right, them my peeps sung it
I'm getting cheese like my teeth touching and cheeks puffy
I keep it coming nigga, I'm a beast youngin
I kick the door like police warrents
All day, Wale, D.C
Gone