

# Fa We We Freestyle

Wale

Stuntin' on these niggas every one of them  
Ralph Folarin via untouchable double M  
Genius, no bleachers, floor seat us  
Dope thoughts, that guap, pray for Adidas  
Twelve lines that can melt minds when it's hail time  
That's why these bitches goin' down boy, I should sell sly  
Lil sly fly nigga, my nigga  
And this rap shit a circus I only ride for my niggas  
And I know I use the n-word too much, and the b-word too much  
I know I seem like I'm lunchin' but let me see  
I make a dam by taking beavers to lunch  
Suck your teeth all you want boy, your joint on my jock  
Every nigga with commercial success is getting closer to helping mama  
go further from them  
What's the purpose of working if you ain't touchin' the kids  
What's the purpose of respect if both your mamas in debt  
Dreamed of video vixens, verses on Drama cassettes  
Now these ganstas is grillin', although they gotta respect  
Good in all regions, the strippers say I'm G cause I tip 'em  
I'm talkin' G shit, and a nigga on repeatin' the trap  
Shoutout to NO, on the for real though  
The ho tellin', card 'em like incidentals  
And I ain't even playin', this game is so mental  
You keep talkin' 'bout potential, your career's an intro  
And now cho keep his mouth closed  
Just that flow he throw around be sellin' out shows  
Life crazy, couple statements can buy you Mercedes  
Quit your hatin' now baby that ain't how God made ya  
Yeah I get it, want the best for my niggas  
Few chains, more whips nigga, dominatrix  
I said that before, but I'm more relevant now than when I said that before  
When I left after school, a lot said I'd be broke  
Allah knew I'd be good, so now I'm blessin' the folks  
Try to stunt on my haters, give these young niggas hope  
And with this drive I will traffic intellectual dope, you know  
  
Aight, keep it goin', keep it goin' fuck it

Cause I'm the best with these quotes, don't be respectin' these hoes  
She in the books, I'm in her head, that's no telepathy though  
Can't stand it, nigga's famous, they can't mess with me though  
They need to let that boy cook, I got that recipe, hold up  
Who not respectin' me, confront me when correctin' me ho  
You pull a string that says oh, I make a symphony with phones  
Orchestrate how I do it, off the top we official  
Not a opera at all, but I'm in a Phantom with bitches