

## Folarin Like

Wale

What, boy?

Let's have some motherfuckin' fun

Yeah, ayee, yeah

Folarin like, women level-headed

And more aggressive

That demoralize any moralless

Man or woman and

More or less any man or woman that go against me

Better know the lord, ignore it, keep it at 450

Truckin'

Fuck a 450, we 730

It's December now

When they simmer down we start burnin' 'em

It's embarrassing

There's literally no comparison

That's like comparing Yogi Berra and Yogi Ferrell

I'm the coldest poet, they never show it

I show up like the fuckin' bear from Revenant

Barely niggas is Yogi Bear in here

Mo', this is a picnic walk

I sip gin, tonic in booth then I big shit talk

I'm cool, clam, collected 'less I get pissed off

Then everybody get it like a pitch in kickball

Pimp hard, pimp hard, but think two times harder

Mulsanne parked

I bet the Pumas Usain Bolt to us

Woo! That's a fast ass pussy cat

Ralph really rappin' like he's really, really in his bag yeah

Folarin like, a lot of artist father I

Think a lot of y'all been multiplying the prototype

Notice I

Don't hang with niggas much in this industry

Been this way, niggas be hating wasting my energy

Then they say

Maybe Folarin is just a mental case

It's not the case

I just confide in cases of Hennessy

L.A. Fitness will fill up, yeah I'm gettin' a little bigger

Baby mama don't notice, all my bitches can dig it

'Bout to hit the casino, Steve O bring all the women

And if we hit the digits, the only way that we're trickin'

Rose gold the pinky

Flows gold, the singles

Is all gold and platinum, I'm so focused really

Whole goal was really

To promote the city

Some niggas off that boat like they got motion sickness

Lord forgive me, you know that I'm flawed

But been on my job

Way more, 'cause I had a daughter

I dogged bitches before

Now talk sense into bitches

And not to give you my business

But they ain't bitches no more

Naw, nah, fuck it let's keep this shit goin'

I see niggas talkin', could chalk it, grown people ignore it

But keep with the bluffin'  
You see I be with people that love that shit  
Love to see you public performin', we will applaud  
Now you Weekend at Bernie-lookin'  
Mama purchasing urns for you, confirming you finished  
I done murked you niggas  
Whether first one, this verse is a hearse  
It hurts me to hurt you  
It burns, yeah it burns because I birthed you nigga [?]  
Yeah, of course you niggas forgot  
But every time I drop a single niggas hittin' me up  
Tellin' me to give 'em a jump  
Never think they'll ever pull up  
Literally I live in Maryland, Beverly Hills and the charts  
Yup, and with the pen it's like I'm like Kemba with ball  
I'm Kyrie, Jamal  
Crawford, guard me and you fall  
Foreign features from South Korea  
BTS be the shit, we about to see it  
I am not North or South, I am just DMV  
I'm a G, well-achieved, well-received  
I'm a seasoned nigga  
Yeah, boy I'm the cleanest nigga  
Got soul, got style, rap genius nigga  
I will not back down when you see a nigga  
My whip black, like brown, Pam G'in a nigga  
Yeah, Folarin like  
Women like Miss Erykah  
Badu, see you next lifetime, I marry ya  
Playin' though [?] nigga this gospel on my tonsils  
Got the world on my hand like Kwame on Captain Planet do  
I'm just a rhymers a lot of y'all just be sleepin' on  
They stay at mama's house and get their Cheetos and cheap reefer on  
They stay on social media  
Being somebody doper than the person they are in person  
Of course nobody meetin' them  
Folarin like, none of these niggas  
Shine coming, man I'm tired of everyone of these niggas  
Fuck 'em