

Freedom of Speech

Wale

Good things to those who wait
I don't involve with those who make noise or indulge in hate
I pray to God, may Allah make my bars be great
So my job secure in case my broad is late
I got no time to slow it down and contemplate
Niggas hungry for a change so Obama eight
Years, safe here never, Rayful
Kept it moving, reindeer weather
Crack babies turned crack sellers, still got nada
That happens when you black nigga with no product
Unathletic, it's sad though when it's no calling
So now you with the strapped niggas that want problems
No problem, and the hood ain't changed in years
And I'm optimistic at times for politics can't erase the fear
Pro-black is dead, self-loathing and shit
Whole race feel misplaced since the Regan Era
Where's Che Guevera ??
Hear cries from black moms for convisary
And the cops'll stop now, the town is different
See the block's like black mamba, brown omitted
Little gentrification which ain't gender-specific
All us niggas is niggas, a few of niggas is bitches
Dig it, cigar lit up, Obama got a longer tenure
You ain't gotta get involved unless that boy ??

Yeah, one nation under God
Politics about the guap, I hate to break your heart
Just play my part
Stay low, pray to God
For all the hate shown, it made it hard to watch
Could be a race war, niggas on your mark
'Til somebody start

Conspiracy theorists in my lyrics
And feel like my shit is somehow different albeit
It could be the image of my niggas
And your perception is ruining my vision, dig that
My president mulatto, a resident of many of serato
A penny for your thoughts, mommy torch worth a dollar
Get off my fucking George Carver
As far as little Bush, I'm thinking more little Rallo
Do you follow or did I lose you?
Ms. Dash, yeah she bad, but the broad still clueless
Reese get her, not little
Witherspoon feeder 'til the seats fill up, get me
Paranormals on my feet nigga, jiggy
I, commander in chief, nigga, Bentley
Exercise of free speech, nigga, get me
But politics just ain't me, nigga, feel me?