

Hella

Wale

(Uh let's get it, work)
Hella flow, hella bread, hella haters fuck it
LA women in my stable none have been my donkey
Bulimic may be decent, said "baby you need Jesus"
Said "ain't you Muslim Wale?" I said handle yo business
Go and mind it bumpin Gold Alpinas
Rap while mix poetry quadrupled a nigga vagina
And take take down squad stay down
All my bitches in here that's 2 5 say "ooww"
Supercharged out that San Diego medical
And about a move contemplate on this revenue
And heaven knows with this money she can do to you
But I ain't tryna orange suit for hoardin pharmaceutical
Elude the fame in the same breath pursue the loot
When you do your thing ya bang bitches then toodle-oo
Zanotti boots Giuseppe's woo
She throw a fit she threw it at me I just threw the deuces

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(Uh let's get it, work)

And I been cutting hoes off cause I can't trust em
She switched sides on me other niggas fuckin
But I'm a bounce back like it ain't nothing
And you niggas could never see me
Talk shit but he wanna be me I ont drink Vodka-tinis
I fuck with that straight 'Gnac from here to the state cap
With bitches that lick sacks and niggas that shoot craps
So I don't give a fuck about a rap check
Just cars and assets, rolexes with baguettes
Your bitches got bad breath my bitches get mad impressed
Like "why you can't call me?" "damn, we just had sex"
Hella shows hella girls hella beats crush em
At least hook a nigga up a English muffin
I wonder would she'd like me if I did construction
It's rules to the game you gotta read instructions
We can't split alimony,
Just half of this macaroni have sex then we back to homies that's it

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Haters fuck em, All my haters fuck em
Reason I ain't got no girlfriend cause these bitches I can't trust em
Police duck em middle finger fuck em
I went from robbin the rich I'm a scattish mother fucker
You's a mark, but that's a topic I ont wanna touch on
You the type that don't bust back when you get bust on
Get your bitch before I let her have it
If you don't wanna go to jail boy pay them taxes
Wale reached out (What Up) he a real nigga

I thought he ain't fuck with a nigga like Tommy Hilfiger, salute
Them bitches from the club be boufed
The only reason we fuck with em cause we know they get loose
You got niggas ghost ridin your hits
I got bitches from the Bay ghost ridin my dick
I'm so west coast, I used to be strapped on the metro
I remember asking niggas who had snaps on the petro
But now I got...